The Dramatic Works Of Philip Massinger V2: The Renegado; The Picture; The Fatal Dowry; The Emperor Of The East; The Maid Of Honor (1761)

Philip Massinger

THE

WORKS

OF

PHILIP MASSINGER.

VOLUME the SECOND.

CONTAINING,

The RENEGADO.
The PICTURE.
The FATAL DOWRY.
The EMPEROR OF THE EAST.
The MAID OF HONOUR.

LONDON:
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THE
RENEGADO.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

As it hath been often Acted, by the Queen's Majesty's Servants, at the private Play-house in *Drury-Lane*, in the Year 1630.

By PHILIP MASSINGER.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE HARDING,

Baron *Barkley*, of *Barkley* Caſtle, and Knight of the Honourable Order of the BATH.

My good Lord,

TO be honoured for old Nobility, or Hereditary Titles is not alone proper to yourſelf, but to ſome few of your Rank, who may challenge the like Privilege with you: But in our Age to vouchſafe (as you have often done) a ready Hand to raiſe the dejected Spirits of the contemned Sons of the Muſes; ſuch as would not ſuffer the glorious Fire of Poeſy to be wholly extinguiſhed, is ſo remarkable, and peculiar to your Lordſhip, that with a full Vote, and Suffrage it is acknowledged, that the Patronage, and Protection of the dramatic Poem, is yours, and almoſt without a Rival. I deſpair not therefore, but that my Ambition to preſent my Service in this Kind, may in your Clemency meet with a gentle Interpretation. Confirm it, my good Lord in your gracious Acceptance of this Trifle; in which if I were not confident there are ſome Pieces worthy the Peruſal, it ſhould have been taught an humbler Flight; and the Writer (your Countryman) never yet made happy in your Notice, and Favour, had not made this an Advocate to plead for his Admiſſion among ſuch as are wholly, and ſincerely devoted to your Service. I may live to tender my humble Thankfulneſs in ſome higher Strain; and, 'till then, comfort myſelf with hope, that you deſcend from your Height to receive

Your Honour's commanded Servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Dramatis Perſonæ.	*The Original Actors,*
Aſambeg, Viceroy of *Tunis*.	JOHN BLANYE.
Muſtapha, Baſha of *Aleppo*.	JOHN SUMNER.
Vitelli, a Gentleman of *Venice* diſguis'd.	MICHAEL BOWIER.
Franciſco, a Jeſuit.	WILLIAM REIGNALDS.
Anthonio Grimaldi, the *Renegado*.	WILLIAM ALLEN.
Carazie, an Eunuch.	WILLIAM ROBINS.
Gazet, Servant to *Vitelli*.	EDWARD SHAKERLEY.
Aga.	
Capiaga.	
Maſter.	
Boatſwain.	
Sailors.	
Jailor.	
Three *Turks*.	
Donuſa, Neice to *Amurath*.	EDWARD ROGERS.
Paulina, Siſter to *Vitelli*.	THEO. BOURNE.
Manto, Servant to *Donuſa*.	

The Scene, Tunis.

THE

THE RENEGADO.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Vitelli *and* Gazet.

Vitelli.

YOU'VE hir'd a Shop, then?

Gaz. Yes, Sir; and our Wares
(Though brittle as a Maidenhead at ſixteen)
Are ſafe unladen; not a Chryſtal crack'd,
Or China Diſh needs ſod'ring; our choice Pictures,
As they came from the Workman, without Blemiſh;
And I have ſtudied Speeches for each Piece,
And in a thrifty Tone, to ſell 'em off,
Will ſwear by *Mahomet*, and *Termagant*,
That this is Miſtreſs to the great Duke of *Florence*,
That Neice to old King *Pepin*, and a Third
An *Auſtrian* Princeſs by her *Roman* Noſe,
How e'er my Conſcience tells me they are Figures
Of Bawds and common Courteſans in *Venice*.

Vitel. You make no Scruple of an Oath, then?

Gaz. Fye, Sir!
'Tis out of my Indentures; I'm bound there

To ſwear for my Maſter's Profit, as ſecurely
As your Intelligencer muſt for his Prince,
That ſends him forth an honourable Spy
To ſerve his Purpoſes. And, if it be lawful
In a Chriſtian Shopkeeper to cheat his Father,
I cannot find but, to abuſe a *Turk*
In the Sale of our Commodities, muſt be thought
A meritorious Work.

Vitel. I wonder, Sirrah,
What's your Religion?

Gaz. 'Troth, to anſwer truly,
I would not be of one that ſhould command me
To feed upon poor *John*, when I ſee Pheaſants
And Partridges on the Table: Nor do I like
The other that allows us to eat Fleſh
In Lent though it be rotten, rather then be
Thought ſuperſtitious, as your zealous *Cobler*,
And learned *Botcher* preach at *Amſterdam* [1]
Over a Hotchpotch. I'd not be confin'd
In my Beliéf, when all your Sects, and Sectaries
Are grown of one Opinion; if I like it,
I will profeſs myſelf,—in the mean Time
Live I in *England*, *Spain*, *France*, *Rome*, *Geneva*,
I'm of that Country's Faith.

Vitel. And what in *Tunis?*
Will you turn *Turk* here?

Gaz. No: So I ſhould loſe
A Collop of that Part my *Doll* enjoin'd me
To bring home as ſhe left it: 'Tis her Venture,
Nor dare I barter that Commodity
Without her ſpecial Warrant.

Vitel. You're a Knave, Sir;
Leaving your Roguery, think upon my Buſineſs:
It is no Time to fool now——

[1] ——— *As your zealous Cobler*
And learned Botcher preach at Amſterdam

Much about this Time the Low Countries were infeſted with a ſuperſtitious Crew of Puritans and Fanatics, and the Perſons here alluded to, were perhaps the moſt noted: A Cobler and a Taylor.

Remember

Remember where you are too: Though this Mart-time,
We are allowed free Trading, and with Safety.
Temper your Tongue and meddle not with the *Turks*,
Their Manners, nor Religion.

Gaz. Take you Heed, Sir,
What Colours you wear. Not two Hours ſince there landed
An *Engliſh Pirate*'s Whore with a green Apron,
And, as ſhe walk'd the Streets, one of their Muftis
(We call them Prieſts at *Venice*) with a Razor
Cuts it off, Petticoat, Smock and all, and leaves her
As naked as my Naſl; the young Fry wond'ring
What ſtrange Beaſt it ſhould be. I 'ſcap'd a Scouring
My Miſtreſs' Buſk Point, of that forbidden Colour
Then ty'd my Codpiece, had it been diſcover'd
I had been capon'd.

Vitel. And had been well ſerv'd.
Haſte to the Shop, and ſet my Wares in order
I will not long be abſent?

Gaz. Though I ſtrive, Sir,
To put off Melancholy, to which you are ever
Too much inclin'd, it ſhall not hinder me
With my beſt Care to ſerve you. [*Exit* Gazet.

Enter Franciſco.

Vitel. I believe thee.
O welcome, Sir! Stay of my Steps in this Life,
And Guide to all my bleſſed Hopes hereafter!
What Comfort, Sir? Have your Endeavours proſper'd?
Have we tir'd Fortune's Malice with our Sufferings?
Is ſhe at length, after ſo many Frowns,
Pleas'd to vouchſafe one cheerful Look upon us?

Fran. You give too much to Fortune, and your Paſſions,
O'er which a wiſe Man, if religious, triumphs.
That Name Fool's Worſhip, and thoſe Tyrants, which
We arm againſt our better Part, our Reaſon,
May add, but never take from our Afflictions.

Vitel. Sir, as I am a ſinful Man, I cannot
But like one ſuffer.*

Fran. I exact not from you
A Fortitude inſenſible of Calamity,
To which the Saints themſelves have bow'd, and ſhew
They're made of Fleſh and Blood: All that I challenge
Is manly Patience. Will you, that were train'd up
In a religious School, where divine Maxims
Scorning Compariſon with moral Precepts
Were daily taught you, bear your Conſtancy's Trial,
Not like *Vitelli*, but a Village Nurſe,
With Curſes in your Mouth? Tears in your Eyes?
How poorly it ſhows in you.

Vitel. I am ſchool'd, Sir,
And will, hereafter, to my utmoſt Strength
Study to be myſelf.

Fran. So ſhall you find me
Moſt ready to aſſiſt you: Neither have I
Slept in your great Occaſions ſince I left you:
I have been at the Viceroy's Court, and preſs'd
As far as they allow a Chriſtian Entrance.
And ſomething I have learn'd that may concern
The Purpoſe of this Journey.

Vitel. Dear Sir, what is it?

Fran. By the Command of *Aſambeg*, the Viceroy:
The City ſwells with barbarous Pomp and Pride
For the Entertainment of ſtout *Muſtapha*
The *Baſha* of *Aleppo*, who, in Perſon,
Comes to receive the Neice of *Amurah*,
The fair *Donuſa* for his Bride.

Vitel. I find not
How this may profit us.

* *Sir, as I am a ſinful Man, I cannot*
But like one ſuffer.

In *Macbeth* we have a fine Expreſſion like this.
Diſpute it (ſays *Malcolm*) like a Man.
Malcolm, I ſhall do ſo:
But I muſt alſo feel it as a Man.

The Rev. Mr. *Dodd.*

Fran.

Fran. Pray you, give me Leave.
Among the reſt that wait upon the Viceroy,
(Such as have under him Command in *Tunis*)
Who, as you've often heard, are all falſe Pyrates,
I ſaw the Shame of *Venice* and the Scorn
Of all good Men: The perjur'd *Renegado*,
Antonio Grimaldi.
Vitel. Ha! his Name
Is Poiſon to me.
Fran. Yet again?
Vitel. I've done, Sir!
Fran. This debauch'd Villain, whom we ever thought
(After his impious Scorn done in St. *Mark's*
To me as I ſtood at the holy Altar)
The Thief that raviſh'd your fair Siſter from you,
The virtuous *Paulina*, not long ſince
(As I am truly given to underſtand)
Sold to the Viceroy a fair Chriſtian Virgin,
On whom, maugre his fierce and cruel Nature
Aſambeg dotes extremely.
Vitel. 'Tis my Siſter:
It muſt be ſhe; my better Angel tells me
'Tis poor *Paulina*. Farewell all Diſguiſes!
I'll ſhow in my Revenge that I am Noble.
Fran. You are not mad?
Vitel. No, Sir; my virtuous Anger
Makes ev'ry Vein an Artery, I feel in me
The Strength of twenty Men; and, being arm'd
With my good Cauſe to wreak wrong'd Innocence,
I dare alone run to the Viceroy's Court
And with this Poignard, before his Face,
Dig out *Grimaldi's* Heart.
Fran. Is this religious?
Vitel. Would you have me tame now? Can I know my Siſter
Mew'd up in his Seraglio, and in Danger
Not alone to loſe her Honour, but her Soul?
The Hell-bred Villain by too, that has ſold both
To black Deſtruction, and not haſte to ſend him

To

To the Devil his Tutor? To be patient now,
Were, in another Name, to play the Pander
To th' Viceroy's looſe Embraces, and cry Aim
While he by Force, or Flattery compels her
To yield her fair Name up to his foul Luſt,
And after turn *Apoſtate* to the Faith
That ſhe was bred in.

Fran. Do but give me Hearing,
And you ſhall ſoon grant how ridiculous
This childiſh Fury is. A wiſe Man never
Attempts Impoſſibilities: 'Tis as eaſy
For any ſingle Arm to quell an Army,
As to effect your Wiſhes. We come hither
To learn *Paulina*'s Faith, and to redeem her:
Leave your Revenge to Heaven. I oft have told you
Of a Relique that I gave her, which has Power
(If we may credit holy Mens Traditions)
To keep the Owner free from Violence:
This on her Breaſt ſhe wears, and does preſerve
The Virtue of it by her daily Prayers.
So, if ſhe fall not by her own Conſent
(Which it were Sin to think) I fear no Force.
Be, therefore, patient; keep this borrow'd Shape,
Till Time and Opportunity preſent us
With ſome fit Means to ſee her; which perform'd,
I'll join with you in any deſperate Courſe
For her Delivery.

Vitel. You have charm'd me, Sir!
And I obey in all Things:—Pray you, pardon
The Weakneſs of my Paſſion.

Fran. And excuſe it.
Be cheerful, Man; for know that good Intents
Are, in the End, Crown'd with as fair Events.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Room.

Enter Donuſa, Manto, Carazie.

Don. Have you ſeen the Chriſtian Captive,
The great Baſhaw is ſo enamour'd of?
Manto. Yes, an't pleaſe your Excellency.
I took a full View of her, when ſhe was
Preſented to him.
Don. Is ſhe ſuch a Wonder,
As 'tis reported?
Manto. She was drown'd in Tears then,
Which took much from her Beauty; yet, in ſpite
Of Sorrow, ſhe appear'd the Miſtreſs of
Moſt rare Perfections; and, though of low Stature,
Her well-proportion'd Limbs invite Affection:
And, when ſhe ſpeaks, each Syllable is Muſic
That does inchant the Hearers.—But your Highneſs,
That are not to be parallel'd, I never yet
Beheld her Equal.
Don. Come, you flatter me;
But I forgive it. We, that are born great,
Seldom diſtaſte our Servants, though they give us
More than we can pretend to. I have heard
That Chriſtian Ladies live with much more Freedom
Than ſuch as are born here. Our jealous *Turks*
Never permit their fair Wives to be ſeen
But at the public Bagnios, or the Moſques;
And even then veil'd, and guarded. Thou, *Carazie*,
Wert born in *England*; what's the Cuſtom there
Among your Women? Come, be free and merry:
I'm no ſevere Miſtreſs; nor haſt thou met with
A heavy Bondage.
Car. Heavy? I was made lighter
By two Stone Weight, at leaſt, to be fit to ſerve you.
But to your Queſtion, Madam; Women in *England*,

For

For the moſt Part, live like Queens. Your Country Ladies
Have Liberty to hawk, to hunt, to feaſt;
To give free Entertainment to all Comers,
To talk, to kiſs: There's no ſuch Thing known there.
As an *Italian* Girdle. Your City Dame,
Without Leave, wears the Breeches, has her Huſband
At as much Command as her 'Prentice; and, if Need be,
Can make him Cuckold by her Father's Copy.

Don. But your Court-Lady?

Car. She, I aſſure you, Madam,
Knows nothing but her Will; muſt be allow'd
Her Footmen, her Coach, her Uſhers, her Pages,
Her Doctor, Chaplains; and, as I have heard,
They're grown of late, ſo learn'd, that they maintain
A ſtrange Poſition, which their Lords with all
Their Wit cannot confute.

Don. What's that, I pr'thee?

Car. Marry, that it is not only fit, but lawful
Your Madam there, her much Reſt, and high Feeding
Duly conſider'd, ſhould, to eaſe her Huſband
Be allow'd a private Friend. They have drawn a Bill
To this good Purpoſe; and, the next Aſſembly,
Doubt not to paſs it.

Don. We enjoy no more
That are of the *Ottoman* Race, though our Religion
Allows all Pleaſure. I am dull:—Some Muſic.
Take my Chapins off. [1] So, a luſty Strain— [*A Galliard.*
Who knocks there?

Manto. 'Tis the Baſhaw of *Aleppo*,
Who humbly makes Requeſt he may preſent
His Service to you.

Don. Reach a Chair.—We muſt
Receive him like ourſelf, and not depart with
One Piece of Ceremony State, and Greatneſs,
That may beget Reſpect, and Reverence
In one that's born our Vaſſal. Now admit him.

[1] *Take my Chapins off.*
Chapin (Spaniſh) a high Cork-heel'd Shoe.

Enter

Enter Muſtapha, *puts off his yellow Pantofles.*[4]

Muſta. The Place is ſacred, and I am to enter
The Room where ſhe abides, with ſuch Devotion
As Pilgrims pay at *Meccha*, when they viſit
The Tomb of our great Prophet.
Don. Riſe, the Sign
That we vouchſafe your Preſence.
[*The Eunuch takes up the Pantofles.*
Muſta. May thoſe Powers,
That rais'd the *Ottoman* Empire, and ſtill guard it,
Reward your Highneſs for this gracious Favour
You throw upon your Servant. It hath pleas'd
The moſt invincible, mightieſt *Amurath*,
(To ſpeak his other Titles would take from him)
That in himſelf does comprehend all Greatneſs,
To make me the unworthy Inſtrument
Of his Command. Receive, divineſt Lady,
[*Delivers a Letter.*
This Letter, ſign'd by his victorious Hand,
And made authentic by th'imperial Seal.
There when you find me mention'd, far be it from you
To think it my Ambition to preſume
At ſuch a Happineſs, which his pow'rful Will
From his great Mind's Magnificence, not my Merit
Hath ſhower'd upon me. But, if your Conſent
Join with his good Opinion and Allowance
To perfect what his Favours have begun,
I ſhall in my Obſequiouſneſs and Duty
Endeavour to prevent all juſt Complaints,
Which Want of Will to ſerve you may call on me.
Don. His ſacred Majeſty writes here that your Valour
Againſt the *Perſian* hath ſo won upon him,
That there's no Grace, or Honour in his Gift
Of which he can imagine you unworthy;

[4] Pantofles *(French)* Slippers; it is a Cuſtom with the *Turks* to be bare footed whenever they appear before any of the royal Blood.

And,

And, what's the greateſt you can hope, or aim at,
It is his Pleaſure you ſhould be receiv'd
Into his Royal Family—Provided,
(For ſo far I am unconfin'd) that I
Affect and like your Perſon. I expect not
The Ceremony which he uſes in
Beſtowing of his Daughters, and his Neices.
As that he ſhould preſent you for my Slave,
To love you, if you pleas'd me; or deliver
A Poignard on my leaſt Diſlike to kill you.
Such Tyranny and Pride agree not with
My ſofter Diſpoſition. Let it ſuffice
For my firſt Anſwer, that thus far I grace you.
[*Gives him her Hand to kiſs.*
Hereafter, ſome Time ſpent to make Enquiry
Of the good Parts, and Faculties of your Mind
You ſhall hear further from me.
Muſta. Though all Torments
Really ſuffer'd, or in Hell imagin'd
By curious Fiction, in one Hour's Delay
Are wholly comprehended: I confeſs
That I ſtand bound in Duty, not to check at
Whatever you command, or pleaſe to impoſe
For Trial of my Patience.
Don. Let us find
Some other Subject; too much of one Theme cloys me:
Is't a full Mart?
Muſta. A Confluence of all Nations
Are met together: There's Variety too
Of all that Merchants traffic for.
Don. I know not.—
I feel a Virgin's Longing, to deſcend
So far from my own Greatneſs, as to be,
Though not a Buyer, yet a Looker on
Their ſtrange Commodities.
Muſta. If without a Train
You dare be ſeen abroad, I'll diſmiſs mine.
And wait upon you as a common Man,
And ſatisfy your Wiſhes.

Don.

Don. I embrace it.
Provide my Veil; and at the Poſtern Gate
Convey us out unſeen.—I trouble you.
Muſta. It is my Happineſs you deign to command me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Shop diſcovered, Gazet *in it.*

Franciſco *and* Vitelli *walking by.*

Gaz. What do you lack? Your choice *China* Diſhes, your pure *Venetian* Chryſtal of all Sorts, of all neat and new Faſhions, from the Mirror of the Madam, to the private Utenſil of the Chamber-Maid; and curious Pictures of the rareſt Beauties of *Europe:* What do you lack, Gentlemen?

Fran. Take heed, I ſay; howe'er it may appear
Impertinent, I muſt expreſs my Love,
My Advice, and Counſel. You are young,
And may be tempted; and theſe *Turkiſh* Dames,
Like *Engliſh* Maſtiffs, that increaſe their Fierceneſs
By being chain'd up from the Reſtraint of Freedom,
If Luſt once fire their Blood from a fair Object,
Will run a Courſe the Fiends themſelves would ſhake at,
To enjoy their wanton Ends.

Vitel. Sir, you miſtake me:
I am too full of Woe, to entertain
One Thought of Pleaſure, though all *Europe*'s Queens
Kneel'd at my Feet, and courted me: Much leſs
To mix with ſuch, whoſe Difference of Faith
Muſt, of Neceſſity, (or I muſt grant
Myſelf forgetful of all you have taught me)
Strangle ſuch baſe Deſires.

Fran. Be conſtant in
That Reſolution, I'll abroad again,
And learn, as far as it is poſſible,
What may concern *Paulina.* Some two Hours
Shall bring me back.

Vitel.

Vitel. All Bleſſings wait upon you! [*Exit* Franciſco.

Gaz. Cold Doings, Sir! a Mart do you call this? 'Slight!
A Pudding-Wife, or a Witch with a Thrum Cap,
That ſells Ale under-ground to ſuch as come
To know their Fortunes in a dead Vacation,
Have, ten to one, more Stirring.

Vitel. We muſt be patient.

Gaz. Your Seller by Retail ought to be angry
But when he's fingering Money.

Enter Grimaldi, *Maſter*, *Boatſwain*, *Sailors*, *Turks*.

Vitel. Here are Company;
Defend me, my good Angel, I behold
A Baſiliſk!

Gaz. What do you lack? What do you lack? Pure *China* Diſhes, clear Chryſtal Glaſſes, a dumb Miſtreſs to make Love to? What do you lack, Gentlemen?

Grim. Thy Mother for a Bawd; or, if thou haſt
A handſome one, thy Siſter for a Whore;
Without theſe, do not tell me of your Traſh;
Or I ſhall ſpoil your Market.

Vitel. —Old *Grimaldi*?

Grim. 'Zounds, wherefore do we put to Sea, or ſtand
The raging Winds aloft, or piſs upon
The foamy Waves, when they rage moſt? Deride
The Thunder of the Enemy's Shot, board boldly
A Merchant's Ship for Prize, though we behold
The deſperate Gunner ready to give Fire
And blow the deck up? Wherefore ſhake we off
Thoſe ſcrupulous Rags of Charity, and Conſcience,
Invented only to keep Churchmen warm,
Or feed the hungry Mouths of famiſh'd Beggars;
But, when we touch the Shore, to wallow in
All ſenſual Pleaſures.

Maſter. Ay, but, Noble Captain,
To ſpare a little for an After-clap
Were not Improvidence.

Grim.

Grim. Hang Conſideration:
When this is ſpent, is not our Ship the ſame?
Our Courage too the ſame, to fetch in more?
The Earth, where it is fertileſt, returns not
More than three Harveſts, whilſt the glorious Sun
Poſts through the Zodiack, and makes up the Year:
But the Sea, which is our Mother, (that embraceth
Both the rich *Indies* in her out-ſtretch'd Arms)
Yields every Day a Crop, if we dare reap it.
No, no, my Mates! let Tradeſmen think of Thriſt,
And Uſurers hoard up; let our Expence
Be, as our Comings in are, without Bounds;
We are the *Neptunes* of the Ocean,
And ſuch as traffick, ſhall pay Sacrifice
Of their beſt Lading. I'll have this Canvas
Your Boy wears lin'd with Tiſſue, and the Cates
You taſte, ſerv'd up in Gold; though we carouſe
The Tears of Orphans in our *Greekiſh* Wines,
The Sighs of undone Widows paying for
The Muſick bought to chear us; raviſh'd Virgins
To Slav'ry ſold for Coin to feed our Riots.
We will have no Compunction.

Gaz. Do you hear, Sir?
We have paid for our Ground.

Grim. Hum!

Gaz. And hum too,
For all your big Words, get you farther off,
And hinder not the Proſpect of our Shop,
Or ———

Grim. What will you do?

Gaz. Nothing, Sir — But pray
Your Worſhip to give me Handſel.

Grim. By the Ears;
Thus, Sir; by the Ears.

Maſter. Hold, hold! ———

Vitel. You'll ſtill be prating?

Grim. Come, let's be drunk: Then each Man to his Whore.
—'Slight, how you look! you had beſt go find a Corner

To pray in, and repent. Do, do, and cry.
It will ſhew fine in Pirates. [*Exit* Grimaldi.

Maſter. We muſt follow;
Or he will ſpend our Shares.

Boatſw. I fought for mine.

Maſter. Nor am I ſo preciſe but I can drab too:
We will not ſit out, for our Parts.

Boatſw. Agreed. [*Exeunt Maſter, Boatſwain, Sailors.*

Gaz. The Devil gnaw off his Fingers! If he were
In *London* among the Clubs, up went his Heels
For ſtriking of a 'Prentice. What do you lack?
What do you lack, Gentlemen?

1 *Turk.* I wonder how the Viceroy can endure
The Inſolence of this Fellow.

2 *Turk.* He receives Profit
From the Prizes he brings in; and that excuſes
Whatever he commits.—Ha! what are theſe?

Enter Muſtapha, Donuſa, *veil'd.*

1 *Turk.* They ſeem of Rank and Quality; obſerve 'em.

Gaz. What do you lack? See, what you pleaſe to buy; Wares of all Sorts, moſt honourable Madona.

Vitel. Peace, Sirrah! Make no Noiſe: Theſe are not People
To be jeſted with.

Don. Is this the Chriſtians Cuſtom
In the vending their Commodities?

Muſta. Yes, beſt Madam!
But you may pleaſe to keep your Way, here's nothing
But Toys, and Trifles, not worth your obſerving.

Don. Yes, for Variety's Sake. Pray you ſhew us, Friends,
The chiefeſt of your Wares.

Vitel. Your Ladyſhip's Servant;
And, if in Worth or Title you are more,
My Ignorance plead my Pardon.

Don. He ſpeaks well.

Vitel. Take down the Looking-Glaſs.——Here is a Mirrour Steel'd

Steel'd ſo exactly, neither taking from,
Nor flattering, the Object, it returns
To the Beholder, that *Narciſſus* might
(And never grow enamour'd of himſelf)
View his fair Feature in't.

Don. Poetical too!

Vitel. Here *China* Diſhes to ſerve in a Banquet,
Though the voluptuous *Perſian* ſat a Gueſt.
Here Chryſtal Glaſſes, ſuch as *Ganymede*
Did fill with Nectar to the Thunderer,
When he drank to *Alcides*, and receiv'd him
In the Fellowſhip of the Gods; true to the Owners.
Corinthian Plate ſtudded with Diamonds,
Conceal oft deadly Poiſon: This pure Metal
So innocent is, and faithful to the Miſtreſs
Or Maſter that poſſeſſes it; that rather
Than hold one Drop that's venomous, of itſelf
It flies in Pieces, and deludes the Traitor.

Don. How movingly could this Fellow treat upon
A worthy Subject, that finds ſuch Diſcourſe
To grace a Trifle!

Vitel. Here's a Picture, Madam!
The Maſter-piece of *Michael Angelo*,
Our great *Italian* Workman.——Here's another,
So perfect in all Parts, that, had *Pygmalion*
Seen this, his Prayers had been made to *Venus*,
T' have given it Life, and his carv'd Iv'ry Image
By Poets ne'er remember'd. They are, indeed,
The rareſt Beauties the Chriſtian World,
And no where to be equal'd.

Don. You are partial
In the Cauſe of thoſe you favour, I believe;
I inſtantly could ſhew you one, to theirs
Not much inferior.

Vitel. With your Pardon, Madam,
I am incredulous.

Don. Can you match me this? [*Unveils herſelf.*

Vitel. What Wonder look I on! I'll ſearch above,
And ſuddenly attend you. [*Exit* Vitelli.

Don. Are you amaz'd?
I'll bring you to yourſelf. [*Breaks the Glaſſes.*
Muſta. Ha! what's the Matter!
Gaz. My Maſter's Ware?—We are undone!—O ſtrange!
A Lady to turn Roarer, and break Glaſſes!
'Tis Time to ſhut up Shop, then.
Muſta. You ſeem mov'd.
If any Language of theſe Chriſtian Dogs
Have call'd your Anger on, in a Frown ſhew it,
And they are dead already.
Don. The Offence
Looks not ſo far. The fooliſh paltry Fellow
Shew'd me ſome Trifles, and demanded of me,
For what I valu'd at ſo many Aſpers,
A thouſand Ducats. I confeſs he mov'd me;
Yet I ſhould wrong myſelf, ſhould ſuch a Beggar
Receive leaſt Loſs from me.
Muſta. Is it no more?
Don. No, I aſſure you. Bid him bring his Bill
To-morrow to the Palace, and enquire
For one *Donuſa:* That Word gives him Paſſage
Through all the Guard; ſay there he ſhall receive
Full Satisfaction. Now when you pleaſe——
Muſta. I wait you.
[*Exeunt* Muſtapha, Donuſa, 2 *Turks.*
1 *Turk.* We muſt not know them.—Let's ſhift off, and vaniſh.
Gaz. The Swine's-Pox overtake you: There's a Curſe
For a Turk that eats no Hog's Fleſh.
Vitel. Is ſhe gone?
Gaz. Yes: You may ſee her Handy-work.
Vitel. No Matter:
Said ſhe aught elſe?
Gaz. That you ſhould wait upon her,
And there receive Court Payment; and, to paſs
The Guards; ſhe bids you only ſay, you come
To one *Donuſa.*
Vitel. How! remove the Wares.

Do

Do it without Reply. The Sultan's Niece!
I have heard, among the Turks for any Lady
To ſhew her Face bare, argues Love, or ſpeaks
Her deadly Hatred. What ſhould I fear? My Fortune
Is ſunk ſo low, there cannot fall upon me
Aught worth my ſhuning.—I will run the Hazard.—
She may be a Means to free diſtreſs'd *Paulina*.—
Or, if offended, at the worſt, to die [1]
Is a full Period to Calamity. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room.

Enter Carazie, Manto.

Car. IN the Name of Wonder, *Manto*, what hath my Lady
Done with herſelf ſince Yeſterday?
Manto. I know not.
Malicious Men report we are all guided
In our Affections by a wand'ring Planet:
But ſuch a ſudden Change, in ſuch a Perſon,
May ſtand for an Example to confirm
Their falſe Aſſertion.
Car. She's now pettiſh, froward:
Muſick, Diſcourſe, Obſervance tedious to her.
Manto. She ſlept not the laſt Night; and yet prevented
The riſing Sun, in being up before him.
Call'd for a coſtly Bath, then will'd the Rooms

[1] ——— *To die*
Is a full Period to Calamity.

Meſſinger makes uſe of theſe Words on a ſimilar Occaſion in the *Roman Actor*. See the latter Part of the firſt Scene, in Act 5.

Should be perfum'd; ranſack'd her Cabinets
For her choiceſt, richeſt Jewels; and appears now
Like *Cynthia* in full Glory, waited on
By the faireſt of the Stars.
Car. Can you gueſs the Reaſon,
Why the *Aga* of the *Janizaries*, and he
That guards the Entrance of the inmoſt Port,
Were call'd before her?
Manto. They are both her Creatures,
And by her Grace preſer'd. But I am ignorant
To what Purpoſe they were ſent for.

Enter Donuſa.

Car. Here ſhe comes,
Full of ſad Thoughts: We muſt ſtand farther off.—
What a Frown was that!
Manto. Forbear.
Car. I pity her.
Don. What Magick hath transform'd me from my-
Where is my Virgin Pride? How have I loſt [ſelf?
My boaſted Freedom? What new Fire burns up
My ſcorched Entrails? What unknown Deſires
Invade, and take Poſſeſſion of my Soul,
All virtuous Objects vaniſh'd? Have I ſtood
The Shock of fierce Temptations, ſtop'd mine Ears
Againſt all *Syren* Notes Luſt ever ſung,
To draw my Bark of Chaſtity (that with Wonder
Hath kept a conſtant and an honour'd Courſe)
Into the Gulf of a deſerv'd ill Fame?
Now fall unpitied? And, in a Moment
With mine own Hands dig up a Grave to bury
The monumental Heap of all my Years,
Employ'd in noble Actions? O my Fate!
—But there is no reſiſting. I obey thee,
Imperious God of Love, and willingly
Put mine own Fetters on, to grace thy Triumph:
'Twere therefore more than Cruelty in thee
To uſe me like a Tyrant. What poor Means

Muſt

Muſt I make uſe of now? And flatter ſuch,
To whom, till I betray'd my Liberty,
One gracious Look of mine would have erected
An Altar to my Service. How now, *Manto!*
My ever careful Woman, and *Carazie*
Thou haſt been faithful too.
Car. I dare not call
My Life mine own, ſince it is yours; but gladly
Will part with it, when e'er you ſhall command me;
And think I fall a Martyr, ſo my Death
May give Life to your Pleaſures.
Manto. But vouchſafe
To let me underſtand what you deſire
Should be effected, I will undertake it,
And curſe myſelf for Cowardice if I paus'd
To aſk a Reaſon Why.
Don. I'm comforted
In the Tender of your Service, but ſhall be
Confirm'd in my full Joys, in the Performance.
Yet, truſt me, I will not impoſe upon you
But what you ſtand engag'd for, to a Miſtreſs;
Such as I have been to you. All I aſk
Is Faith, and Secrecy.
Car. Say but you doubt me,
And, to ſecure you, I'll cut out my Tongue
I am *libde* in the Breech already.
Manto. Do not hinder
Yourſelf by theſe Delays.
Don. Thus then I whiſper
My own Shame to you. O that I ſhould bluſh
To ſpeak what I ſo much deſire to do!
And further— [*Whiſpers, and uſes vehement Actions.*
Manto. Is this all?
Don. Think it not baſe;
Although I know the Office undergoes
A coarſe Conſtruction.
Car. Coarſe? 'Tis but procuring
A Smock Employment, which has made more Knights,
In a Country I could name, then twenty Years

Of Service in the Field.
Don. You have my Ends.
Manto. Which ſay you have arriv'd at, be not wanting
To yourſelf, and fear not us.
Car. I know my Burthen:
I'll bear it with Delight.
Manto. Talk not, but do. [*Exeunt* Carazie, Manto.
Don. O Love! what poor Shifts thou doſt force us to?
[*Exit* Donuſa.

SCENE II.

Enter Aga, Capiaga, *Janizaries.*

Aga. She was ever our good Miſtreſs, and our Maker,
And ſhould we check at a little Hazard for her,
We were unthankful.
Cap. I dare pawn my Head,
'Tis ſome diſguſed Minion of the Court,
Sent from great *Amurath*, to learn from her
The Viceroy's Actions.
Aga. That concerns not us;
His Fall may be our Riſe: Whate'er he be,
He paſſes through my Guards.
Cap. And mine—provided
He give the Word.

Enter Vitelli.

Vitel. To faint now, being thus far,
Would argue me of Cowardice.
Aga. Stand—the Word—
Or, being a Chriſtian, to preſs thus far,
Forfeits thy Life.
Vitel. Donuſa.
Aga. Paſs in Peace. [*Exeunt* Aga, *and* Janizaries.
Vitel. What a Privilege her Name bears!
'Tis wond'rous ſtrange!
If the great Officer
The Guardian of the inner Port deny not.—

Cap.

Cap. Thy Warrant.—Speak,
Or thou art dead.
Vitel. Donuſa.
Cap. That protects thee; without Fear, enter.
So—Diſcharge the Watch. [*Exit* Vitelli, Capiaga.

SCENE III.

Enter Carazie, Manto.

Car. Though he hath paſt the *Aga*, and chief Porter,
This cannot be the Man.
Manto. By her Deſcription, I am ſure it is.
Car. O Women, Women!
What are you? A great Lady dote upon
A Haberdaſher of ſmall Wares!
Manto. Piſh! thou haſt none.
Car. No; if I had I might have ſerv'd the Turn:
This 'tis to want Munition, when a Man
Should make a Breach and enter.

Enter Vitelli.

Manto. Sir! you're welcome:
Think what 'tis to be happy, and poſſeſs it.
Car. Perfume the Rooms there, and make Way.
Let Muſic's choice Notes entertain the Man,
The Princeſs now purpoſes to honour.
Vitel. I am raviſh'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room of State.

A Table ſet forth, Jewels and Bags upon it: Loud Muſic.

Enter Donuſa, *takes a Chair; to her* Carazie, Vitelli, Manto.

Don. Sing o'er the Ditty, that I laſt compos'd
Upon my Love-ſick Paſſion: Suit your Voice

To

To the Muſic that's plac'd yonder, we ſhall hear you
With more Delight and Pleaſure.
Car. I obey you. [*Song.*
Vitel. Is not this *Tempe*, or the bleſſed Shades,
Where innocent Spirits reſide? Or do I dream,
And this a heavenly Viſion? Howſoever,
It is a Sight too glorious to behold
For ſuch a Wretch as I am. [*Stands amaz'd.*
Car. He is daunted.
Manto. Speak to him, Madam! cheer him up, or you
Deſtroy what you have built.
Car. Would I were furniſh'd
With his Artillery, and if I ſtood
Gaping as he does, hang me.
Vitel. That I might ever dream thus. [*Kneels.*
Don. Baniſh Amazement:
You wake; your Debtor tells you ſo, your Debtor:
And to aſſure you that I am Subſtance,
And no aerial Figure, thus I raiſe you.
Why do you ſhake? My ſoft Touch brings no Ague;
No biting Froſt is in this Palm; nor are
My Looks like to the *Gorgon*'s Head, that turn
Men into Statues: Rather they have Power
(Or I have been abus'd) where they beſtow
Their Influence (let me prove it Truth in you)
To give to dead Men Motion.
Vitel. Can this be?
May I believe my Senſes? Dare I think
I have a Memory? Or that you are
That excellent Creature, that of late diſdain'd not
To look on my poor Trifles.
Don. I am She.
Vitel. The Owner of that bleſſed Name, *Donuſa*,
Which, like a potent Charm, although pronounc'd
By my prophane, but much unworthier Tongue,
Hath brought me ſafe to this forbidden Place,
Where Chriſtian yet ne'er trod?
Don. I am the ſame.

Vitel.

Vitel. And to what End, great Lady, pardon me,
That I preſume to aſk, did your Command
Command me hither? Or what am I, to whom
You ſhould vouchſafe your Favours; nay, your Anger?
If any wild or uncollected Speech
Offenſively deliver'd, or my Doubt
Of your unknown Perfections, have diſpleas'd you,
You wrong your Indignation, to pronounce
Yourſelf my Sentence: To have ſeen you only,
And to have touch'd that Fortune-making Hand,
Will with Delight weigh down all Tortures, that
A flinty Hangman's Rage could execute,
Or rigid Tyranny command with Pleaſure.

Don. How the Abundance of Good, flowing to thee,
Is wrong'd in this Simplicity: And theſe Bounties,
Which all our Eaſtern Kings have kneel'd in vain for,
Do by thy Ignorance, or wilful Fear,
Meet with a falſe Conſtruction. Chriſtian! know
(For till thou art mine by a nearer Name,
That Title though abhorr'd here, takes not from
Thy Entertainment) that 'tis not the Faſhion
Among the greateſt and the faireſt Dames,
This *Turkiſh* Empire gladly owns, and bows to
To puniſh, where there's no Offence; or nouriſh
Diſpleaſures againſt thoſe, without whoſe Mercy
They part with all Felicity. Pr'ythee be wiſe,
And gently underſtand me; do not force her,
That ne'er knew aught but to command, nor e'er read
The Elements of Affection, but from ſuch
As gladly ſu'd to her, in the Infancy
Of her new-born Deſires, to be at once
Importunate, and immodeſt.

Vitel. Did I know,
Great Lady, your Commands; or, to what Purpoſe
This perſonated Paſſion tends, (ſince 'twere
A Crime in me deſerving Death, to think
It is your own) I ſhould, to make you Sport,
Take any Shape you pleaſe t' impoſe upon me;
And with Joy ſtrive to ſerve you.

Don.

Don. Sport? Thou art cruel,
If that thou canſt interpret my Deſcent,
From my high Birth and Greatneſs, but to be
A Part in which I truly act myſelf.
And I muſt hold thee for a dull Spectator
If it ſtir not Affection, and invite
Compaſſion for my Sufferings. Be thou taught
By my Example, to make Satisfaction
For Wrongs unjuſtly offer'd. Willingly
I do confeſs my Fault; I injur'd thee
In ſome poor petty Trifles; thus I pay for
The Treſpaſs I did to thee. Here—receive
Theſe Bags ſtuff'd full of our Imperial Coin;
Or, if this Payment be too light, take here
Theſe Jems for which the ſaviſh *Indian* dives
To th' Bottom of the Main: Or, if thou ſcorn
Theſe as baſe Droſs (which take but common Minds)
But fancy any Honour in my Gift
(Which is unbounded as the *Sultan*'s Power)
And be poſſeſt of't.

Vitel. I am overwhelm'd
With the Weight of Happineſs you throw upon me:
Nor can it fall in my Imagination,
What Wrong I e'er have done you; and much leſs
How like a royal Merchant to return
Your great Magnificence.

Don. They are Degrees,
Not Ends, of my intended Favours to thee,
Theſe Seeds of Bounty I yet ſcatter on
A Glebe I have not try'd:—But, be thou thankful,
The Harveſt is to come.

Vitel. What can be added
To that which I already have receiv'd,
I cannot comprehend.

Don. The Tender of
Myſelf.—Why doſt thou ſtart! and in that Gift
Full Reſtitution of that Virgin Freedom
Which thou haſt rob'd me of. Yet, I profeſs,
I ſo far prize the lovely Thief that ſtole it,

That,

That, were it poſſible thou couldſt reſtore
What thou unwittingly haſt raviſh'd from me,
I ſhould refuſe the Preſent.

Vitel. How I ſhake
In my conſtant Reſolution! and my Fleſh,
Rebellious to my better Part, now tells me,
As if it were a ſtrong Defence of Frailty,
A Hermit in a Deſert, trench'd with Prayers,
Could not reſiſt this Battery.

Don. Thou an *Italian*?
Nay more, I know't, a natural *Venetian*,
Such as are Courtiers born to pleaſe fair Ladies,
Yet come thus ſlowly on?

Vitel. Excuſe me, Madam,
What Imputation ſoe'er the World
Is pleas'd to lay upon us. In myſelf
I am ſo innocent, that I know not what 'tis
That I ſhould offer.

Don. By Inſtinct I'll teach thee,
And with ſuch Eaſe as Love makes me to aſk it.
When a young Lady wrings you by the Hand—thus;
Or with an amorous Touch preſſes your Foot
Looks Babies in your Eyes, plays with your Locks,
Do not you find, without a Tutor's Help,
What 'tis ſhe looks for.

Vitel. I am grown already
Skilful i' th' Myſtery.

Don. Or, if thus ſhe kiſs you,
Then taſtes your Lips again.——

Vitel. That latter Blow
Has beat all chaſte Thoughts from me.

Don. Say ſhe points to
Some private Room, the Sun Beams never enters,
Provoking Diſhes paſſing by to heighten
Declined Appetite, active Muſic uſhering
Your fainting Steps, the Waiters too as born dumb,
Not daring to look on you. [*Exit, inviting him to follow.*

Vitel. Though the Devil
Stood by, and roar'd, I follow: Now I find,

That

That Virtue's but a Word, and no ſure Guard,
If ſet upon by Beauty, and Reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Aga, Capiaga, Grimaldi, *Maſter*, *Boatſwain*, &c.

Aga. The Devils in him, I think.
Grim. Let him be damn'd too.
I'll look on him, though he ſtar'd as wild as Hell;
Nay, I'll go nearer to tell him, to his Teeth,
If he mends not ſuddenly, and proves more thankful,
We do him too much Service. Wer't not for Shame, now,
I could turn honeſt and forſwear my Trade,
Which, next to being truſt up at the Main-yard
By ſome low Country Butter-box, I hate
As deadly as I do faſting, or long Grace
When Meat cools on the Table.
Cap. But take Heed,
You know his violent Nature.
Grim. Let his Whores
And Catamites know't; I underſtand myſelf,
And how unmanly 'tis to ſit at home
And rail at us, that run abroad all Hazards:
If ev'ry Week we bring not home new Pillage,
For the fatting his Seraglio.

Enter Aſambeg, Muſtapha, Aga.

Aga. Here he comes.
Cap. How terrible he looks?
Grim. To ſuch as fear him:
The Viceroy *Aſambeg!* were he the Sultan's ſelf,—
He'll let us know a Reaſon for his Fury,
Or we muſt take Leave without his Allowance,
To be merry with our Ignorance.
Aſam. Mahomet's Hell

Light

Light on you all—you crouch, and cringe now. Where
Was the Terror of my juſt Frowns, when you ſuffered
Thoſe Thieves of *Malta*, almoſt in our Harbour,
To board a Ship, and bear her ſafely off,
While you ſtood idle Lookers on?

Aga. The odds
I' th' Men and Shipping, and the ſuddenneſs
Of their Departure yielding us no Leiſure
To ſend forth others to relieve our own,
Deter'd us, mighty Sir.

Aſam. Deter'd you; Cowards?
How durſt you only entertain the Knowledge
Of what Fear was, but in the not Performance
Of our Command? In me great *Amurath* ſpake;
My Voice did eccho to your Ears his Thunder,
And will'd you, like ſo many Seaborn-Tritons,
Arm'd only with the Trumpets of your Courage,
To ſwim up to her, and, like *Remoras*
Hanging upon her Keel, to ſtay her Flight
'Till Reſcue, ſent from us, had fetch'd you off.
You think you're ſafe now; who durſt but diſpute it,
Or make it queſtionable, if this Moment[6]
I charg'd you from yon hanging Cliff, that glaſſes
His rugged Forehead in the neighbouring Lake,

[6] ——— *If this Moment.*
I charg'd you from yon hanging Cliff, &c.
In *Hamlet* we have an Image that bears ſome Reſemblance to this,

——— The dreadful Summit of the Cliff
That beetles o'er his Baſe into the Sea;

Act 1. Scene 4.

And in the *Lady Errant*, a Tragi-Comedy, by Mr. *William Cartwright*, I remember a Paſſage, which though not ſimilar to the above, I ſhall for its Beauty and Elegance here tranſcribe.

——— Haſt thou read
Of any Mountain, whoſe cold frozen Top
Sees Hail i' th' Bed, not yet grown round, and Snow
I' th' Fleece, not carded yet, whoſe hanging Weight
Archeth ſome ſtill deep River, that for Fear
Steals by the Foot of't without Noiſe.

Act 1. Scene 4.

To

To throw yourſelves down headlong? Or like Faggots
To fill the Ditches of defended Forts,
While on your Backs we march'd up to the Breach?
Grim. That would not I.
Aſam. Ha?
Grim. Yet I dare, as much
As any of the Sultan's boldeſt Sons,
(Whoſe Heaven, and Hell, hang on his Frown, or Smile,)
His warlike *Janiſaries.*
Aſam. Add one Syllable more,
Thou doſt pronounce upon thyſelf a Sentence
That, Earthquake-like, will ſwallow thee.
Grim. Let it open;
I'll ſtand the Hazard: Thoſe contemned Thieves
Your Fellow-Pirates, Sir! the bold *Malteſe*
Whom with your Looks you think to quell, at *Rhodes*
Laugh'd at great *Solyman*'s Anger: And, if Treaſon
Had not delivered them into his Power,
He had grown old in Glory, as in Years,
At that ſo fatal Siege; or ris'n with Shame,
His Hopes and Threats deluded.
Aſam. Our great Prophet!
How have I loſt my Anger, and my Power?
Grim. Find it, and uſe it on thy Flatterers:
And not upon thy Friends that dare ſpeak Truth,
Theſe Knights of *Malta* but a Handful to
Your Armies that drink Rivers up, have ſtood
Your Fury at the Height, and with their Croſſes
Struck pale your horned Moons; theſe Men of *Malta*
Since I took Pay from you, I've met and fought with;
Upon Advantage too. Yet, to ſpeak Truth,
By th' Soul of Honour, I have ever found them
As provident to direct, and bold to do,
As any train'd up in your Diſcipline:
Raviſh'd from other Nations.
Muſta. I perceive
The Lightning in his fiery Looks, the Cloud
Is broke already.
Grim. Think not, therefore, Sir,

That

That you alone are Giants; and ſuch Pigmies
You war upon.

Aſam. Villain, I'll make thee know
Thou haſt blaſphem'd the *Ottoman* Power, and ſafer
At Noon-day might have given Fire to St. *Mark*'s,
Your proud *Venetian* Temple.—Seize upon him;—
I am not ſo near reconcil'd to him,
To bid him die: That were a Benefit
The Dog's unworthy of, to our Uſe confiſcate
All that he ſtands poſſeſs'd of: Let him taſte
The Miſery of Want, and his vain Riots,
Like to ſo many walking Ghoſts, affright him
Where e'er he ſets his deſperate Foot. Who is't
That does command you?

Grim. Is this the Reward
For all my Service, and the Rape I made
On fair *Paulina?*

Aſam. Drag him hence,—he dies,
That dallies but a Minute.

Boatſw. What's become
Of our Shares now, Maſter?

Grimaldi, *drag'd off, his Head covered.*

Maſt. Would he had been born dumb:
Patience, the Beggar's Cure, is all that's left us.

[*Exeunt Maſter and Boatſwain.*

Muſta. 'Twas but Intemperance of Speech, excuſe him——
Let me prevail ſo far. Fame gives him out
For a deſerving Fellow.

Aſam. At *Aleppo*
I durſt not preſs you ſo far: Give me Leave
To uſe my own Will and Command in *Tunis*,
And, if you pleaſe, my Privacy.

Muſta. I will ſee you
When this high Wind's blown o'er. [*Exit* Muſtapha.

Aſam. So ſhall you find me
Ready to do you Service. Rage, now leave me;
Stern Looks, and all the ceremonious Forms
Attending on dread Majeſty, fly from

Transformed *Aſambeg*. Why ſhould I hug
[*Plucks out a gilt Key.*
So near my Heart, what leads me to my Priſon?
Where ſhe, that is inthral'd, commands her Keeper,
And robs me of the Fierceneſs I was born with.
Stout Men quake at my Frowns; and, in Return,
I tremble at her Softneſs. Baſe *Grimaldi*
But only nam'd *Paulina*, and the Charm
Had almoſt choak'd my Fury, e'er I could
Pronounce his Sentence. Would, when firſt I ſaw her,
Mine Eyes had met with Lightning, and, in Place
Of hearing her inchanting Tongue, the Shrieks
Of Mandrakes had made Muſic to my Slumbers:
For now I only walk a loving Dream,
And, but to my Diſhonour, never wake;
And yet am blind, but when I ſee the Object,
And madly dote on it. Appear bright Spark
[*Opens a Door*, Paulina *diſcovered, comes forth.*
Of all Perfection! any Simile,
Borrow'd from Diamonds, or the faireſt Stars
To help me to expreſs, how dear I prize
Thy unmatch'd Graces, will riſe up, and chide me
For poor Detraction.

Pau. I deſpiſe thy Flatteries:
Thus ſpit at 'em, and ſcorn 'em; and, being arm'd
In the Aſſurance of my innocent Virtue,
I ſtamp upon all Doubts, all Fears, all Tortures
Thy barbarous Cruelty, or, what's worſe, thy Dotage
(The worthy Parent of thy Jealouſy)
Can ſhow'r upon me.

Aſam. If theſe bitter Taunts
Raviſh me from myſelf, and make me think
My greedy Ears receive angelical Sounds;
How would this Tongue tun'd to a loving Note,
Invade, and take Poſſeſſion of my Soul
Which then I durſt not call mine own!

Pau. Thou art falſe;
Falſer then thy Religion. Do but think me
Something above a Beaſt; nay more, a Monſter,

Would

Would fright the Sun to look on, and then tell me,
If this baſe Uſage, can invite Affection.
If to be mew'd up, and excluded from
Human Society; the Uſe of Pleaſures;
The neceſſary, not ſuperfluous, Duties
Of Servants to diſcharge thoſe Offices,
I bluſh to name.

Aſam. Of Servants? Can you think
That I, that dare not truſt the Eye of Heaven
To look upon your Beauties; that deny
Myſelf the Happineſs to touch your Pureneſs,
Will e'er conſent an Eunuch, or bought Handmaid,
Shall once approach you?—There is ſomething in you
That can work Miracles, or I am couzen'd;
Diſpoſe and alter Sexes. To my Wrong,
In Spite of Nature, I will be your Nurſe,
Your Woman, your Phyſician, and your Fool;
'Till, with your free Conſent, which I have vow'd
Never to force, you grace me with a Name
That ſhall ſupply all theſe.

Pau. What is't?

Aſam. Your Huſband.

Pau. My Hangman, when thou pleaſeſt.

Aſam. Thus I guard me
Againſt your further Angers.—

Pau. Which ſhall reach thee,
Though I were in the Center.

[*Puts too the Door, and locks it.*

Aſam. Such a Spirit,
In ſuch a ſmall Proportion I ne'er read of;
Which Time muſt alter:—Raviſh her I dare not;
The Magic that ſhe wears about her Neck,
I think, defends her, this Devotion paid
To this ſweet Saint, Miſtreſs of my ſoure Pain,
'Tis fit I take mine own rough Shape again.

[*Exit* Aſambeg.

SCENE VI.

Enter Franciſco, Gazet.

Fran. I think he's loſt.
Gaz. 'Tis ten to one of that;
I ne'er knew Citizen turn Courtier yet,
But he loſt his Credit, though he ſav'd himſelf.
Why, look you, Sir! there are ſo many Lobbies,
Out-offices, and Diſputations here
Behind theſe *Turkiſh* Hangings, that a Chriſtian
Hardly gets off but circumciſed.

Enter Vitelli, Carazie, Manto.

Fran. I'm troubl'd
Troubled exceedingly.—Ha! what are theſe?
Gaz. One by his rich Suit ſhould be ſome *French* Ambaſſador:
For his Train, I think they are *Turks*.
Fran. Peace!—be not ſeen.
Cara. You are now paſt all the Guards, and undiſcover'd
You may return.
Vitel. There's for your Pains:—Forget not
My humbleſt Service to the beſt of Ladies.
Manto. Deſerve her Favour, Sir! in making Haſte
For a ſecond Entertainment.
Vitel. Do not doubt me; [*Exeunt* Carazi, Manto.
I ſhall not live till then.
Gaz. The Train is vaniſh'd:
They've done him ſome good Office, he's ſo free
And liberal of his Gold. Ha! do I dream?
Or is this mine own natural Maſter?
Fran. 'Tis he;
But ſtrangely metamorphos'd. You have made, Sir.
A proſperous Voyage; Heaven grant it be honeſt!
I ſhall rejoice then too.

Gaz.

Gaz. You make him bluſh.
To talk of Honeſty: You were but now
In the giving Vein, and may think of *Gazet*
Your Worſhip's 'Prentice.
Vitel. There's Gold: Be thou free too,
And Maſter of my Shop, and all the Wares
We brought from *Venice.*
Gaz. Rivo then.
Vitel. Dear Sir!
This Place affords not Privacy for Diſcourſe;
But I can tell you Wonders: My rich Habit
Deſerves leaſt Admiration; there's nothing,
That can fall in the Compaſs of your Wiſhes
Though it were to redeem a thouſand Slaves
From the *Turkiſh* Gallies, or at home to erect
Some pious Work, to ſhame all Hoſpitals
But I am Maſter of the Means.
Fran. 'Tis ſtrange.
Vitel. As I walk, I'll tell you more.
Gaz. Pray you a Word, Sir!
And then I will put on. I have one Boon more—
Vitel. What is't? Speak freely.
Gaz. Thus then: As I am Maſter
Of your Shop, and Wares, pray you, help me to ſome Trucking,
With your laſt ſhe Cuſtomer; though ſhe crack'd my beſt Piece,
I will endure it with Patience.
Vitel. Leave your prating.
Gaz. I may: You have been doing; we will do too.
Fran. I am amaz'd, yet will not blame, nor chide you,
'Till you inform me further: Yet muſt ſay,
They ſteer not the right Courſe, nor traffick well,
That ſeek a Paſſage, to reach Heaven, through Hell.
[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

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ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Donuſa, Manto.

Don. WHEN ſaid he, he would come again?
Manto. He ſwore,
Short Minutes ſhould be tedious Ages to him,
Until the Tender of his ſecond Service,
So much he ſeem'd tranſported with the firſt.
Don. I'm ſure I was. I charge thee, *Manto*, tell me,
By all my Favours, and my Bounties, truly,
Whether thou art a Virgin; or, like me,
Haſt forfeited that Name.
Manto. A Virgin, Madam?
At my Years, being a Waiting-Woman, and in Court too?
That were miraculous. I ſo long ſince loſt
That barren Burthen, I almoſt forget
That ever I was one.
Don. And could thy Friends
Read in thy Face, thy Maidenhead gone; that thou
Hadſt parted with it?
Manto. No, indeed: I paſt
For current many Years after; 'till, by Fortune,
Long and continued Practice in the Sport
Blew up my Deck: A Huſband then was found out
By my indulgent Father, and to the World
All was made whole again. What need you fear, then,
That at your Pleaſure may repair your Honour?
Durſt any envious, or malicious Tongue,
Preſume to taint it?
Don. How now?

Enter

Enter Carazie.

Car. Madam, the Baſhaw
Humbly deſires Acceſs.
Don. If it had been
My neat *Italian*, thou hadſt met my Wiſhes.
—Tell him we would be private.
Car. So I did;
But he is much importunate.
Manto. 'Beſt diſpatch him;
His ling'ring here, elſe, will deter the other
From making his Approach.
Don. His Entertainment
Shall not invite a ſecond Viſit.—Go,
Say we are pleas'd.

Enter Muſtapha.

Muſta. All Happineſs.
Don. Be ſudden.
'Twas ſaucy Rudeneſs in you, Sir, to preſs
On my Retirements; but ridiculous Folly
To waſte the Time, that might be better ſpent,
In complimental Wiſhes.
Car. There's a Cooling
For his hot Encounter.
Don. Come you here to ſtare?
If you have loſt your Tongue, and Uſe of Speech,
Reſign your Government: There's a Mute's Place void
In my Uncle's Court, I hear, and you may work me
To write for your Preferment.
Muſta. This is ſtrange!
I know not, Madam, what Neglect of mine
Has call'd this Scorn upon me.
Don. To the Purpoſe——
My Will's a Reaſon, and we ſtand not bound
To yield Account to you.
Muſta. Not of your Angers,

But with erected Ears, I ſhould hear from you
The Story of your good Opinion of me
Confirm'd by Love, and Favours.

Don. How deſerv'd?

I have conſider'd you from Head to Foot,
And can find nothing in that Wainſcot Face,[7]
That can teach me to dote; nor am I taken
With your grim Aſpect, or toadpole-like Complexion.
Thoſe Scars you glory in, I fear to look on;
And had much rather hear a merry Tale
Than all your Battles won with Blood and Sweat,
Though you belch forth the Stink too, in the Service,
And ſwear by your Muſtachios all is true.
You're yet too rough for me: Purge and take Phyſick,
Purchaſe Perfumers; get me ſome *French* Taylor,
To new-create you; the firſt Shape you were made with
Is quite worn out: Let your Barber waſh your Face too,
You look, yet, like a Bugbear to fright Children;
Till when I take my Leave —Wait me, *Carazie.*

[*Exeunt* Donuſa *and* Carazie.

Muſta. Stay you, my Lady's Cabinet-Key!

Manto. How's this, Sir?

Muſta. Stay, and ſtand quietly, or you ſhall fall, elſe;
Not to firk your Belly up, Flounder-like, but never
To riſe again. Offer but to unlock
Theſe Doors that ſtop your fugitive Tongue (obſerve me)
And, by my Fury, I'll fix there this Bolt
To bar thy Speech for ever.—So.—Be ſafe, now,

[7] *And can find nothing in that Wainſcot Face.*

The abuſive Terms contained in this Speech, and its Impropriety in the Mouth of a Princeſs, muſt render it very diſguſtful to every Reader converſant with the more refined Language of our modern Poets.

However, in ſome meaſure to defend *Maſſinger*: he is not the only Poet guilty of ſuch ill Manners: *Homer* makes his "Heroes of Old, in rating each other, very free with the mutual Terms of *Dogs, Cowards, Villains*, &c. In the *Odyſſey* we have *impudent Bitch*; and *Jupiter*, if I miſtake not, pays exactly the ſame Compliment to his Royal Conſort in the *Iliad*." *The Rev. Mr.* SPENCE.

And

And but reſolve me (not of what I doubt,
But bring Aſſurance to a Thing believ'd)
Thou mak'ſt thyſelf a Fortune; not depending
On the uncertain Favours of a Miſtreſs,
But art thyſelf one. I'll not ſo far queſtion
My Judgment, and Obſervance, as to aſk
Why I am ſlighted, and contemn'd; but in
Whoſe Favour it is done. I, that have read
The copious Volumes of all Women's Falſhood,
Commented on by the Heart-breaking Groans
Of abus'd Lovers; all the Doubts waſh'd off
With fruitleſs Tears, the Spider's Cobweb Veil
Of Arguments, alledg'd in their Defence,
Blown off with Sighs of deſperate Men, and they
Appearing in their full Deformity:
Know that ſome other hath diſplanted me,
With her Diſhonour. Has ſhe giv'n it up?
Confirm it in two Syllables.

Manto. She has.

Muſta. I cheriſh thy Confeſſion thus, and thus,
[*Gives her Jewels.*
Be mine. — Again I court thee thus, and thus:
Now prove but conſtant to my Ends.

Manto. By all ——

Muſta. Enough; I dare not doubt thee. O Land-Crocodiles,
Made of *Ægyptian* Slime, accurſed Women!
But 'tis no Time to rail: Come, my beſt *Manto.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Vitelli, Franciſco.

Vitel. Sir, as you are my Confeſſor, you ſtand bound
Not to reveal whatever I diſcover
In that Religious Way: Nor dare I doubt you.
Let it ſuffice, you've made me ſee my Follies,
And wrought, perhaps, Compunction; for I would not
Appear an Hypocrite: But, when you impoſe
A Pe-

A Penance on me, beyond Fleſh and Blood
To undergo, you muſt inſtruct me how
To put off the Condition of a Man;
Or, if not pardon, at the leaſt, excuſe
My Diſobedience. Yet, deſpair not, Sir;
For, though I take mine own Way, I ſhall do
Something that may hereafter, to my Glory,
Speak me your Scholar.
Fran. I enjoin you not
To go, but ſend.
Vitel. That were a petty Trial;
Not worth one, ſo long taught, and exercis'd
Under ſo grave a Maſter. Reverend *Franciſco!*
My Friend, my Father! in that Word, my All!
Reſt confident, you ſhall hear ſomething of me
That will redeem me in your good Opinion,
Or judge me loſt for ever. Send *Gazet*
(She ſhall give Order that he may have Entrance)
To acquaint you with my Fortunes. [*Exit* Vitelli.
Fran. Go, and proſper.
Holy Saints guide and ſtrengthen thee! Howſoever,
As my Endeavours are, ſo may they find
Gracious Acceptance.

Enter Gazet, Grimaldi, *in Rags.*

Gaz. Now, you do not roar, Sir;
You ſpeak not Tempeſts, nor take Ear-rent from
A poor Shop-keeper. Do you remember that, Sir?
I wear your Marks here ſtill.
Fran. Can this be poſſible?
All Wonders are not ceas'd then.
Grim. Do, abuſe me,
Spit on me, ſpurn me, pull me by the Noſe!
Thruſt out theſe fiery Eyes, that Yeſterday
Would have look'd thee dead.
Gaz. O ſave me, Sir!
Grim. Fear nothing!
I'm tame, and quiet; there's no Wrong can force me
To

To remember what I was. I have forgot,
I e'er had ireful Fierceneſs, a ſteel'd Heart,
Inſenſible of Compaſſion to others:
Nor is it fit that I ſhould think myſelf
Worth mine own Pity.—Oh!

Fran. Grows this Dejection
From his Diſgrace, do you ſay?

Gaz. Why he's caſhier'd, Sir!
His Ships, his Goods, his Livery-Punks confiſcate:
And there is ſuch a Puniſhment laid upon him,
The miſerable Rogue muſt ſteal no more,
Nor drink, nor drab.

Fran. Does that torment him?

Gaz. O, Sir!
Should the State take Order to bar Men of Acres
From thoſe two laudable Recreations,
Drinking and Whoring, how ſhould Panders purchaſe,
Or thrifty Whores build Hoſpitals? 'Slid! if I,
That, ſince I am made free, may write myſelf
A City-Gallant, ſhould forfeit two ſuch Charters,
I ſhould be ſton'd to Death, and ne'er be pitied
By th' Liveries of thoſe Companies.

Fran. You'll be whip'd, Sir!
If you bridle not your Tongue, Haſte to the Palace,
Your Maſter looks for you.

Gaz. My quondam Maſter,
Rich Sons forget they ever had poor Fathers:
In Servants 'tis more pardonable — As a Companion,
Or ſo, I may conſent: But, is there Hope, Sir!
He has got me a good Chapwoman? Pray you write
A Word or two in my Behalf.

Fran. Out, Raſcal!

Gaz. I feel ſome Inſurrections.

Fran. Hence!

Gaz. I vaniſh. [*Exit* Gazet.

Grim. Why ſhould I ſtudy a Defence, or Comfort,
In whom black Guilt, and Miſery, if balanc'd,
I know not which would turn the Scale? Look upward
I dare not; for, ſhould it but be believ'd

That

That I (dy'd deep in Hell's moſt horrid Colours)
Should dare to hope for Mercy, it would leave
No Check or Feeling, in Men innocent
To catch at Sins, the Devil ne'er taught Mankind yet.
No! I muſt downward, downward; tho' Repentance [8]
Could borrow all the glorious Wings of Grace,
My mountainous Weight of Sins would crack their Pi-
And ſink them to Hell with me. [nions,

Fran. Dreadful! hear me,
Thou miſerable Man!

Grim. Good Sir! deny not
But that there is no Puniſhment beyond
Damnation.

Enter Maſter and Boatſwain.

Maſter. Yonder he is: I pity him.

Boatſw. Take Comfort, Captain: We live ſtill to ſerve you,

Grim. Serve me? I am a Devil already.—Leave me! [9]
Stand farther off! you're blaſted, elſe, I've heard
Schoolmen affirm, Man's Body is compos'd
Of the four Elements; and, as in League together
They nouriſh Life, ſo each of them affords
Liberty to the Soul, when it grows weary
Of this fleſhy Priſon.—Which ſhall I make Choice of?

[8] *No, I muſt downward, downward, though Repentance*
Could borrow all the glorious Wings, &c.

The Beauty of this Paſſage is inimitable, and truly original: *Shakeſpear* has, indeed many that are ſimilar to it; but none that can be brought in Competition.

[9] ——————— *Leave me:*
Stand farther off! you're blaſted elſe,

Whenever the Mind is harraſſed by the Stings of Conſcience, or the Horrors of Guilt, the Senſes are liable to infinite Deluſions, and ſtartle at hideous imaginary Monſters. The Poet, who can touch ſuch Incidents with happy Dexterity, and paint ſuch Images of Conſternation, will infallibly work upon the Minds of others.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH,

The

The Fire? No; I ſhall feel that hereafter.
The Earth will not receive me.—Should ſome Whirl-
Snatch me into the Air, and I hang there, [wind
Perpetual Plagues would dwell upon the Earth,
And thoſe ſuperior Bodies, that pour down
Their cheerful Influence, deny to paſs it
Through thoſe vaſt Regions I have infected.
The Sea, I, that is Juſtice, there I plow'd up
Miſchief as deep as Hell: There, there I'll hide
This curſed Lump of Clay: May it turn Rocks
Where Plummet's Weight could never reach the Sands! [10]
And grind the Ribs of all ſuch Barks as preſs
The Ocean's Breaſt in my unlawful Courſe.
I haſte then to thee: Let thy rav'nous Womb,
Whom all Things elſe deny, be now my Tomb!
[*Exit* Grimaldi.

Maſter. Follow him, and reſtrain him.

Fran. Let this ſtand
For an Example to you. I'll provide
A Lodging for him, and apply ſuch Cures
To his wounded Conſcience, as Heaven hath lent me.
He's now my ſecond Care; and my Profeſſion
Binds me to teach the Deſperate to repent,
As far as to confirm the Innocent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Aſambeg, Muſtapha, Aga, Capiaga.

Aſam. Your Pleaſure?

Muſta. 'Twill exact your private Ear;
And, when you have receiv'd it, you will think
Too many know it. [*Exeunt* Aga, Capiaga.

Aſam. Leave the Room; but be

[10] *Where Plummet's Weight could never reach the Sands!*
So in *Shakeſpear*,
"Where Fathom-Line could never touch the Ground."
HENRY IVth, 1ſt Part, Act 1. Scene 3.

Within

Within our Call.——Now, Sir, what burning Secrets brings you
(With which it ſeems you are turn'd Cinders)
To quench in my Advice, or Power?
Muſta. The Fire
Will rather reach you.—
Aſam. Me?
Muſta. And conſume both;
For 'tis impoſſible to be put out,
But with the Blood of thoſe that kindle it:
And yet one Vial of it is ſo precious,
It being borrow'd from the *Ottoman* Spring,
That better 'tis, I think, both we ſhould periſh
Than prove the deſp'rate Means, that muſt reſtrain it
From ſpreading farther.
Aſam. To the Point, and quickly:
Theſe winding Circumſtances in Relations
Seldom environ Truth.
Muſta. Truth, *Aſambeg?*
Aſam. Truth, *Muſtapha.* I ſaid it, and add more:
You touch upon a String that to my Ear
Does ſound *Donuſa.*
Muſta. You then underſtand
Who 'tis I aim at.
Aſam. Take Heed, *Muſtapha*;
Remember what ſhe is, and whoſe we are.
'Tis her Neglect, perhaps, that you complain of;
And, ſhould you practiſe to revenge her Scorn,
With any Plot to taint her in her Honour,—
Muſta. Hear me.
Aſam. I will be heard firſt; there's no Tongue
A Subject owes, that ſhall out-thunder mine.
Muſta. Well, take your Way.
Aſam. I then again repeat it,
If *Muſtapha* dares with malicious Breath
(On jealous Suppoſitions) preſume
To blaſt the Bloſſom of *Donuſa*'s Fame,
Becauſe he is deny'd a Happineſs
Which Men of equal, nay, of more Deſert,

Have

Have ſu'd in vain for—

Muſta. More?

Aſam. More. 'Twas I ſpake it,
The Baſhaw of *Natolia*, and myſelf
Were Rivals for her; either of us brought
More Victories, more Trophies, to plead for us
To our great Maſter, than you dare lay claim to;
Yet ſtill, by his Allowance, ſhe was left
To her Election: Each of us ow'd Nature
As much for outward Form, and inward Worth,
To make Way for us to her Grace and Favour,
As you brought with you. We were heard, repuls'd;
Yet thought it no Diſhonour to ſit down
With the Diſgrace; if not to force Affection
May merit ſuch a Name.

Muſta. Have you done, yet?

Aſam. Be, therefore, more than ſure, the Ground, on which
You raiſe your Accuſation, may admit
No underminding of Defence in her:
For if with pregnant and apparent Proofs,
Such as may force a Judge, more then inclin'd,
Or partial in her Cauſe, to ſwear her guilty;
You win not me to ſet off your Belief:
Neither our ancient Friendſhip, nor the Rites,
Of ſacred Hoſpitality (to which
I would not offer Violence) ſhall protect you.
—Now when you pleaſe.

Muſta. I will not dwell upon
Much Circumſtance; yet cannot but profeſs,
With the Aſſurance of a Loyalty
Equal to yours, the Reverence I owe
The Sultan, and all ſuch his Blood makes ſacred:
That there is not a Vein of mine, which yet is
Unemptied in his Service, but this Moment
Should freely open, ſo it might waſh off
The Stains of her Diſhonour. Could you think?
Or, though you ſaw it, credit your own Eyes?
That She, the Wonder and Amazement of

Her

Her Sex, the Pride, and Glory of the Empire,
That hath diſdain'd you, ſlighted me, and boaſted
A frozen Coldneſs, which no Appetite,
Or Height of Blood could thaw, ſhould now ſo far
Be hurry'd with the Violence of her Luſt,
As, in it burying her high Birth and Fame,
Baſely deſcend to fill a Chriſtian's Arms?
And to him yield her Virgin Honour up?
Nay, ſue to him to take't.
Aſam. A Chriſtian?
Muſta. Temper
Your Admiration:—And what Chriſtian, think you?
No Prince diſguis'd; no Man of Mark, nor Honour;
No daring Undertaker in our Service,
But one, whoſe Lips her Foot ſhould ſcorn to touch,
A poor Mechanick Pedlar.
Aſam. He?
Muſta. Nay, more;
Whom do you think ſhe made her Scout, nay, Bawd,
To find him out, but me? What Place makes Choice of
To wallow in her foul and loathſome Pleaſures,
But in the Palace? Who the Inſtruments
Of cloſe Conveyance, but the Captain of
Your Guard, the *Aga*, and, that Man of Truſt,
The Warden of the inmoſt Port?—I'll prove this;
And, though I fail to ſhew her in the Act,
Glu'd like a neighing Gennet to her Stallion,
Your Incredulity ſhall be convinc'd
With Proofs I bluſh to think on.
Aſam. Never yet
This Fleſh felt ſuch a Fever.—By the Life
And Fortune of great *Amurath*, ſhould our Prophet
(Whoſe Name I bow to) in a Viſion ſpeak this,
'Twould make me doubtful of my Faith.—Lead on;
And, when my Eyes, and Ears, are, like yours, guilty,
My Rage ſhall then appear; for I will do
Something;—but what, I am not yet determin'd.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Carazie, Manto, Gazet.

Car. They're private to their Wiſhes.
Manto. Doubt it not!
Gaz. A pretty Structure this! a Court do you call it?
Vaulted and arch'd: O! here has been old jumbling
Behind this Arras.
Car. Pry'thee let's have ſome Sport
With this freſh Codſhead.
Manto. I am out of Tune,
But do as you pleaſe. My Conſcience.—Tuſh! the Hope
Of Liberty does throw that Burthen off;
I muſt go watch, and make Diſcovery. [*Exit.*
Car. He's muſing,
And will talk to himſelf; he cannot hold;
The poor Fool's raviſh'd.
Gaz. I am in my Maſter's Clothes;
They fit me to a Hair too; let but any
Indifferent Gameſter meaſure us Inch by Inch,
Or weigh us by the Standard, I may paſs:
I have been prov'd, and prov'd again, true Metal.
Car. How he ſurveys himſelf.
Gaz. I've heard, that ſome
Have fool'd themſelves at Court into good Fortunes,
That never hop'd to thrive by Wit i' th' City,
Or Honeſty i' th' Country. If I do not
Make the beſt Laugh at me. I'll weep for myſelf,
If they give me Hearing.—'Tis reſolv'd—I'll try
What may be done. By your Favour, Sir! I pray you,
Were you born a Courtier?
Car. No, Sir; why do you aſk?
Gaz. Becauſe I thought, that none could be preſer'd,
But ſuch as were begot there.
Car. O, Sir! many;
And, howſoe'r you are a Citizen born,
Yet if your Mother were a handſome Woman,

And ever long'd to ſee a Maſk at Court,
It is an even Lay, but that you had
A Courtier to your Father; and I think ſo,
You bear yourſelf ſo ſprightly.

Gaz. It may be;
But pray you, Sir! had I ſuch an Itch upon me
To change my Copy, is there Hope a Place
May be had here for Money?

Car. Not without it;
That I dare warrant you.

Gaz. I have a pretty Stock,
And would not have my good Parts undiſcover'd,
What Places of Credit are there?

Car. There's your *Beglerbeg*. [11]

Gaz. By no Means that; it comes too near the Beggar;
And moſt prove ſo that come there.

Car. Or your *Sangiack*. [12]

Gaz. Saucy Jack? Fie! none of that.

Car. Your *Chiaus*. [13]

Gaz. Nor that.

Car. Chief Gardener!

Gaz. Out upon't!
'Twill put me in Mind my Mother was an Herb-woman,
What is your Place, I pray you?

Car. Sir! an Eunuch.

Gaz. An Eunuch? Very fine! I Faith! an Eunuch!
And what are your Employments? Neat and eaſy.

Car. In the Day, I wait on my Lady, when ſhe eats,
Carry her Pantoſles, bear up her Train;
Sing her aſleep at Night, and, when ſhe pleaſes,
I am her Bedfellow.

[11] *There's your* Beglerberg.
(i. e. Lord of Lords) a chief Governor of a *Turkiſh* Province.

[12] Or your *Sangiack*.
A *Turkiſh* Governor of a City or Province.

[13] Your *Chiaus*.
An Officer in the *Turkiſh* Court, who performs the Duty of an Uſher, and alſo an Ambaſſador to foreign Princes and States.

Gaz.

Gaz. How? Her Bedfellow?
And lie with her?
Car. Yes, and lie with her.
Gaz. O rare!
I'll be an Eunuch, though I ſell my Shop for't,
And all my Wares.
Car. It is but parting with
A precious Stone or two. I know the Price on't.
Gaz. I'll part with all my Stones; and, when I am
An Eunuch, I'll ſo toſs and towſe the Ladies;
Pray you help me to a Chapman.
Car. The Court-Surgeon
Shall do you that Favour.
Gaz. I am made! an Eunuch!

Enter Manto.

Manto. Carazie, quit the Room!
Car. Come, Sir! we'll treat of
Your Buſineſs further.
Gaz. Excellent! an Eunuch! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Donuſa, Vitelli.

Vitel. Leave me, or I am loſt again: No Prayers,
No Penitence, can redeem me.
Don. Am I grown
Old, or deform'd, ſince Yeſterday?
Vitel. You are ſtill,
Although the ſating of your Luſt hath ſullied
Th' imaculate Whiteneſs of your Virgin Beauties,
Too fair for me to look on: And, though Pureneſs,
The Sword with which you ever fought, and conquer'd,
Is raviſh'd from you by unchaſte Deſires,
You are too ſtrong for Fleſh and Blood to treat with,
Though Iron Grates were interpos'd between us,
To warrant me from Treaſon.

Don. Whom do you fear?

Vitel. That human Frailty I took from my Mother,
That, as my Youth increas'd, grew ſtronger on me:
That ſtill purſues me, and, thought once recover'd,
In Scorn of Reaſon, and, what's more, Religion,
Again ſeeks to betray me.

Don. If you mean, Sir!
To my Embraces, you turn Rebel to
The Laws of Nature, the great Queen, and Mother
Of all Productions, and deny Allegiance,
Where you ſtand bound to pay it.

Vitel. I will ſtop
Mine Ears againſt theſe Charms, which, if *Ulyſſes*
Could live again, and hear this ſecond Syren,
Though bound with Cables to his Maſt, his Ship too
Faſten'd with all her Anchors, this Inchantment
Would force him, in Deſpite of all Reſiſtance,
To leap into the Sea, and follow her;
Although Deſtruction with outſtretched Arms,
Stood ready to receive him.

Don. Gentle Sir;
Though you deny to hear me, yet vouchſafe
To look upon me. Though I uſe no Language
The Grief for this unkind Repulſe will print
Such a dumb Eloquence upon my Face,
As will not only plead, but prevail for me.

Vitel. I am a Coward: I will ſee and hear you;
The Trial, elſe, is nothing; nor the Conqueſt,
My Temperance ſhall crown me with hereafter,
Worthy to be remember'd. Up, my Virtue!
And holy Thoughts, and Reſolutions arm me,
Againſt this fierce Temptation! give me Voice,
Tun'd to a zealous Anger, to expreſs
At what an Over-value I have purchas'd
The wanton Treaſure of your Virgin Bounties,
That in their falſe Fruition heap upon me
Deſpair and Horror—That I could with that Eaſe
Redeem my forfeit Innocence, or caſt up
The Poiſon I receiv'd into my Intrails,

From

From the alluring Cup of your Enticements,
As now I do deliver back the Price, [*Returns the Caſket.*
And Salary of your Luſt! or thus uncloth me
Of Sin's gay Trappings, (the proud Livery
[*Throws off his Cloak and Doublet.*
Of wicked Pleaſure) which but worn, and heated
With the Fire of Entertainment and Conſent,
Like to *Alcides'* fatal Shirt, tears off
Our Fleſh, and Reputation both together,
Leaving our ulcerous Follies bare, and open
To all malicious Cenſure.

Don. You muſt grant,
If you hold that a Loſs to you, mine equals,
If not tranſcends it. If you then firſt taſted
That Poiſon, as you call it, I brought with me
A Palat unacquainted with the Reliſh
Of thoſe Delights, which moſt (as I have heard)
Greedily ſwallow; and then the Offence
(If my Opinion may be believ'd)
Is not ſo great; howe'er, the Wrong no more
Than if *Hippolitus* and the Virgin Huntreſs,
Should meet and kiſs together.

Vitel. What Defences
Can Luſt raiſe to maintain a Precipice
[Aſambeg *and* Muſtapha *above.*
To the Abyſs of Looſeneſs? But affords not
The leaſt Stair, or the faſt'ning of one Foot,
To re-aſcend that glorious Height we fell from.

Muſta. By *Mahomet* ſhe courts him!

Aſam. Nay, kneels to him:
Obſerve the ſcornful Villain turns away too,
As glorying in his Conqueſt.

Don. Are you Marble? [*Kneels.*
If Chriſtians have Mothers, ſure they ſhare in
The Tygreſs Fierceneſs; for, if you were Owner
Of human Pity, you could not endure
A Princeſs to kneel to you, or look on
Theſe falling Tears which hardeſt Rocks would ſoften
And yet remain unmov'd. Did you but give me

A Taſte of Happineſs in your Embraces,
That the Remembrance of the Sweetneſs of it
Might leave perpetual Bitterneſs behind it?
Or ſhew'd me what it was to be a Wife,
To live a Widow ever?

Enter Capiaga, Aga, *with others*,

Aſam. She has confeſt it;—
Seize on him, Villains! O the Furies!
Don. How?— [Aſambeg *and* Muſtapha *deſcend*,
Are we betray'd?
Vitel. The better; I expected
A *Turkiſh* Faith.
Don. Who am I, that you dare this?
'Tis I that do command you to forbear
A Touch of Violence.
Aga. We already, Madam,
Have ſatisfied your Pleaſure further than
We know to anſwer it.
Cap. Would we were well off;
We ſtand too far engag'd, I fear.
Don. For us?
We'll bring you ſafe off. Who dares contradict
What is our Pleaſure?

Enter Aſambeg, Muſtapha,

Aſam. Spurn the Dog to Priſon!
I'll anſwer you anon.
Vitel. What Puniſhment
So e'er I undergo, I'm ſtill a Chriſtian [*Exit with* Vitel.
Don. What bold Preſumption's this? Under what Law
Am I to fall, that ſet my Foot upon
Your Statutes and Decrees?
Muſta. The Crime committed
Our *Alcoran* calls Death.
Don. Tuſh! who is here,
That is not *Amurath*'s Slave, and ſo unfit
To ſit a judge upon his Blood?

Aſam.

Aſam. You've loſt
And ſham'd the Privilege of it; rob'd me too
Of my Soul, my Underſtanding, to behold
Your baſe, unworthy Fall from your high Virtue.
Don. I do appeal to *Amurath.*
Aſam. We'll offer
No Violence to your Perſon, 'till we know
His ſacred Pleaſure; 'till when, under Guard
You ſhall continue here.
Don. Shall?
Aſam. I have ſaid it.
Don. We ſhall remember this.
Aſam. It ill becomes
Such, as are guilty, to deliver Threats
Againſt the innocent. [*The Guard leads off* Donuſa.
I could tear this Fleſh now,
But 'tis in vain; nor muſt I talk, but do:
Provide a well man'd Galley for *Conſtantinople:*
Such ſad News never came to our great Maſter.
As he directs; we muſt proceed, and know
No Will but his, to whom what's Ours we owe. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Maſter, Boatſwain.

Maſter. HE does begin to eat?
Boatſ. A little, Maſter:
But our beſt Hope for his Recovery is, that
His Raving leaves him; and thoſe dreadful Words,
Damnation, and Deſpair, with which he ever
Ended all his Diſcourſes are forgotten.
Maſter. This Stranger is a moſt religious Man, ſure
And I am doubtful, whether his Charity

In the relieving of our Wants, or Care
To cure the wounded Conſcience of *Grimaldi*
Deſerves more Admiration.
Boatſ. Can you gueſs
What the Reaſon ſhould be, that we never mention
The Church, or the high Altar, but his Melancholy
Grows, and increaſes on him?
Maſter. I have heard him
(When he gloried to profeſs himſelf an Atheiſt,)
Talk often, and with much Delight and Boaſting,
Of a rude Prank he did e'er he turn'd Pirate,
The Memory of which, as it appears,
Lies heavy on him.
Boatſ. 'Pray you, let me underſtand it.
Maſter. Upon a ſolemn Day, when the whole City
Join'd in Devotion, and with barefoot Steps
Paſs'd to S. *Mark*'s, the Duke and the whole Signiory,
Helping to perfect the religious Pomp
With which they were received; when all Men elſe
Were full of Tears, and groan'd beneath the Weight
Of paſt Offences (of whoſe heavy Burden
They came to be abſolv'd and freed,) our Captain,
Whether in Scorn, of thoſe ſo pious Rites
He had no Feeling of, or elſe drawn to it,
Out of a wanton, irreligious Madneſs,
(I know not which) ran to the holy Man,
As he was doing of the Work of Grace,
And, ſnatching from his Hands the ſanctify'd Means,
Daſh'd it upon the Pavement.
Boatſ. How eſcap'd he?
It being a Deed deſerving Death with Torture.
Maſter. The general Amazement of the People
Gave him Leave to quit the Temple, and a Gondola,[14]
(Prepar'd, it ſeems, before) brought him aboard,
Since which he ne'er ſaw *Venice*. The Remembrance
Of this, it ſeems, torments him; aggravated

[14] ——— *And a* Gondola.
A *Venetian* Wherry-Boat.

With

With a ſtrong Belief, he cannot receive Pardon
For this foul Fact, but from his Hands, 'gainſt whom
It was committed.

Boatſ. And what Courſe intends
His heavenly Phyſician Reverend *Franciſco*,
To beat down this Opinion?

Maſter. He promis'd
To uſe ſome holy and religious Fineſſe,
To this good End; and, in the mean Time, charg'd me
To keep him dark, and to admit no Viſitants;
But on no Terms to croſs him.—Here he comes.

Enter Grimaldi *with a Book.*

Grim. For Theft, he that reſtores treble the Value, [15]
Makes Satisfaction; and, for want of Means,
To do ſo, as a Slave, muſt ſerve it out,
'Till he hath made full Payment.—There's Hope left here;
Oh! with what Willingneſs would I give up
My Liberty to thoſe that I have pillag'd;
And wiſh the Numbers of my Years, though waſted
In the moſt ſordid Slavery, might equal
The Rapines I have made; 'till with one Voice,
My Patient Sufferings might exact from my
Moſt cruel Creditors, a full Remiſſion,
An Eye's Loſs with an Eye, Limbs with a Limb; [16]
A ſad Account!—yet, to find Peace within here,
Though all ſuch as I have maim'd, and diſmember'd

[15] *For Theft, he that reſtores treble the Value, makes Satisfaction*, &c.

This, and the following Part of this Speech alludes to the Law of *Moſes*: As in *Exodus* we read, "If a Man ſhall ſteal an Ox or a Sheep, "and kill it, or ſell it, he ſhall reſtore five Oxen for an Ox; and four "Sheep for a Sheep.—If he have nothing, then he ſhall be ſold for "his Theft." Cap. 22. Ver. 1, 3.

[16] *An Eye's Loſs with an Eye, Limbs with a Limb.*

Theſe are common Expreſſions both in the Old, and in the New Teſtament.

In

In drunken Quarrels, or o'ercome with Rage,
When they were giv'n up to my Power, ſtood here now,
And cry'd for Reſtitution; to appeaſe 'em,
I'd do a bloody Juſtice on myſelf;
Pull out theſe Eyes, that guided me to raviſh
Their Sight from others; lop theſe Legs, that bore me
To barbarous Violence; with this Hand cut off
This Inſtrument of wrong, 'till nought were left me,
But this poor bleeding limbleſs Trunk, which gladly
I would divide among them.—Ha! what think I

Enter Franciſco *in a Cope like a Biſhop.*

Of petty Forfeitures! in this reverend Habit,
(All that I am turn'd into Eyes) I look on
A Deed of mine ſo fiend-like, that Repentance,
Though with my Tears I taught the Sea new Tides,
Can never waſh off: All my Thefts, my Rapes
Are venial Treſpaſſes, compar'd to what
I offer'd to that Shape; and in a Place too,
Where I ſtood bound to kneel to't. [*Kneels.*
Fran. 'Tis forgiven;
I with his Tongue (whom in theſe ſacred Veſtments
With impure Hands thou did'ſt offend) pronounce it;
I bring Peace to thee; ſee, that thou deſerve it
In thy fair Life hereafter.
Grim. Can it be?
Dare I believe this Viſion? Or hope
A Pardon e'er may find me?
Fran. Purchaſe it
By zealous Undertakings, and no more
'Twill be remembered.
Grim. What celeſtial Balm
I feel now pour'd into my wounded Conſcience!
What Penance is there I'll not undergo;
Though ne'er ſo ſharp and rugged, with more Pleaſure
Than Fleſh and Blood e'er taſted! ſhew me true Sorrow,
Arm'd with an Iron Whip, and I will meet
The Stripes ſhe brings along with her, as if

They

They were the gentle Touches of a Hand
That comes to cure me. Can good Deeds redeem me?
I will riſe up a Wonder to the World,
When I have giv'n ſtrong Proofs how I am alter'd,
I that have ſold ſuch as profeſs'd the Faith
That I was born in, to Captivity,
Will make their Number equal, that I ſhall
Deliver from the Oar; and win as many
By the Clearneſs of my Actions, to look on
Their Miſbelief, and loath it. I will be
A Convoy for all Merchants; and thought worthy
To be reported to the World hereafter
The Child of your Devotion, nurs'd up,
And made ſtrong by your Charity, to break through
All Dangers Hell can bring forth to oppoſe me:
Nor am I, though my Fortunes were thought deſperate,
Now you have reconcil'd me to myſelf,
So void of worldly Means, but, in Deſpight
Of the proud Viceroy's Wrongs, I can do ſomething
To prove, that I have Power; when you pleaſe try me,
And I will perfect what you ſhall injoin me,
Or fall a joyful Martyr.

Fran. You will reap
The comfort of it; live yet undiſcover'd,
And with your holy Meditations ſtrengthen
Your Chriſtian Reſolution; e'er long,
You ſhall hear further from me.

Grim. I'll attend [*Exit* Franciſco.
All your Commands with Patience;—come, my Mates!
I hitherto have liv'd an ill Example;
And as your Captain led you on to Miſchief;
But now will truly labour, that good Men
May ſay hereafter of me, to my Glory,
Let but my Power and Means hand with my Will,
" His good Endeavours, did weigh down his Ill."
[*Exeunt* Grimaldi, *Maſter*, *Boatſwain*.

Enter

Enter Franciſco.

Fran. This Penitence is not counterfeit; howſoever
Good Actions are in themſelves rewarded;
My Travail's to meet with a double Crown,
If that *Vitelli* come off ſafe, and prove
Himſelf the Maſter of his wild Affections.

Enter Gazet.

Oh! I ſhall have Intelligence, how now, *Gazet!*
Why theſe ſad Looks and Tears?
Gaz. Tears, Sir? I have loſt
My worthy Maſter. Your rich Heir ſeems to mourn for
A miſerable Father, your young Widow
Following a bed-rid Huſband to his Grave,
Would have her Neighbours think ſhe cries, and roars,
That ſhe muſt part with ſuch a Goodman Do-nothing;
When 'tis, becauſe he ſtays ſo long above Ground,
And hinders a rich Suitor: — All's come out, Sir!
We are ſmok'd for being Cunny-catchers; My Maſter
Is put in Priſon; his She-Cuſtomer
Is under Guard too.—Theſe are Things to weep for;
But mine own Loſs conſider'd, and what a Fortune
I have, as they ſay, ſnatch'd out of my Chops,
Would make a Man run mad.
Fran. I ſcarce have Leiſure,
I am ſo wholly taken up with Sorrow
For my lov'd Pupil, to enquire thy Fate;
Yet I will hear it.
Gaz. Why, Sir! I had bought a Place,
A Place of Credit too, and had gone through with it:
I ſhould have been made an Eunuch.—There was Honour
For a late poor 'Prentice; when upon the ſudden
There was ſuch a Hurly-burly in the Court,
That I was glad to run away, and carry
The Price of my Office with me.

Fran.

Fran. Is that all?
You've made a ſaving Voyage. We muſt think now,
Though not to free, to comfort ſad *Vitelli*;
My griev'd Soul ſuffers for him.
Gaz. I am ſad too;
But, had I been an Eunuch ——
Fran. Think not on it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Aſambeg, *unlocks the Door, leads forth* Paulina.

Aſam. Be your own Guard: Obſequiouſneſs and Ser-
Shall win you to be mine. Of all Reſtraint [vice
For ever take your Leave: No Threats ſhall awe you;
No jealous Doubts of mine diſturb your Freedom:
No fee'd Spies wait upon your Steps. Your Virtue
And due Conſideration in yourſelf,
Of what is noble, are the faithful Helps
I leave you, as Supporters to defend you
From falling baſely.
Paul. This is wond'rous ſtrange!
Whence flows this Alteration?
Aſam. From true Judgment,
And ſtrong Aſſurance: Neither Grates of Iron,
Hem'd in with Walls of Braſs, ſtrict Guards, high Birth,
The Forfeiture of Honour, nor the Fear
Of Infamy, or Puniſhment, can ſtay
A Woman ſlav'd to Appetite from being
Falſe, and unworthy.
Paul. You are grown ſatyrical
Againſt our Sex. Why, Sir, I durſt produce
Myſelf in our Defence, and from you challenge
A Teſtimony that's not to be denied;
All fall not under this unequal Cenſure.
I, that have ſtood your Flatteries, your Threats,
Bore up againſt your fierce Temptations; ſcorn'd
The cruel Means you practis'd to ſupplant me,
Having no Arms to help me to hold out,

But

But Love of Piety, and conſtant Goodneſs,
If you are unconfirm'd, dare again boldly
Enter into the Liſts, and combat with
All Oppoſites Man's Malice can bring forth
To ſhake me in my Chaſtity, built upon
The Rock of my Religion.
Aſam. I do wiſh
I could believe you; but, when I ſhall ſhew you
A moſt incredible Example of
Your Frailty in a Princeſs, ſu'd and ſought to
By Men of Worth, of Rank, of Eminence; courted
By Happineſs itſelf, and her cold Temper
Approv'd by many Years; yet ſhe to fall,
Fall from herſelf, her Glories, nay, her Safety,
Into a Gulf of Shame, and black Deſpair;
I think you'll doubt yourſelf, or, in beholding
Her Puniſhment, for ever be deter'd
From yielding baſely.
Paul. I would ſee this Wonder;
'Tis, Sir, my firſt Petition.
Aſam. And thus granted;——
Above you ſhall obſerve all. [Paulina *ſteps aſide.*

Enter Muſtapha.

Muſta. Sir, I ſought you,
And muſt relate a Wonder. Since I ſtudied
And knew what Man was, I was never Witneſs
Of ſuch invincible Fortitude as this Chriſtian
Shews in his Sufferings: All the Torments that
We could preſent him with to fright his Conſtancy,
Confirm'd, not ſhook it; and thoſe heavy Chains
That eat into his Fleſh, appear'd to him
Like Bracelets, made of ſome lov'd Miſtreſs' Hairs,
We kiſs in the Remembrance of her Favours.
I'm ſtrangely taken with it, and have loſt
Much of my Fury.
Aſam. Had he ſuffer'd poorly,
It had call'd on my Contempt; but manly Patience
And

And all-commanding Virtue, wins upon
An Enemy. I ſhall think upon him. Ha!

Enter Aga *with a Black Box.*

So ſoon return'd? This Speed pleads in Excuſe
Of your late Fault, which I no more remember.
What's the Grand Signior's Pleaſure?

Aga. 'Tis inclos'd here.
The Box too, that contains it, may inform you
How he ſtands affected: I am truſted with
Nothing but this.—On Forfeit of your Head,
She muſt have a ſpeedy Trial.

Aſam. Bring her in
In Black, as to her Funeral: 'Tis the Colour
Her Fault wills her to wear; and which, in Juſtice,
I dare not pity.—Sit, and take your Place:
However in her Life ſhe has degenerated,
May ſhe die nobly; and in that confirm
Her Greatneſs, and High Blood.

A ſolemn Muſick. A Guard. The Aga, and Capi-Aga, leading in Donuſa *in Black; her Train borne up by* Carazie *and* Manto.

Muſta. I now could melt;—
But ſoft Compaſſion leave me.

Manto. I am affrighted
With this diſmal Preparation. Should the enjoying
Of looſe Deſires find ever ſuch Concluſions,
All Women would be Veſtals. [*Aſide.*

Don. That you cloath me
In this ſad Livery of Death, aſſures me
Your Sentence is gone out before, and I
Too late am call'd for, in my guilty Cauſe
To uſe Qualification, or Excuſe——
Yet muſt I not part ſo with mine own Strength,
But borrow from my Modeſty Boldneſs, to
Enquire by whoſe Authority you ſit

My

My Judges, and whoſe Warrant digs my Grave
In the Frowns you dart againſt my Life?
Aſam. See here!
This fatal Sign, and Warrant! This, brought to
A General fighting at the Head of his
Victorious Troops, raviſhes from his Hand
His e'en then conquering Sword: This ſhewn unto
The Sultan's Brothers, or his Sons, delivers
His deadly Anger; and, all Hopes laid by,
Commands them to prepare themſelves for Heaven;
Which would ſtand with the Quiet of your Soul
To think upon, and imitate.
Don. Give me Leave
A little to complain: Firſt, of the hard
Condition of my Fortune, which may move you,
Though not to riſe up Interceſſors for me,
Yet, in Remembrance of my former Life,
(This being the firſt Spot tainting mine Honour)
To be the Means to bring me to his Preſence;
And then I doubt not, but I could alledge
Such Reaſons in mine own Defence, or plead
So humbly (my Tears helping) that it ſhould
Awake his ſleeping Pity.
Aſam. 'Tis in vain!
If you have aught to ſay, you ſhall have Hearing,
And in me think him preſent.
Don. I would thus then
Firſt kneel, and kiſs his Feet; and after, tell him
How long I'd been his Darling; what Delight
My infant Years afforded him; how dear
He priz'd his Siſter, in both Bloods, my Mother;
That ſhe, like him, had Frailty, that to me
Deſcends as an Inheritance; then conjure him,
By her bleſt Aſhes, and his Father's Soul,
The Sword that rides upon his Thigh, his Right Hand
Holding the Scepter, and the *Ottoman* Fortune,
To have Compaſſion on me.
Aſam. But ſuppoſe
(As I am ſure) he would be deaf, what then
Could you infer?

Don.

Don. I, then, would thus riſe up,
And to his Teeth tell him, he was a Tyrant,
A moſt voluptuous, and inſatiable Epicure
In his own Pleaſures; which he hugs ſo dearly,
As proper, and peculiar to himſelf,
That he denies a moderate lawful Uſe
Of all Delight to others. And to thee,
Unequal Judge, I ſpeak as much, and charge thee
But with impartial Eyes to look into
Thyſelf, and then conſider with what Juſtice
Thou canſt pronounce my Sentence. Unkind Nature!
To make weak Women, Servants; proud Men, Maſters.
Indulgent *Mahomet!* Do thy bloody Laws
Call my Embraces with a Chriſtian, Death?
Having my Heat and *May* of Youth, to plead
In my Excuſe? and yet want Power to puniſh
Theſe that with Scorn break thro' thy Cobweb-Edicts,
And laugh at thy Decrees? To tame their Luſts
There's no religious Bit; let her be fair,
And pleaſing to the Eye, though *Perſian*, *Moor*,
Idolatreſs, *Turk*, or *Chriſtian*, you are privileg'd,
And freely may enjoy her. At this Inſtant,
I know, unjuſt Man! thou haſt in thy Power
A lovely Chriſtian Virgin; thy Offence
Equal, if not tranſcending mine: Why, then,
We being both guilty, doſt thou not deſcend
From that uſurp'd Tribunal, and with me
Walk Hand in Hand to Death?

Aſam. She Raves! and we
Loſe Time to hear her:—Read the Law.

Don. Do! do!——
I ſtand reſolv'd to ſuffer.

Aga. If any Virgin, of what Degree or Quality ſoever, born a natural *Turk*, ſhall be convicted of corporal Looſeneſs, and Incontinence with any Chriſtian, ſhe is, by the Decree of our great Prophet, *Mahomet*, to loſe her Head.

Aſam. Mark that! then tax our Juſtice.

Aga. Ever provided, That if ſhe, the ſaid Offender, by any Reaſons, Arguments, or Perſuaſion, can win and prevail with the ſaid Chriſtian, offending with her, to alter his Religion, and marry her, that then the Winning of a Soul to the *Mahometan* Sect ſhall acquit her from all Shame, Diſgrace and Puniſhment whatſoever.

Don. I lay hold on that Clauſe, and challenge from you
The Privilege of the Law.

Muſta. What will you do?

Don. Grant me Acceſs and Means, I'll undertake
To turn this *Chriſtian Turk*, and marry him:
This Trial you cannot deny.

Muſta. O baſe!
Can Fear to die make you deſcend ſo low
From your high Birth, and brand the *Ottoman* Line
With ſuch a Mark of Infamy?

Aſam. This is worſe
Than the parting with your Honour.—Better ſuffer
Ten thouſand Deaths, and without Hope to have
A Place in our great Prophet's Paradiſe,
Than have an Act to After-times remember'd
So foul as this is.

Muſta. Chear your Spirits, Madam!
To die is nothing; 'tis but parting with
A Mountain of Vexations.

Aſam. Think of your Honour;
In dying nobly you make Satisfaction
For your Offence; and you ſhall live a Story
Of bold heroic Courage.

Don. You ſhall not fool me
Out of my Life: I claim the Law, and ſue for
A ſpeedy Trial; if I fail, you may
Determine of me as you pleaſe.

Aſam. Baſe Woman!
—But uſe thy Ways, and ſee thou proſper in 'em:
For, if thou fall again into my Power,
Thou ſhalt in vain, after a thouſand Tortures,
Cry out for Death, that Death which now thou fly'ſt from.

Unlooſe

Unloſe the Priſoner's Chains.—Go! lead her on
To try the Magick of her Tongue ——I follow: —
I'm on the Rack.——Deſcend, my beſt *Paulina*.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Franciſco, *Jailor*.

Fran. I come not empty-handed;—I will purchaſe
Your Favour at what Rate you pleaſe.—There's Gold.
Jailor. 'Tis the beſt Oratory. I will hazard
A Check for your Content.—Below there!
Vitel. Welcome!—— [Vitelli *under the Stage.*
Art thou the happy Meſſenger, that brings me
News of my Death?
Jailor. Your Hand! [Vitelli *pluck'd up.*
Fran. Now, if you pleaſe,
A little Privacy.
Jailor. You have bought it, Sir;
Enjoy it freely. [*Exit Jailor.*
Fran. O, my deareſt Pupil!
Witneſs theſe Tears of Joy: I never ſaw you,
'Till now, look lovely; nor durſt I e'er glory
In the Mind of any Man I had built up
With the Hands of virtuous and religious Precepts,
'Till this glad Minute. Now you have made good
My Expectation of you. By my Order!
All *Roman Cæſars*, that led Kings in Chains,
Faſt bound to their triumphant Chariots, if
Compar'd with that true Glory, and full Luſtre
You now appear in, all their boaſted Honours,
Purchas'd with Blood, and Wrong, would loſe their Names,
And be no more remember'd.
Vitel. This Applauſe,
Confirm'd in your Allowance, joys me more
Than if a thouſand full-cram'd Theatres
Should clap their eager Hands, to witneſs that
The Scene I act did pleaſe, and they admire it.

But theſe are, Father, but Beginnings, not
The Ends, of my high Aims. I grant t' have maſter'd
The rebel Appetite of Fleſh and Blood,
Was far above my Strength; and ſtill owe for it
To that great Power that lent it. But, when I
Shall make't apparent, the grim Looks of Death
Affright me not; and that I can put off
The fond Deſire of Life (that, like a Garment
Covers, and cloaths our Frailty) haſt'ning to
My Martyrdom, as to a heavenly Banquet,
To which I was a choice invited Gueſt.
Then you may boldly ſay, you did not plough,
Or truſt the barren and ungrateful Sands
With the fruitful Grain of your religious Counſels.

Fran. You do inſtruct your Teacher. Let the Sun
Of your clear Life (that lends to good Men Light)
But ſet as gloriouſly as it did riſe,
Though ſometimes clouded, you may write *nil ultra*
To human Wiſhes.

Vitel. I have almoſt gain'd
The End o' th' Race, and will not faint, or tire now.

Enter Aga *and Jailor.*

Aga. Sir, by your Leave (nay ſtare not) I bring Comfort;
The Viceroy, taken with the conſtant Bearing
Of your Afflictions; and preſuming too
You will not change your Temper, does command
Your Irons ſhould be ta'en off. Now arm yourſelf
With your old Reſolution: Suddenly
[*The Chains taken off.*
You ſhall be viſited. You muſt leave the Room too;
And do it without Reply.

Fran. There's no contending:
Be ſtill thyſelf, my Son! [*Exit* Franciſco.

Vitel.

Vitel. 'Tis not in Man

Enter Donuſa, Aſambeg, Muſtapha, Paulina.

To change or alter me.
Paul. Whom do I look on?——
My Brother?—'Tis he!—But no more, my Tongue!
Thou wilt betray all. [*Aſide.*
Aſam. Let us hear this Temptreſs:
The Fellow looks as he would ſtop his Ears
Againſt her powerful Spells.
Paul. He is undone elſe.
Vitel. I'll ſtand th' Encounter—Charge me home.
Don. I come, Sir! [*Bows herſelf.*
A Beggar to you, and doubt not to find
A good Man's Charity, which, if you deny,
You're cruel to yourſelf; a Crime a wiſe Man
(And ſuch I hold you) would not willingly
Be guilty of; nor let it find leſs Welcome,
Though I (a Creature you contemn) now ſhew you
The Way to certain Happineſs; nor think it
Imaginary or phantaſtical,
And ſo not worth th' acquiring, in reſpect
The Paſſage to it is not rough nor thorny;
No ſteep Hills in the Way which you muſt climb up;
No Monſters to be conquer'd; no Inchantments
To be diſſolv'd by Counter-Charms, before
You take Poſſeſſion of it.
Vitel. What ſtrong Poiſon
Is wrap'd up in theſe ſugar'd Pills?
Don. My Suit is,
That you would quit your Shoulders of a Burthen
Under whoſe pond'rous Weight you wilfully
Have too long groan'd, to caſt thoſe Fetters off,
With which, with your own Hands, you chain your Freedom:
Forſake a ſevere, nay, imperious Miſtreſs,
Whoſe Service does exact perpetual Cares,
Watchings, and Troubles; and give Entertainment

To one that courts you, whoſe leaſt Favours are
Variety, and Choice of all Delights
Mankind is capable of.
Vitel. You ſpeak in Riddles.
What Burthen, or what Miſtreſs? or what Fetters
Are thoſe, you point at?
Don. Thoſe, which your Religion,
The Miſtreſs you too long have ſerv'd, compels
To bear with Slave-like Patience.
Vitel. Ha!
Paul. How bravely
That virtuous Anger ſhows! [*Aſide.*
Don. Be wiſe, and weigh
The proſperous Succeſs of Things; if Bleſſings
Are Donatives from Heaven (which, you muſt grant,
Were Blaſphemy to queſtion) and that
They are call'd down, and pour'd on ſuch, as are
Moſt gracious with the great Diſpoſer of 'em,
Look on our flouriſhing Empire, if the Splendor,
The Majeſty, and Glory of it dim not
Your feeble Sight, and then turn back, and ſee
The narrow Bounds of yours; yet that poor Remnant
Rent in as many Factions, and Opinions,
As you have petty Kingdoms; and then, if
You are not obſtinate againſt Truth and Reaſon,
You muſt confeſs the Deity you worſhip
Wants Care, or Power to help you.
Paul. Hold out now,
And then thou art victorious.
Aſam. How he eyes her!
Muſta. As if he would look through her.
Aſam. His Eyes flame too,
As threat'ning Violence.
Vitel. But that I know
The Devil, thy Tutor fills each Part about thee,
And that I cannot play the Exorciſt
To diſpoſſeſs thee, unleſs I ſhould tear
Thy Body Limb by Limb, and throw it to
The Furies that expect it, I would now

Pluck

Pluck out that wicked Tongue, that hath blaſphem'd
That great Omnipotency, at whoſe Nod
The Fabrick of the World ſhakes. Dare you bring
Your juggling Prophet in Compariſon with
That moſt inſcrutable, and infinite Eſſence
That made this All, and comprehends his Work?
The Place is too prophane to mention him
Whoſe only Name is ſacred. O *Donuſa!*
How much in my Compaſſion I ſuffer,
That thou, on whom this moſt excelling Form,
And Faculties of Diſcourſe, beyond a Woman,
Were by his liberal Gift confer'd, ſhould'ſt ſtill
Remain in Ignorance of him that gave it!
I will not foul my Mouth to ſpeak the Sorceries
Of your Seducer, his baſe Birth, his Whoredoms,
His ſtrange Impoſtures; nor deliver how
He taught a Pigeon to feed in his Ear;
Then made his credulous Followers believe
It was an Angel that inſtructed him
In the framing of his *Alcoran.* Pray you mark me.—

Aſam. Theſe Words are Death, were he in nought elſe guilty.

Vitel. Your Intent, to win me
To be of your Belief, proceeded from
Your Fear to die. Can there be Strength in that
Religion, that ſuffers us to tremble
At that which every Day, nay, Hour, we haſte to?

Don. This is unanſwerable, and there's ſomething tells me
I err in my Opinion.

Vitel. Cheriſh it!
It is a heavenly prompter; entertain
This holy Motion, and wear on your Forehead
The ſacred Badge he arms his Servants with,
You ſhall, like me, with Scorn look down upon
All Engines Tyranny can advance to batter
Your conſtant Reſolution: Then you ſhall
Look truly fair, when your Mind's Pureneſs anſwers
Your outward Beauties.

Don. I came here to take you,
But I perceive an yielding in myſelf
To be your Priſoner.
Vitel. 'Tis an Overthrow,
That will outſhine all Victories. O *Donuſa!*
Die in my Faith like me; and 'tis a Marriage
At which celeſtial Angels ſhall be Waiters,
And ſuch as have been ſainted welcome us.
—Are you confirm'd?
Don. I would be; but the Means
That may aſſure me?
Vitel. Heaven is merciful,
And will not ſuffer you to want a Man
To do that ſacred Office, build upon it.
Don. Then thus I ſpit at *Mahomet.*
Aſam. Stop her Mouth:
In Death to turn Apoſtate! I'll not hear
One Syllable from any;—wretched Creature:
With the next riſing Sun prepare to die.
Yet Chriſtian, in Reward of thy brave Courage,
Be thy Faith right, or wrong, receive this Favour.
In Perſon I'll attend thee to thy Death;
And boldly challenge all that I can give,
But what's not in my grant, which is to live. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Vitelli, Franciſco.

Fran. YOU'RE wond'rous brave, and jocund.
Vitel. Welcome, Father!
Should I ſpare Coſt, or not wear chearful Looks
Upon my Wedding Day, it were ominous,
And ſhew'd I did repent it; which I dare not,
It being a Marriage, howſoever ſad

In

In the firſt Ceremonies that confirm it,
That will for ever arm me againſt Fears,
Repentance, Doubts, or Jealouſies, and bring
Perpetual Comforts, Peace of Mind, and Quiet
To the glad Couple.

Fran. I well underſtand you;
And my full Joy to ſee you ſo reſolv'd
Weak Words cannot expreſs. What is the Hour
Deſign'd for this Solemnity?

Vitel. The ſixth;
Something before the ſetting of the Sun
We take our laſt Leave of his fading Light,
And with our Soul's Eyes ſeek for Beams eternal.
Yet there's one Scruple with which I am much
Perplex'd, and troubl'd, which I know you can
Reſolve me of.

Fran. What is't?

Vitel. This, Sir; my Bride,
Whom I firſt courted, and then won (not with
Looſe Lays, poor Flatteries, apiſh Compliments,
But ſacred, and religious Zeal) yet wants
The holy Badge that ſhould proclaim her fit
For theſe celeſtial Nuptials: Willing ſhe is,
I know, to wear it, as the choiceſt Jewel
On her fair Forehead; but to you, that well
Could do that Work of Grace, I know the Viceroy
Will never grant Acceſs. Now, in a Caſe
Of this Neceſſity, I would gladly learn,
Whether in me a Layman, without Orders,
It may not be religious, and lawful
As we go to our Deaths to do that Office?

Fran. A Queſtion, in itſelf, with much Eaſe anſwer'd;
Midwives upon Neceſſity perform't;
And Knights that in the holy Land fought for
The Freedom of *Jeruſalem*, when full
Of ſweat, and Enemy's Blood, have made their Helmets
The Fount, out of which with their holy Hands
They drew that heavenly Liquor: 'Twas approved then
By the holy Church, nor muſt I think it now
In you a Work leſs pious.

Vitel.

Vitel. You confirm me;
I will find a Way to do it. In the mean Time
Your holy Vows aſſiſt me.
Fran. They ſhall ever
Be preſent with you.
Vitel. You ſhall ſee me act
This laſt Scene to the Life.
Fran. And, though now fall,
Riſe a bleſs'd Martyr.
Vitel. That's my End, my All. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Grimaldi, *Maſter*, *Boatſwain*, *Sailors.*

Boatſ. Sir, if you ſlip this Opportunity,
Never expect the like.
Maſter. With as much Eaſe now
We may ſteal the Ship out of the Harbour, Captain,
As ever Gallants in a wanton Bravery
Have ſet upon a drunken Conſtable,
And bore him from a ſleepy, Rug-gown'd Watch:
Be therefore wiſe.
Grim. I muſt be honeſt too,
And you ſhall wear that Shape: You ſhall obſerve me,
If that you purpoſe to continue mine.
Think you Ingratitude can be the Parent
To our unfeign'd Repentance? Do I owe
A Peace within here, Kingdoms could not purchaſe,
To my religious Creditor, to leave him
Open to Danger, the great Benefit
Never remembred? No; though in her Bottom.
We could ſtow up the Tribute of the *Turk*;
Nay, grant the Paſſage ſafe too; I will never
Conſent to weigh an Anchor up, till he,
That only muſt, commands it.
Boatſ. This Religion
Will keep us Slaves and Beggars.

Maſter.

Maſter. The Fiend prompts me
To change my Copy: Plague on't, we are Seamen:
What have we to do with't, but for a Snatch, or ſo,
At the End of a long Lent?

Enter Franciſco.

Boatſ. Mum. See, who is here?
Grim. My Father!
Fran. My good Convert! I am full
Of ſerious Buſineſs, which denies me Leave
To hold long Conference with you: Only thus much
Briefly receive;—a Day or two at the moſt,
Shall make me fit to take my Leave of *Tunis*,
Or give me loſt for ever.
Grim. Days, nor Years,
Provided that my Stay may do you Service,
But to me ſhall be Minutes.
Fran. I much thank you:
In this ſmall Scroll you may, in private read
What my Intents are; and, as they grow ripe,
I will inſtruct you further: In the mean Time
Borrow your late diſtracted Looks, and Geſture;
The more dejected you appear, the leſs
The Viceroy muſt ſuſpect you.
Grim. I am nothing,
But what you pleaſe to have me be.
Fran. Farewell, Sir!——
Be cheerful, Maſter! ſomething we will do
That ſhall reward itſelf in the Performance;
And that's true Prize indeed.
Maſter. I am obedient.
[*Exeunt* Grimaldi, *Maſter*, *Boatſwain*.
Boatſ. And I:—There's no contending.
Fran. Peace to you all.
Proſper thou great Exiſtence, my Endeavours,
As they religiouſly are undertaken,
And diſtant equally from ſervile Gain,

Enter

Enter Paulina, Carzi, *and* Manto.

Or glorious Oſtentation.—I am heard
In this bleſt Opportunity, which in vain
I long have waited for.—I muſt ſhow myſelf!
O, ſhe has found me! now if ſhe prove right
All Hope will not forſake us.

Paul. Farther off!
And in that Diſtance know your Duties too!
You were beſtow'd on me as Slaves to ſerve me,
And not as Spies to pry into my Actions,
And after to betray me. You ſhall find
If any Look of mine be unobſerv'd,
I am not ignorant of a Miſtreſs' Power,
And from whom I receive it.

Car. Note this, *Manto.*
The Pride, and Scorn, with which ſhe entertains us!
Now we are made her's by the Viceroy's Gift.
Our ſweet condition'd Princeſs, fair *Donuſa*,
(Reſt in her Death wait on her!) never us'd us
With ſuch Contempt. I would he had ſent me
To the Gallies, or the Gallows, when he gave me
To this proud little Devil. [*Aſide.*

Manto. I expect
All tyrannous Uſage, but I muſt be Patient;
And, though ten Times a Day, ſhe tears theſe Locks,
Or makes this Face her Footſtool, 'tis but Juſtice.
[*Aſide.*

Paul. 'Tis a true Story of my Fortunes, Father!
My Chaſtity preſerv'd by Miracle,
Or your Devotions for me; and, believe it,
What outward Pride ſo e'er I counterfeit,
Or State to theſe appointed to attend me,
I am not in my Diſpoſition alter'd,
But ſtill your humble Daughter, and ſhare with you,
In my poor Brother's Sufferings.—All Hell's Torments
Revenge it on accurs'd *Grimaldi*'s Soul,
That, in his Rape of me, gave a Beginning

To

To all the Miſeries that ſince have follow'd.
Fran. Be charitable, and forgive him, gentle Daughter!
He's a chang'd Man, and may redeem his Fault
In his fair Life hereafter. You muſt bear too
Your forc'd Captivity (for 'tis no better,
Though you wear golden Fetters) and of him,
Whom Death affrights not, learn to hold out nobly:
Paul. You are ſtill the ſame good Counſellor.
Fran. And who knows,
(Since what above is purpos'd, is inſcrutable)
But that the Viceroy's extreme Dotage on you
May be the Parent of a happier Birth
Than yet our Hopes dare faſhion. Longer Conference
May prove unſafe for you, and me, however,
Perhaps for Trial, he allows you Freedom.
[*Delivers a Paper.*
From this learn therefore what you muſt attempt,
Though with the Hazard of yourſelf,—Heaven guard you,
And give *Vitelli* Patience; then I doubt not
But he will have a glorious Day, ſince ſome
Hold truly, ſuch as ſuffer, overcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Aſambeg, Muſtapha, Aga, Capiaga.

Aſam. What we commanded, ſee perform'd; and fail not
In all Things to be punctual.
Aga. We ſhall, Sir! [*Exeunt* Aga, Capiaga.
Muſta. 'Tis ſtrange, that you ſhould uſe ſuch Circumſtance
To a Delinquent of ſo mean Condition!
Aſam. Had he appear'd in a more ſordid Shape
Then diſguis'd Greatneſs ever deign'd to maſk in,
The gallant bearing of his preſent Fortune
A loud proclaims him noble.

Muſta.

Muſta. If you doubt him
To be a Man built up for great Employments,
And, as a cunning Spy, ſent to explore
The Cities Strength, or Weakneſs, you by Torture
May force him to diſcover it.

Aſam. That were baſe;
Nor dare I do ſuch Injury to Virtue
And bold, aſſured Courage; neither can I
Be won to think, but, if I ſhould attempt it,
I ſhoot againſt the Moon. He, that hath ſtood
The rougheſt Battery, that Captivity
Could ever bring to ſhake a conſtant Temper;
Deſpis'd the Fawnings of a future Greatneſs,
By Beauty in her full Perfection tender'd;
That hears of Death as of a quiet Slumber,
And, from the Surpluſage of his own Firmneſs,
Can ſpare enough of Fortitude, to aſſure
A feeble Woman; will now, *Muſtapha*, never
Be alter'd in his Soul for any Torments
We can afflict his Body with?

Muſta. Do your Pleaſure!
I only offer'd you a Friend's Advice,
But without Gall, or Envy, to the Man
That is to ſuffer.—But what do you determine
Of poor *Grimaldi?* The Diſgrace call'd on him,
I hear, has run him mad.

Aſam. There weigh the Difference
In the true Temper of their Minds. The one,
A Pirate ſold to Miſchiefs, Rapes, and all
That make a Slave relentleſs and obdurate;
Yet, of himſelf wanting the inward Strengths
That ſhould defend him, ſinks beneath Compaſſion,
Or Pity of a Man; whereas this Merchant,
Acquainted only with a civil Life,
Arm'd in himſelf, intrench'd, and fortify'd
With his own Virtue, valuing Life and Death
At the ſame Price, poorly does not invite
A Favour, but commands us do him right;
Which unto him, and her (we both once honour'd)

As

As a juſt Debt I gladly pay 'em—they enter;
Now ſit equal Hearers. [*A dreadful Muſick at one Door.*

The Aga, *Janizaries*, Vitelli, Franciſco, Gazet *at the other:* Donuſa, Paulina, Carazie, Manto.

Muſta. I ſhall hear,
And ſee, Sir! without Paſſion; my Wrongs arm me.
Vitel. A joyful Preparation! to whoſe bounty
Owe we our Thanks for gracing thus our Hymen?
The Notes, though dreadful to the Ear, ſound here
As our *Epithalamium* were ſung
By a Cæleſtial Choir, and a full Chorus
Aſſur'd us future Happineſs. Theſe that lead me
Gaze not with wanton Eyes upon my Bride,
Nor for their Service are repaid by me
With Jealouſies, or Fears; nor do they envy
My Paſſage to thoſe Pleaſures from which Death
Cannot deter me. Great Sir, pardon me!
Imagination of the Joys I haſten to
Made me forget my Duty; but, the Form
And Ceremony paſt, I will attend you,
And with our conſtant Reſolution feaſt you,
Not with courſe Cates, forgot as ſoon as taſted,
But ſuch as ſhall, while you have Memory,
Be pleaſing to the Palate.
Fran. Be not loſt
In what you purpoſe. [*Exit* Franciſco.
Gaz. Call you this a Marriage?
It differs little from Hanging; I cry at it.
Vitel. See, where my Bride appears! in what full Luſtre!
As if the Virgins, that bear up her Train,
Had long contended to receive an Honour
Above their Births, in doing her this Service.
Nor comes ſhe fearful to meet thoſe Delights,
Which, once paſt o'er, immortal Pleaſures follow.
I need not, therefore, comfort, or encourage
Her forward Steps; and I ſhould offer Wrong

To

To her Mind's Fortitude, ſhould I but aſk
How ſhe can brook the rough high going Sea,
Over whoſe foamy Back our Ship, well rig'd
With Hope and ſtrong Aſſurance, muſt tranſport us.
Nor will I tell her, when we reach the Haven
(Which Tempeſts ſhall not hinder) what loud Welcome
Shall entertain us; nor commend the Place,
To tell whoſe leaſt Perfection would ſtrike dumb
The Eloquence of all boaſted in Story,
Though join'd together.

Don. 'Tis enough, my deareſt?
I dare not doubt you; as your humble Shadow,
Lead where you pleaſe, I follow.

Vitel. One Suit, Sir!
And willingly I ceaſe to be a Beggar;
And, that you may with more Security hear it,
Know, 'tis not Life I'll aſk, nor to defer,
Our Deaths, but a few Minutes.

Aſam. Speak; 'tis granted.

Vitel. We being now to take our lateſt Leave
And grown of one Belief, I do deſire
I may have your Allowance to perform it,
But in the Faſhion which we Chriſtians uſe,
Upon the like Occaſions.

Aſam. 'Tis allow'd of.

Vitel. My Service: Haſte, *Gazet*, to the next Spring,
And bring me of it.

Gazet. Would I could as well
Fetch you a Pardon; I would not run but fly,
And be here in a Moment.

Muſta. What's the Myſtery of this? Diſcover it.

Vitel. Great Sir! I'll tell you.
Each Country hath it's own peculiar Rites:
Some, when they are to die, drink Store of Wine,
Which pour'd in liberally does oft beget
A baſtard Valour, with which arm'd they bear
The not to be declined Charge of Death
With leſs Fear, and Aſtoniſhment: Others take
Drugs to procure a heavy Sleep, that ſo

They

They may inſenſibly receive the Means
That caſts them in an everlaſting Slumber;
Others—O welcome!

Enter Gazet *with Water.*

Aſam. Now the Uſe of yours?
Vitel. The Clearneſs of this is a perfect Sign
Of Innocence; and as this waſhes off
Stains, and Pollutions from the Things we wear,
Thrown thus upon the Forehead, it hath Power
To purge thoſe Spots that cleave unto the Mind,
[*Throws it on her Face.*
If thankfully receiv'd.
Aſam. 'Tis a ſtrange Cuſtom!
Vitel. How do you entertain it, my *Donuſa?*
Feel you no Alteration? No new Motives?
No unexpected Aids that may confirm you
In that to which you were inclin'd before?
Don. I am another Woman,—till this Minute
I never liv'd, nor durſt think how to die.
How long have I been blind! yet on the ſudden,
By this bleſt Means I feel the Films of Error,
Ta'en from my Soul's Eyes. O divine Phyſician!
That haſt beſtow'd a Sight on me, which Death,
Though ready to embrace me in his Arms,
Cannot take from me. Let me kiſs the Hand
That did this Miracle, and ſeal my Thanks
Upon thoſe Lips from whence theſe ſweet Words va-
niſh'd
That freed me from the crueleſt of Priſons,
Blind Ignorance, and Miſbelief: falſe Prophet!
Impoſtor *Mahomet!*
Aſam. I'll hear no more;
You do abuſe my Favours, ſever 'em:
Wretch if thou hadſt another Life to loſe,
This Blaſphemy deſerv'd it,—inſtantly
Carry them to their Deaths.

Vitel. We part now, bleſt one!
To meet hereafter in a Kingdom, where
Hell's Malice ſhall not reach us.
Paul. Ha! ha! ha!
Aſam. What means my Miſtreſs?
Paul. Who can hold her Spleen,
When ſuch ridiculous Follies are preſented;
The Scene too made Religion? O, my Lord,
How from one Cauſe two contrary Effects
Spring up upon the ſudden.
Aſam. This is ſtrange!
Paul. That which hath fool'd her in her Death, wins me,
That hitherto have bar'd myſelf from Pleaſure,
To live in all Delight.
Aſam. There's Muſick in this.
Paul. I now will run as fiercely to your Arms
As ever longing Woman did, borne high
On the ſwift Wings of Appetite.
Vitel. O Devil!
Paul. Nay more; for there ſhall be no odds betwixt us,
I will turn *Turk*.
Gazet. Moſt of your Tribe do ſo,
When they begin in Whore. [*Aſide.*
Aſam. You are ſerious Lady?
Paul. Serious:—But ſatisfy me in a Suit
That to the World may witneſs that I have
Some Power upon you, and To-morrow challenge
Whatever's in my Gift; for I will be
At your Diſpoſe.
Gazet. That's ever the Subſcription
To a damn'd Whore's falſe Epiſtle. [*Aſide.*
Aſam. Aſk this Hand,
Or, if thou wilt, the Heads of theſe. I am rapt
Beyond myſelf with Joy.—Speak, ſpeak, what is it?
Paul. But twelve ſhort Hours reprieve for this baſe Couple.
Aſam. The Reaſon, ſince you hate them?

Paul.

Paul. That I may
Have Time to triumph o'er this wretched Woman:
I'll be myſelf her Guardian. I will feaſt,
Adorned in her Choice and richeſt Jewels,
Commit him to what Guards you pleaſe. Grant this,
I am no more mine own, but yours.

Aſam. Enjoy it.
Repine at it who dares. Bear him ſafe off
To the Black Tower, but give him all Things uſeful;
The contrary was not in your Requeſt.

Paul. I do contemn him.

Don. Peace in Death deny'd me?

Paul. Thou ſhalt not go in Liberty to thy Grave,
For one Night a Sultana is my Slave.

Muſta. A terrible little Tyranneſs.

Aſam. No more;
Her Will ſhall be a Law. 'Till now ne'er happy.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Franciſco, Grimaldi, *Maſter, Boatſwain, and Sailors.*

Grim. Sir! all Things are in Readineſs; the *Turks*
That ſeiz'd upon my Ship ſtow'd under Hatches;
My Men reſolv'd, and chearful. Uſe but Means
To get out of the Ports, we will be ready
To bring you aboard, and then (Heaven be but pleas'd)
This for the Viceroy's Fleet.

Fran. Diſcharge your Parts,
In mine I'll not be wanting: Fear not, Maſter!
Something will come along to fraught your Bark,
That you will have juſt Cauſe to ſay you never
Made ſuch a Voyage.

Maſter. We will ſtand the Hazard.

Fran. What's the beſt Hour?

Boatſ. After the ſecond Watch.

Fran. Enough;—each to his Charge.

Grim. We will be careful. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Paulina, Donuſa, Carazie, Manto.

Paul. Sit, Madam! it is fit that I attend you;
And pardon, I beſeech you, my rude Language,
To which the ſooner you will be invited,
When you ſhall underſtand, no Way was left me
To free you from a preſent Execution,
But by my perſonating that, which never
My Nature was acquainted with.
Don. I believe you.
Paul. You will, when you ſhall underſtand I may
Receive the Honour to be known unto you
By a nearer Name.—And, not to rack you further,
The Man you pleaſe to favour is my Brother;
No Merchant, Madam, but a Gentleman
Of the beſt Rank in *Venice.*
Don. I rejoice in't,
But what's this to his Freedom? For myſelf,
Were he well off, I were ſecure.
Paul. I have
A preſent Means, not plotted by myſelf,
But a religious Man, my Confeſſor,
That may preſerve all, if we had a Servant
Whoſe Faith we might rely on.
Don. She, that's now,
Your Slave, was once mine; had I twenty Lives,
I durſt commit them to her Truſt.
Manto. Oh! Madam!
I have been falſe,—forgive me.—I'll redeem it
By any Thing, however deſperate,
You pleaſe t' impoſe upon me.
Paul. 'Troth theſe Tears,—
I think, cannot be counterfeit,—I believe her,
And if you pleaſe will try her.
Don. At your Peril;
There is no further Danger can look towards me.

Paul.

Paul. This only then—canſt thou uſe Means to carry
This bak'd Meat to *Vitelli?*
Manto. With much Eaſe;
I am familiar with the Guard; beſide,
It being known 'twas I that did betray him,
My Entrance hardly will of them be queſtion'd.
Paul. About it then.—Say it was ſent to him
From his *Donuſa:* Bid him ſearch the midſt of't,
He there ſhall find a Cordial.
Manto. What I do
Shall ſpeak my Care and Faith. [*Exit* Manto.
Don. Good Fortune with thee!
Paul. You cannot eat.
Don. The Time we thus abuſe
We might employ much better.
Paul. I am glad
To hear this from you. As for you *Carazie!*
If your Intents do proſper, make Choice, whether
You'll ſteal away with your two Miſtreſſes,
Or take your Fortune.
Car. I'll be gelded twice firſt;
Hang him that ſtays behind.
Paul. I wait you Madam.
Were but my Brother off, by the Command
Of the doting Viceroy there's no Guard dare ſtay me;
And I will ſafely bring you to the Place
Where we muſt expect him.
Don. Heaven be gracious to us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Vitelli, Aga, *and a Guard.*

Vitel. Paulina to fall off thus! 'tis to me
More terrible than Death; and, like an Earthquake
Totters this walking Building (ſuch I am)
And in my ſudden Ruin would prevent,
By choking up at once my vital Spirits,
This pompous Preparation for my Death.

But I am loſt; that good Man, good *Franciſco*,
Deliver'd me a Paper, which till now
I wanted Leiſure to peruſe. [*Reads the Paper.*
Aga. This Chriſtian
Fears not, it ſeems, the ne'er approaching Sun
Whoſe ſecond Riſe he never muſt ſalute.

Enter Manto *with the bak'd Meat.*

1 *Guard.* Who's that?
2 *Guard.* Stand!
Aga. Manto?
Manto. Here's the Viceroy's Ring
Gives Warrant to my Entrance. Yet you may
Partake of any Thing I ſhall deliver;
'Tis but a Preſent to a dying Man
Sent from the Princeſs that muſt ſuffer with him.
Aga. Uſe your own Freedom.
Manto. I would not diſturb
This his laſt Contemplation.
Vitel. O, 'tis well!
He has reſtor'd all, and I at Peace again
With my *Paulina*.
Manto. Sir! the ſad *Donuſa*
Grieved for your Suff'rings, more than for her own,
Knowing the long and tedious Pilgrimage
You are to take, preſents you with this Cordial,
Which privately ſhe wiſhes you ſhould taſte of,
And ſearch the middle Part, where you ſhall find
Something that hath the Operation to
Make Death look lovely.
Vitelli. I will not diſpute
What ſhe commands, but ſerve it. [*Exit* Vitelli.
Aga. Pr'ythee, *Manto!*
How hath the unfortunate Princeſs ſpent this Night
Under her proud new Miſtreſs?
Manto. With ſuch Patience
As it o'ercomes the other's Inſolence;
Nay, triumphs o'er her Pride. My much Haſte now
Commands

Commands me hence; but, the ſad Tragedy paſt,
I'll give you Satisfaction to the full
Of all hath paſs'd, and a true Character
Of the proud Chriſtian's Nature. [*Exit* Manto.

Aga. Break the Watch up.—
What ſhould we fear i' th' midſt of our own Strengths?
'Tis but the Baſhaw's Jealouſy. Farewell, Soldiers.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Vitelli, *with the bak'd Meats above.*

Vitel. There's ſomething more in this than means to cloy
A hungry Appetite,—which I muſt diſcover.
She will'd me ſearch the midſt.—Thus, thus I pierce it:
—Ha! what is this? A Scroll bound up in Pack-thread?
What may the Myſtery be? [*He reads the Scroll.*

" Son, let down this Pack-thread, at the Weſt Win-
" dow of the Caſtle. By it you ſhall draw up a Ladder
" of Ropes, by which you may deſcend, your deareſt
" *Donuſa* with the reſt of your Friends, below attend
" you. Heaven proſper you!" *Franciſco.*

O beſt of Men! he that gives up himſelf
To a true religious Friend, leans not upon
A falſe deceiving Reed, but boldly builds
Upon a Rock; which now with Joy I find
In reverend *Franciſco*, whoſe good Vows,
Labours, and Watchings in my hoped-for Freedom,
Appear a pious Miracle.—I come,
I come, good Man, with Confidence; though the Deſcent
Were ſteep as Hell, I know I cannot ſlide
Being call'd down by ſuch a faithful Guide.
[*Exit* Vitelli.

SCENE *the laſt.*

Aſambeg, Muſtapha, *Janizaries.*

Aſam. Excuſe me *Muſtapha*, though this Night to me
Appear as tedious as that treble one
Was to the World, when *Jove* on fair *Alcmena*
Begot *Alcides.* Were you to encounter
Thoſe raviſhing Pleaſures, which the ſlow-pac'd Hours
(To me they are ſuch) bar me from, you would
With your continu'd Wiſhes ſtrive to imp
New Feathers to the broken Wings of Time,
And chide the amorous Sun, for too long Dalliance
In *Thetis'* wat'ry Boſom.

Muſta. You are too violent
In your Deſires, of which you are yet uncertain,
Having no more Aſſurance to enjoy 'em
Than a weak Woman's Promiſe, on which wiſe Men
Faintly rely.

Aſam. Tuſh! ſhe is made of Truth;
And what ſhe ſays ſhe will do, holds as firm
As Laws in Braſs that know no Change: What's this?
Some new Prize brought in, ſure.—Why are thy Looks
[*A Piece ſhot off.*
So ghaſtly.—Villain, ſpeak!

Enter Aga.

Aga. Great Sir! hear me,
Then, after, kill me.—We are all betray'd,
The falſe *Grimaldi* ſunk in your Diſgrace,
With his Confederates, have ſeiz'd his Ship,
And thoſe that guarded it ſtow'd under Hatches:
With him the condemn'd Princeſs, and the Merchant,
That with a Ladder made of Ropes deſcended
From the black Tower in which he was inclos'd,
And your fair Miſtreſs.—

Aſam. Ha!

Aga.

Aga. With all their Train,
And choiceſt Jewels, are gone ſafe aboard,
Their Sails ſpread forth, and with a Fore-gale
Leaving our Coaſt, in Scorn of all Purſuit
As a Farewell they ſhew'd a Broad-ſide to us.
Aſam. No more.——
Muſta. Now note your Confidence!
Aſam. No more.——
O my Credulity! I am too full
Of Grief, and Rage to ſpeak.—Dull heavy Fool!
Worthy of all the Tortures that the Frown
Of thy incenſed Maſter can throw on thee
Without one Man's Compaſſion. I will hide
This Head among the Deſarts, or ſome Cave
Fill'd with my Shame and me; where I alone
May die without a Partner in my Moan. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE
PICTURE.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

As it was often presented with good Allowance, at the *Globe*, and *Black-Friers* Playhouses, by the King's Majesty's Servants. 1630.

WRITTEN

By PHILIP MASSINGER.

TO

My Honoured and Selected Friends

OF THE

Noble Society of the INNER TEMPLE.

IT may be objected, my not inſcribing their Names, or Titles, to whom I dedicate this Poem, proceedeth either from my Diffidence of their Affection to me, or their Unwillingneſs to be publiſhed the Patrons of a Trifle. To ſuch as ſhall make ſo ſtrict an Inquiſition of me, I truly anſwer, The Play, in the Preſentment, found ſuch a general Approbation, that it gave me Aſſurance of their Favour to whoſe Protection it is now ſacred; and they have profeſſed they ſo ſincerely allow of it, and the Maker, that they would have freely granted that in the Publication, which, for ſome Reaſons, I denied myſelf. One, and that is a main one; I had rather enjoy (as I have done) the real Proofs of their Friendſhip, than Mountebank-like boaſt their Numbers in a Catalogue. Accept it, noble Gentlemen, as a Confirmation of his Service, who hath nothing elſe to aſſure you, and witneſs to the World how much he ſtands engaged for your ſo frequent Bounties, and in your charitable Opinion of me believe, that you now may, and ſhall ever command,

Your Servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.	*The Original Actors.*
Ladiſlaus, King of *Hungary*.	Robert Benfield.
Eubulus, an old Counſellor.	John Lewin.
Ferdinand, General of the Army.	Richard Sharpe.
Mathias, a Knight of *Bohemia*.	Joseph Taylor.
Ubaldo, } Two wild Cour-	Thomas Pollard.
Ricardo, } tiers.	Eylardt Swanstone.
Hilario, Servant to *Sophia*.	John Shanucke.
Julio Baptiſta, a great Scholar.	William Pen.
Honoria, the Queen.	John Tomson.
Acanthe, a Maid of Honour.	Alexander Goffe.
Sophia, Wife to *Mathias*.	John Hunnieman.
Coriſca, *Sophia*'s Woman.	William Trigge.
Six Maſquers.	
Six Servants to the Queen.	
Attendants.	

THE

THE PICTURE.

A True HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mathias *in Armour*, Sophia *in a riding Suit*, Coriſca, Hilario, *with other Servants.*

Mathias.

SINCE we muſt part, *Sophia*, to paſs further
Is not alone impertinent, but dangerous.
We are not diſtant from the *Turkiſh* Camp
Above five Leagues, and who knows but ſome Party
Of his Timariots, that ſcour the Country,
May fall upon us?—Be now, as thy Name
Truly interpreted, hath ever ſpoke thee,
Wiſe, and diſcreet, and to thy Underſtanding
Marry thy conſtant Patience.

Soph. You put me, Sir,
To the utmoſt Trial of it.

Math. Nay, no Melting;
Since the Neceſſity that now ſeparates us,
We have long ſince diſputed, and the Reaſons
Forcing me to it, too oft waſh'd in Tears.
I grant that you in Birth were far above me,
And great Men, my Superiors, Rivals for you;
But mutual Conſent of Heart, as Hands
Join'd by true Love, hath made us one, and equal:

Nor

Nor is it in me mere Deſire of Fame,
Or to be cry'd up by the publick Voice
For a brave Soldier, that puts on my Armour;
Such airy Tumours take not me. You know
How narrow our Demeans are, and what's more,
Having as yet no Charge of Children on us,
We hardly can ſubſiſt.

Soph. In you alone, Sir, [1]
I have all Abundance.

Math. For my Mind's content,
In your own Language I could anſwer you;
You have been an obedient Wife, a right one;
And to my Power, though ſhort of your Deſert,
I have been ever an indulgent Huſband.
We have long enjoy'd the Sweets of Love, and though
Not to Satiety, or Loathing, yet
We muſt not live ſuch Dotards on our Pleaſures,
As ſtill to hug them to the certain Loſs
Of Profit and Preferment. Competent Means
Maintains a quiet Bed; Want breeds Diſſention,
Even in good Women.

Soph. Have you found in me, Sir,
Any Diſtaſte, or Sign of Diſcontent,
For want of what's ſuperfluous?

Math. No, *Sophia*;
Nor ſhalt thou ever have Cauſe to repent
Thy conſtant Courſe in Goodneſs, if Heaven bleſs
My honeſt Undertakings. 'Tis for thee
That I turn Soldier, and put forth, Deareſt,
Upon this Sea of Action as a Factor,
To trade for rich Materials to adorn
Thy noble Parts, and ſhew 'em in full Luſtre.
I bluſh that other Ladies, leſs in Beauty

[1] I am apt to think this Speech of *Sophia* ought to be read thus:

Soph. In you alone, Sir,
I have all Abundance; for my Mind's content.

Math. In your own Language I could anſwer you;
You have, *&c.*

And

And outward Form (but in the Harmony
Of the Soul's raviſhing Muſick, the ſame Age
Not to be nam'd with thee) ſhould ſo out-ſhine thee
In Jewels and Variety of Wardrobes;
While you (to whoſe ſweet Innocence both *Indies*
Compar'd are of no Value) wanting theſe
Paſs unregarded.

Soph. If I am ſo rich, or
In your Opinion ſo, why ſhould you borrow
Additions for me?

Malh. Why!—I ſhould be cenſur'd
Of Ignorance, poſſeſſing ſuch a Jewel
Above all Price, if I forbear to give it
The beſt of Ornaments. Therefore, *Sophia*,
In few Words know my Pleaſure, and obey me,
As you have ever done. To your Diſcretion
I leave the Government of my Family,
And our poor Fortunes, and from theſe command
Obedience to you as to myſelf:
To the utmoſt of what's mine live plentifully;
And e'er the Remnant of our Store be ſpent,
With my good Sword, I hope, I ſhall reap for you
A Harveſt in ſuch full Abundance, as
Shall make a merry Winter.

Soph. Since you are not
To be diverted, Sir, from what you purpoſe,
All Arguments to ſtay you here are uſeleſs.
Go when you pleaſe, Sir: Eyes, I charge you waſte not
One Drop of Sorrow, look you hoard all up
Till in my widow'd Bed I call upon you,
But then be ſure you fail not. You bleſt Angels,
Guardians of human Life, I at this Inſtant
Forbear t' invoke you, at our parting; 'twere
To perſonate Devotion. My Soul
Shall go along with you, and when you are
Circled with Death and Horror, ſeek and find you;
And then I will not leave a Saint unſu'd to
For your Protection. To tell you what
I will do in your Abſence, would ſhew poorly;

My Actions ſhall ſpeak me; 'twere to doubt you,
To beg I may hear from you where you are;
You cannot live obſcure, nor ſhall one Poſt
By Night, or Day, paſs unexamin'd by me.
If I dwell long upon your Lips, conſider
After this Feaſt the griping Faſt that follows,
And it will be excuſable; Pray turn from me,
All that I can is ſpoken.[1] *Exit* Sophia.

Math. Follow your Miſtreſs.
Forbear your Wiſhes for me; let me find 'em
At my Return, in your prompt Will to ſerve her.

Hil. For my Part, Sir, I will grow lean with Study
To make her merry.

Corif. Though you are my Lord,
Yet being her Gentlewoman, by my Place
I may take my Leave; your Hand, or if you pleaſe
To have me fight ſo high, I'll not be coy,
But ſtand a tip-toe for't.

Math. O! farewel, Girl.

Hil. A Kiſs well begg'd, *Coriſca.*

Corif. 'Twas my Fee;
Jove, how he melts! I cannot blame my Lady's
Unwillingneſs to part with ſuch Marmulade Lips.
There will be ſcrambling for 'em in the Camp;
And were it not for my Honeſty, I cou'd wiſh now
I were his leager Landreſs, I would find
Soap of mine own, enough to waſh his Linnen,
Or I would ſtrain hard for't.

Hil. How the Mammet twitters!
Come, come, my Lady ſtays for us.

Corif. Would I had been
Her Ladyſhip the laſt Night.

[1] ——— *Pray turn from me;*
All that I can is ſpoken.

The foregoing Scene between *Mathias* and *Sophia*, though ſhort, is very beautiful: The Aſſemblage of Love and Grief at their parting, muſt be very pleaſing to every Heart that is capable of being touched with Tenderneſs.

Hil.

Hil. No more of that, Wench

[*Exeunt* Hilario *and* Coriſca.

Math. I am ſtrangely troubled: Yet why I ſhould nouriſh
A Fury here, and with imagin'd Food?
Having no real Grounds on which to raiſe
A Building of Suſpicion ſhe ever was,
Or can be falſe hereafter? I in this
But fooliſhly inquire the Knowledge of
A future Sorrow, which, if I find out,
My preſent Ignorance were a cheap Purchaſe,
Though with my Loſs of Being. I have already
Dealt with a Friend of mine, a general Scholar,
One deeply read in Nature's hidden Secrets,
And (though with much Unwillingneſs) have won him
To do as much as Art can to reſolve me
My Fate that follows — To my Wiſh he's come.

Enter Baptiſta.

Julio Baptiſta, now I may affirm
Your Promiſe and Performance walk together;
And therefore, without Circumſtance to the Point,
Inſtruct me what I am.

Bapt. I could wiſh you had
Made Trial of my Love ſome other Way.

Math. Nay, this is from the Purpoſe.

Bapt. If you can,
Proportion your Deſire to any Mean,
I do pronounce you happy: I have found,
By certain Rules of Art, your matchleſs Wife
Is to this preſent Hour from all Pollution
Free and untainted.

Math. Good.

Bapt. In reaſon therefore
You ſhould fix here, and make no farther Search
Of what may fall hereafter.

Math. O *Baptiſta!*
'Tis not in me to maſter ſo my Paſſions;

I muſt know farther, or you have made good
But half your Promiſe.—While my Love ſtood by,
Holding her upright, and my Preſence was
A Watch upon her, her Deſires being met too
With equal Ardour from me, what one Proof
Could ſhe give of her Conſtancy, being untempted?
But when I am abſent, and my coming back
Uncertain, and thoſe wanton Heats in Women
Not to be quench'd by lawful Means, and ſhe
The abſolute Diſpoſer of herſelf,
Without Controul or Curb; nay more, invited
By Opportunity and all ſtrong Temptations,
If then ſhe hold out ——
Bapt. As no doubt ſhe will.
Math. Thoſe Doubts muſt be made Certainties, *Bap-*
By your Aſſurance, or your boaſted Art [*tiſta*,
Deſerves no Admiration. How you trifle —
And play with my Affliction? I'm on
The Rack, till you confirm me.
Bapt. Sure, *Mathias*,
I am no God, nor can I dive into
Her hidden Thoughts, or know what her Intents are;
That is deny'd to Art, and kept conceal'd
E'en from the Devils themſelves: They can but gueſs,
Out of long Obſervation, what is likely;
But poſitively to foretel that this ſhall be,
You may conclude impoſſible; all I can
I will do for you, when you are diſtant from her
A thouſand Leagues, as if you then were with her;
You ſhall know truly when ſhe is ſolicited,
And how far wrought on.
Math. I deſire no more.
Bapt. Take then this little Model of *Sophia*,
With more than human Skill limb'd to the Life;
Each Line and Lineament of it in the Drawing
So punctually obſerv'd, that, had it Motion,
In ſo much 'twere herſelf.
Math. It is, indeed,
An admirable Piece; but if it have not

Some

Some hidden Virtue that I cannot gueſs at,
In what can it advantage me?
Bapt. I'll inſtruct you,
Carry it ſtill about you, and as oft
As you deſire to know how ſhe's affected,
With curious Eyes peruſe it: While it keeps
The Figure it now has entire and perfect,
She is not only innocent in Fact,
But unattempted; but if once it vary
From the true Form, and what's now white and red
Incline to yellow, reſt moſt confident
She's with all Violence courted, but unconquer'd.
But if it turn all black, 'tis an Aſſurance
The Fort, by Compoſition or Surprize,
Is forc'd, or with her free Conſent, ſurrender'd.
Math. How much you have engag'd me for this Favour,
The Service of my whole Life ſhall make good.
Bapt. We will not part ſo; I'll along with you,
And it is needful, with the riſing Sun
The Armies meet; yet, e'er the Fight begin,
In ſpite of Oppoſition I will place you
In the Head of the *Hungarian* General's Troop,
And near his Perſon.
Math. As my better Angel
You ſhall direct and guide me.
Bapt. As we ride
I'll tell you more.
Math. In all Things I'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Ubaldo *and* Ricardo.

Ric. When came the Poſt?
Ubal. The laſt Night.
Ric. From the Camp?
Ubal. Yes, as 'tis ſaid, and the Letter writ and ſign'd
By the General *Ferdinand.*

Ric. Nay, then ſans queſtion
It is of Moment.
Ubal. It concerns the Lives
Of two great Armies.
Ric. Was it chearfully
Received by the King?
Ubal. Yes, for being aſſured
The Armies were in View of one another;
Having proclaim'd a public Faſt and Prayer
For the good Succeſs, he diſpatch'd a Gentleman
Of his Privy Chamber to the General,
With abſolute Authority from him
To try the Fortune of a Day.
Ric. No doubt then
The General will come on, and fight it bravely.
Heaven proſper him: This military Art
I grant to be the nobleſt of Profeſſions;
And yet (I thank my Stars for't) I was never
Inclin'd to learn it, ſince this bubble Honour, [1]
(Which is indeed the Nothing Soldiers fight for,
With the Loſs of Limbs or Life) is in my Judgment
Too dear a Purchaſe.
Ubal. Give me our Court-warfare:
The Danger is not great in the Encounter
Of a fair Miſtreſs.
Ric. Fair and ſound together
Do very well, *Ubaldo.* But ſuch are
With Difficulty to be found out; and when they know
Their Value, priz'd too high. By thy own Report
Thou waſt at Twelve a Gameſter, and ſince that
Studied all Kinds of Females, from the Night-trader
I'the Street, with certain Danger to thy Pocket,

[1] ——— *This Bubble Honour.*

In ſpeaking of *Honour*, *Maſſinger* ſeems to have had *Shakeſpear* in his Eye: Thus, in *As you like it*,

Seeking the *Bubble*, Reputation,
Even in the Cannon's Mouth,

And in *Falſtaff*'s Catechiſm, See the Firſt Part of *Henry* IV. Act 5. Scene 2.

To

To the great Lady in her Cabinet,
That ſpent upon thee more in Culliſes,
To ſtrengthen thy weak Back, than would maintain
Twelve *Flanders* Mares, and as many running Horſes;
Beſides Apothecaries and Chirurgeons Bills,
Paid upon all Occaſions, and thoſe frequent.
Ubal. You talk *Ricardo*, as if yet you were
A Novice in thoſe Myſteries.
Ric. By no Means;
My Doctor can aſſure the contrary,
I loſe no Time. I have felt the Pain and Pleaſure,
As he that is a Gameſter, and plays often,
Muſt ſometimes be a loſer.
Ubal. Wherefore then
Do you envy me?
Ric. It grows not from my Want,
Nor thy Abundance, but being as I am
The likelier Man, and of much more Experience,
My good Parts are my Curſes: There's no Beauty
But yields e'er it be ſummon'd; and as Nature
Had ſign'd me the Monopolies of Maidenheads,
There's none can buy till I have made my Market:
Satiety cloys me: As I live, I would part with
Half my Eſtate, nay, travel o'er the World,
To find that only *Phœnix* in my Search
That could hold out againſt me.
Ubal. Be not rap'd ſo:
You may ſpare that Labour, as ſhe is a Woman,
What think you of the Queen?
Ric. I dare not aim at
The Petticoat royal; that is ſtill excepted:
Yet were ſhe not my King's, being the Abſtract
Of all that's rare, or to be wiſh'd in Woman,
To write her in my Catalogue, having enjoy'd her,
I would venture my Neck to a Halter. But we talk of
Impoſſibilities; as ſhe hath a Beauty
Would make old *Neſtor* young, ſuch Majeſty
Draws forth a Sword of Terror to defend it,
As would fright *Paris*, though the Queen of Love

Vow'd her beſt Furtherance to him.
Ubal. Have you obſerv'd
The Gravity of her Language mix'd with Sweetneſs?
Ric. Then, at what Diſtance ſhe reſerves herſelf
When the King himſelf makes his Aproaches to her?
Ubal. As ſhe were ſtill a Virgin, and his Life[4]
But one continued Wooing.
Ric. She well knows
Her Worth, and values it.
Ubal. And ſo far the King is
Indulgent to her Humours, that he forbears
The Duty of a Huſband, but when ſhe calls for't.
Ric. All his Imaginations and Thoughts
Are buried in her; the loud Noiſe of War
Cannot awake him.
Ubal. At this very Inſtant,
When both his Life and Crown are at the Stake,
He only ſtudies her Content, and when
She's pleas'd to ſhew herſelf, Muſic and Maſques
Are with all Care and Coſt provided for her.
Ric. This Night ſhe promis'd to appear.
Ubal. You may believe it by the Diligence of the King,
As if he were her Harbinger.

Enter Ladiſlaus, Eubulus, *and Attendants with Perfumes.*

Ladiſ. Theſe Rooms
Are not perfum'd, as we directed.
Eub. Not Sir.
I know not what you would have; I am ſure the Smoak
Coſt treble the Price of the whole Week's Proviſion
Spent in your Majeſty's Kitchens.
Ladiſ. How! I ſcorn
Thy groſs Compariſon. When my *Honoria*,

[4] *As ſhe were ſtill a Virgin and his Life*
But one, &c.

This Paſſage I think would read better thus.
As ſhe were ſtill a Virgin—His Life's
But one continued Wooing.

Th'

Th' Amazement of the preſent Time, and Envy
Of all ſucceeding Ages, does deſcend
To ſanctify a Place, and in her Preſence
Makes it a Temple to me, can I be
Too curious, much leſs Prodigal to receive her?
But that the Splendour of her Beams of Beauty
Hath ſtruck thee blind.

Eub. As Dotage hath done you.

Ladiſ. Dotage, O Blaſphemy! is it in me
To ſerve her to her Merit? Is ſhe not
The Daughter of a King?

Eub. And you the Son
Of ours I take it, by what Priviledge elſe
Do you reign over us? For my Part, I know not
Where the Diſparity lies.

Ladiſ. Her Birth, old Man,
Old in the Kingdom's Service which protects thee,
Is the leaſt Grace in her: And though her Beauties
Might make the Thunderer a Rival for her,
They are but ſuperficial Ornaments,
And faintly ſpeak her. From her heavenly Mind,[5]
Were all Antiquity and Fiction loſt,
Our modern Poets could not in their Fancy
But faſhion a *Minerva* far tranſcending
Th' imagin'd one, whom *Homer* only dream't of:
But then add this, ſhe's mine, mine *Eubulus.*
And though ſhe knows one Glance from her fair Eyes
Muſt make all Gazers her Idolaters,
She is ſo ſparing of their Influence,
That to ſhun Superſtition in others,
She ſhoots her powerful Beams only at me.
And can I then, whom ſhe deſires to hold
Her kingly Captive above all the World,
Whoſe Nations and Empires if ſhe pleas'd

[5] *From her heavenly Mind*
Were all Antiquity, &c.

Maſſinger abounds in theſe Alluſions, and is very happy in them: They muſt be very pleaſing to every Reader of a poetical Turn.

She

She might command as Slaves, but gladly pay
The humble Tribute of my Love and Service?
Nay, if I ſaid of Adoration to her,
I did not err.

Eub. Well, ſince you hug your Fetters,
In Love's Name wear 'em. You are a King, and that
Concludes you wiſe. Your Will a powerful Reaſon,
Which we that are fooliſh Subjects muſt not argue.
And what in a mean Man I ſhould call Folly,
Is in your Majeſty remarkable Wiſdom.
But for me I ſubſcribe.

Ladiſ. Do, and look up,
Upon this Wonder.

Loud Muſick, Honoria *in State under a Canopy, her Train born up by* Sylvia *and* Acanthe.

Ric. Wonder? It is more Sir.

Ubal. A Rapture, an Aſtoniſhment.

Ric. What think you, Sir?

Eub. As the King thinks, that is the ſureſt Guard
We Courtiers ever lie at. Was ever Prince
So drown'd in Dotage? Without Spectacles
I can ſee a handſome Woman, and ſhe is ſo:
But yet to Admiration look not on her.
Heaven, how he fawns! and as it were his Duty,
With what aſſured Gravity ſhe receives it!
Her Hand again! O ſhe at length vouchſafes
Her Lip, and as he had ſuck'd Nectar from it,
How he's exalted! Women in their Natures
Affect Command, but this Humility
In a Huſband and a King, marks her the Way
To abſolute Tyranny. So, *Juno*'s plac'd
In *Jove*'s Tribunal, and like *Mercury*
(Forgetting his own Greatneſs,) he attends
For her Employments. She prepares to ſpeak,
What Oracles ſhall we hear now?

Hon. That you pleaſe, Sir,
With ſuch Aſſurances of Love and Favour,

To

To grace your Handmaid, but in being yours, Sir,
A matchleſs Queen, and one that knows herſelf ſo,
Binds me in Retribution to deſerve.
The Grace conferr'd upon me.
Ladiſ. You tranſcend
In all Things excellent, and it is my Glory,
(Your Worth weigh'd truly) to depoſe myſelf
From abſolute Command, ſurrendering up
My Will and Faculties to your Diſpoſure:
And here I vow, not for a Day or Year,
But my whole Life, which I wiſh long, to ſerve you:
That whatſoever I in Juſtice may
Exact from theſe my Subjects, you from me
May boldly challenge. And when you require it,
In Sign of my Subjection, as your Vaſſal,
Thus I will pay my Homage.
Hon. O forbear, Sir,
Let not my Lips envy my Robe: On them
Print your Allegiance often. I deſire
No other Fealty.
Ladiſ. Gracious Sovereign,
Boundleſs in Bounty!
Eub. Is not here fine fooling?
He's queſtionleſs bewitch'd. Would I were gelt
So that would diſenchant him. Though I forfeit
My Life for it I muſt ſpeak.—By your good Leave, Sir,
I have no Suit to you, nor can you grant one,
Having no Power. You are like me, a Subject,
Her more then ſerene Majeſty being preſent.
And I muſt tell you, 'tis ill Manners in you,
Having depos'd yourſelf, to keep your Hat on,
And not ſtand bare as we do, being no King,
But a fellow Subject with us. Gentlemen Uſhers,
It does belong to your Place, ſee it reform'd,
He has given away his Crown, and cannot challenge
The Privilege of his Bonnet.
Ladiſ. Do not tempt me.
Eub. Tempt you, in what? In following your Example?

If

If you are angry, queſtion me hereafter,
As *Ladiſlaus* ſhould do *Eubulus*,
On equal Terms. You were of late my Sovereign,
But weary of it, I now bend my Knee
To her Divinity, and deſire a Boon
From her more then Magnificence.

Hon. Take it freely.
Nay, be not mov'd, for our Mirth Sake let us hear him.

Eub. 'Tis but to aſk a Queſtion: have you ne'er read
The Story of *Semiramis* and *Ninus*?

Hon. Not as I remember.

Eub. I will then inſtruct you,
And 'tis to the Purpoſe. This *Ninus* was a King,
And ſuch an impotent loving King, as this was,
But now he's none. This *Ninus* (pray you obſerve me)
Doted on this *Semiramis*, a Smith's Wife,
(I muſt confeſs, there the Compariſon holds not,
You are a King's Daughter, yet, under your Correction,
Like her, a Woman) this *Aſſyrian* Monarch
(Of whom this is a Pattern) to expreſs
His Love and Service, ſeated her, as you are,
In his regal Throne, and bound by Oath his Nobles,
Forgetting all Allegiance to himſelf,
One Day to be her Subjects, and to put
In Execution whatever ſhe
Pleas'd to impoſe upon 'em. Pray you command him
To miniſter the like to us, and then
You ſhall hear what follow'd.

Ladiſ. Well, Sir, to your Story.

Eub. You have no Warrant, ſtand by; let me know
Your Pleaſure, Goddeſs.

Hon. Let this Nod aſſure you.

Eub. Goddeſs like, indeed; as I live, a pretty Idol!
She knowing her Power, wiſely made Uſe of it;
And fearing his Inconſtancy, and Repentance
Of what he had granted (as in Reaſon Madam,
You may do his) that he might never have
Power to recall his Grant, or queſtion her
For her ſhort Government, inſtantly gave Order
To have his Head ſtruck off.

Ladiſ.

Ladiſ. I'ſt poſſible?

Eub. The Story ſays ſo, and commends her Wiſdom
For making Uſe of her Authority:
And it is worth your Imitation, Madam,
He loves Subjection, and you are no Queen,
Unleſs you make him feel the Weight of it.
You are more then all the World to him, and that,[6]
He may be Foe to you, and not ſeek change,
When his Delights are fated, mew him up
In ſome cloſe Priſon if you let him live,
(Which is no Policy) and there diet him
As you think fit to feed your Appetite,
Since there ends his Ambition.

Ubal. Devilliſh Counſel.

Ric. The King's amaz'd.

Ubal. The Queen appears too, full
Of deep Imaginations, *Eubulus*
Hath put both to it.

Ric. Now ſhe ſeems reſolv'd:
I long to know the Iſſue [Honoria *deſcends.*

Hon. Give me Leave,
Dear Sir, to reprehend you for appearing
Perplex'd with what this old Man, out of Envy
Of your unequal'd Graces ſhowr'd upon me,
Hath in his fabulous Story ſaucily
Apply'd to me. Sir, that you only nouriſh
One Doubt, *Honoria* dares abuſe the Power
With which ſhe is inveſted by your Favour,
Or that ſhe ever can make Uſe of it
To the Injury of you the great Beſtower,
Takes from your Judgment. It was your Delight
To ſeek to me with more Obſequiouſneſs,
Then I deſir'd; and ſtood it with my Duty

[6] *You are more than all the World to him, and that*
He may be Foe *to you,*

This is the reading of all the old Copies, but moſt certainly falſe. It ought to be

You are more then all the World to him, and that
He may be ſo *to you.*

Not

Not to receive what you were pleas'd to offer?
I do but act the Part you put upon me,
And though you make me perſonate a Queen,
And you my Subject, when the Play, your Pleaſure,
Is at a Period, I am what I was
Before I enter'd, ſtill your humble Wife,
And you my royal Sovereign.

Ric. Admirable!

Hon. I have heard of Captains taken more with Dangers
Then the Rewards, and if in your Approaches
To thoſe Delights which are your own, and freely
To heighten your Deſire, you make the Paſſage
Narrow and difficult, ſhall I preſcribe you?
Or blame your Fondneſs? Or can that ſwell me
Beyond my juſt Proportion?

Ubal. Above Wonder!

Ladiſ. Heaven make me thankful for ſuch Goodneſs.

Hon. Now, Sir,
The State I took to ſatisfy your Pleaſure,
I change to this Humility; and the Oath
You made to me of Homage, I thus cancel,
And ſeat you in your own.

Ladiſ. I am tranſported
Beyond myſelf.

Hon. And now to your wiſe Lordſhip,
Am I prov'd a *Semiramis?* Or hath
My *Ninus*, as maliciouſly you made him,
Cauſe to repent th' Exceſs of Favour to me,
Which you call Dotage?

Ladiſ. Anſwer Wretch.

Eub. I dare, Sir,
And ſay, however the Event may plead
In your Defence, you had a guilty Cauſe;
Nor was it Wiſdom in you (I repeat it)
To teach a Lady, humble in herſelf,
With the ridiculous Dotage of a Lover,
To be ambitious.

Hon.

Hon. Eubulus, I am ſo,
'Tis rooted in me, you miſtake my Temper.
I do profeſs myſelf to be the moſt
Ambitious of my Sex, but not to hold
Command over my Lord, ſuch a proud Torrent
Would ſink me in my Wiſhes; not that I
Am ignorant how much I can deſerve,
And may with Juſtice challenge.
Eub. This I look'd for;
After this ſeeming humble Ebb, I knew,
A guſhing Tide would follow.
Hon. By my Birth,
And liberal Gifts of Nature, as of Fortune,
From you, as Things beneath me, I expect
What's due to Majeſty, in which I am
A Sharer with your Sov'reign.
Eub. Good again!
Hon. And as I am moſt eminent in Place,
In all my Actions I would appear ſo.
Ladiſ. You need not fear a Rival.
Hon. I hope not;
And till I find one, I diſdain to know
What Envy is.
Ladiſ. You are above it, Madam.
Hon. For Beauty without Art, Diſcourſe, and free
From Affectation, with what Graces elſe
Can in the Wife and Daughter of a King
Be wiſh'd, I dare prefer myſelf.
Eub. As I
Bluſh for you, Lady, trumpet your own Praiſes![1]—

[1] *As I*
Bluſh for you, Lady, trumpet your own Praiſes——

Mr *Dodſley*, in his Collection of Old Plays, reads this Paſſage thus:

As I
Bluſh for you, Lady, trumpet not your own Praiſe.

I think that the old Reading ſhould ſtand. He means, that ſhe herſelf having loſt all Senſe of Shame, he undertakes to bluſh for her; and therefore ironically bids her proceed.

This

This ſpoken by the People, had been heard
With Honour to you; does the Court afford
No Oil-tongu'd Paraſite, that you are forc'd
To be your own groſs Flatterer?

Ladiſ. Be dumb,
Thou Spirit of Contradiction.

Hon. The Wolf
But barks againſt the Moon, and I contemn it.
The Maſque you promis'd.

A Horn. Enter a Poſt.

Ladiſ. Let 'em enter. How!

Eub. Here's one, I fear, unlook'd for.

Ladiſ. From the Camp?

Poſt. The General, victorious in your Fortune,
Kiſſes your Hand in this, Sir.

Ladiſ. That great Power,
Who at his Pleaſure does diſpoſe of Battles,
Be ever prais'd for't. Read, Sweet, and partake it:
The *Turk* is vanquiſh'd, and with little Loſs
Upon our Part, in which our Joy is doubl'd.

Eub. But let it not exalt you; bear it, Sir,
With Moderation, and pay what you owe for't.

Ladiſ. I underſtand thee, *Eubulus*. I'll not now
Enquire Particulars. Our Delights deferr'd,
With Rev'rence to the Temples, there we'll tender
Our Soul's Devotions to his dread Might,
Who edg'd our Swords, and taught us how to fight.[1]

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

[1] *Who edg'd our Swords, and taught us how to fight.*

Meſſinger, as well as *Shakeſpear*, has greatly enriched himſelf from the Holy Scriptures: Thus in the 144th Pſalm, *David* ſays, *Bleſſed be the Lord my Strength, which teacheth my Hands to war, and my Fingers to fight.* And in many other Places we find ſeveral Paſſages ſimilar to the above.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Hilario, Coriſca.

Hil. YOU like my Speech?
Coriſ. Yes, if you give it Action
In the Delivery.
Hil. If?—I pity you.
I have play'd the Fool before; this is not the firſt Time,
Nor ſhall be, I hope, the laſt.
Coriſ. Nay, I think ſo too.
Hil. And if I put her not out of her Dumps with Laughter,
I'll make her howl for Anger.
Coriſ. Not too much
Of that, good Fellow *Hilario*. Our ſad Lady
Hath drank too often of that bitter Cup,
A pleaſant one muſt reſtore her. With what Patience
Would ſhe endure to hear of the Death of my Lord;
That merely out of Doubt he may miſcarry,
Afflicts herſelf thus?
Hil. Um; 'tis a Queſtion
A Widow only can reſolve. There be ſome
That in their Huſband's Sickneſs have wept
Their Pottle of Tears a Day; but being once certain
At Midnight he was dead, have in the Morning
Dry'd up their Handkerchiefs, and thought no more on't.
Coriſ. Tuſh, ſhe is none of that Race; if her Sorrow
Be not true and perfect, I againſt my Sex
Will take my Oath, Woman ne'er wept in Earneſt.
She has made herſelf a Priſoner to her Chamber,
Dark as a Dungeon, in which no Beam
Of Comfort enters. She admits no Viſits;
Eats little, and her nightly Muſick is
Of Sighs and Groans, tun'd to ſuch Harmony

Of feeling Grief, that I, againſt my Nature,
Am made one of the Conſort. This Hour only
She takes the Air, a Cuſtom every Day
She ſolemnly obſerves, with greedy Hopes,
From ſome that paſs by, to receive Aſſurance
Of the Succeſs and Safety of her Lord.
Now, if that your Device will take ——
Hil. Ne'er fear it:
I am provided cap-a-pee, and have
My Properties in Readineſs.
Sophia within. Bring my Veil, there.
Corif. Be gone, I hear her coming.
Hil. If I do not
Appear, and, what's more, appear perfect, hiſs me.
[*Exit* Hilario.

Enter Sophia.

Soph. I was flatter'd once, I was a Star, but now
Turn'd a prodigious Meteor; and, like one,
Hang in the Air between my Hopes and Fears,
And every Hour (the little Stuff burnt out
That yields a waning Light to dying Comfort)
I do expect my Fall, and certain Ruin.
In wretched Things more wretched is Delay;[9]
And Hope, a Paraſite to me, being unmaſq'd,
Appears more horrid than Deſpair, and my
Diſtraction worſe than Madneſs. E'en my Prayers,
When with moſt Zeal ſent upward, are pull'd down
With ſtrong imaginary Doubts and Fears,
And in their ſudden Precipice o'erwhelm me.
Dreams and fantaſtick Viſions walk the Round[10]

[9] *In wretched Things more wretched is Delay.*
This, I think ſhould be read,
To *wretched Things*, &c.

[10] *Dreams and fantaſtick Viſions walk the Round.*
'Tis thus in the old Copies; but I am inclin'd to think it ſhould be,
Dreams and fantaſtick Viſions walk their *Round.*

About

About my widow'd Bed, and every Slumber
Broken with loud Alarms: Can theſe be then
But ſad Preſages, Girl?

Corif. You make 'em ſo,
And antedate a Loſs ſhall ne'er fall on you.
Such pure Affection, ſuch mutual Love,
A Bed, and undefil'd on either Part,
A Houſe without Contention, in two Bodies
One Will and Soul (like to the Rod of Concord)
Kiſſing each other, cannot be ſhort-liv'd,
Or end in Barrenneſs.—If all theſe, dear Madam,
(Sweet in your Sadneſs) ſhould produce no Fruit,
Or leave the Age no Models of yourſelves,
To witneſs to Poſterity what you were,
Succeeding Times, frighted with the Example,
But hearing of your Story, would inſtruct
Their faireſt Iſſue to meet ſenſually,
Like other Creatures, and forbear to raiſe
True Love, or *Hymen* Altars.

Sophia. O *Coriſca!*
I know thy Reaſons are like to thy Wiſhes,
And they are built upon a weak Foundation,
To raiſe me Comfort. Ten long Days are paſt,
Ten long Days, my *Coriſca*, ſince my Lord
Embark'd himſelf upon a Sea of Danger,
In his dear Care of me. And if his Life
Had not been ſhipwreck'd on the Rock of War,
His Tenderneſs of me (knowing how much
I languiſh for his Abſence) had provided
Some truſty Friend from whom I might receive
Aſſurance of his Safety.

Corif. Ill News, Madam,
Are Swallow-wing'd, but what's good walks on Crutches:
With Patience expect it; and e'er long,
No Doubt, you ſhall hear from him.

A Sow-gelder's Horn blown. A Poſt. [11]

Soph. Ha! What's that?
Coriſ. The Fool has got a Sow-gelder's Horn,
As I take it, Madam.
Soph. It makes this Way ſtill,
Nearer and nearer.
Coriſ. From the Camp, I hope.

Enter Hilario, *with long white Hair and Beard, in an antick Armour, one with a Horn before him.*

Soph. The Meſſenger appears, and in ſtrange Armour.
Heaven, if it be thy Will!
Hil. It is no Boot
To ſtrive; our Horſes tir'd, let's walk on Foot,
And that the Caſtle which is very near us,
To give us Entertainment, may ſoon hear us,
Blow luſtily, my Lad, and drawing nigh,
Aſk for a Lady which is clep'd *Sophia.*
Coriſ. He names you, Madam.

[11] *A Sow-gelder's Horn blown. A Poſt.*

I have here followed the old Copies, not chuſing to make any abſolute Alteration, though the Paſſage is evidently corrupt: I take it ſhould be as follows:

A Sow gelder's Horn blown.

Soph. Ha! What's that?
Coriſ. The Fool has got a Sow-gelder's Horn. [*Aſide.*
A Poſt, as I take it Madam.
Soph. It makes this Way ſtill,
Nearer and nearer.
Coriſ. From the Camp, I hope.

If *Coriſca* had told her Miſtreſs, that the Fool had got *a Sow-gelder's Horn*, ſhe would not ſo readily have believed that he came from the *Camp*: nor does there ſeem to be any Neceſſity for a *Poſt* to be mentioned at all, when the Horn is blown. I imagine in the written Copy there was not Room for the Tranſcriber to write it in the ſame Line, and therefore he placed it over the Word *Horn*, which occaſioned this Miſtake in the Printing.

Hil.

Hil. For to her I bring,
Thus clad in Arms, News of a pretty Thing,
By Name *Mathias.*
Soph. From my Lord? O Sir!
I am *Sophia*, that *Mathias'* Wife.
So may *Mars* favour you in all your Battles,
As you with Speed unload me of the Burthen
I labour under, till I am confirm'd
Both where and how you left him.
Hil. If thou art,
As I believe, the Pigſney of his Heart,
Know he's in Health, and what's more, full of Glee;
And ſo much I was will'd to ſay to thee.
Soph. Have you no Letters from him?
Hil. No, meer Words.
In the Camp we uſe no Pens, but write with Swords:
Yet as I am enjoin'd, by Word of Mouth
I will proclaim his Deeds from North to South.
But tremble not while I relate the Wonder,
Though my Eyes like Lightning ſhine, and my Voice thunder.
Soph. This is ſome counterfeit Bragart.
Corif. Hear him, Madam.
Hil. The Rear march'd firſt, which follow'd by the Van,
And wing'd with the Battalia, no Man
Durſt ſtay to ſhift a Shirt, or louſe himſelf;
Yet ere the Armies join'd, that hopeful Elf,
Thy Dear, thy dainty Duckling, bold *Mathias*,
Advanc'd, and ſtar'd like *Hercules* or *Golias.*
A hundred thouſand *Turks* (it is no Vaunt)
Aſſail'd him; every one a Termagant:
But what did he then? with his keen edge Spear
He cut, and carbonaded 'em: Here and there
Lay Legs and Arms; and, as 'tis ſaid truly
Of *Bevis*, ſome he quarter'd all in three.
Soph. This is ridiculous.
Hil. I muſt take Breath:
Then, like a Nightingale, I'll ſing his Death.
Soph. His Death!

Hil. I am out.

Corif. Recover, Dunder-head.

Hil. How he eſcap'd, I ſhould have ſung, not dy'd;
For, though a Knight, when I ſaid ſo, I ly'd!
Weary he was, and ſcarce could ſtand upright,
And looking round for ſome courageous Knight
To reſcue him, as one perplex'd in Woe,
He call'd to me, Help! help, *Hilario!*
My valiant Servant, help.

Corif. He has ſpoil'd all.

Soph. Are you the Man of Arms? Then I'll make bold
To take of your martial Beard; you had Fool's Hair
Enough without it. Slave! how durſt thou make
Thy Sport of what concerns me more than Life,
In ſuch an antick Faſhion? Am I grown
Contemptible to thoſe I feed? You, Minion,
Had a Hand in it too, as it appears,
Your Petticoat ſerves for Baſes to this Warrior.

Corif. We did it for your Mirth.

Hil. For myſelf, I hope,
I have ſpoke like a Soldier.

Soph. Hence, you Raſcal.
I, never but with Reverence name my Lord,
And can I hear it by thy Tongue prophan'd,
And not correct thy Folly? But you are
Transform'd, and turn'd Knight-errant; take your Courſe,
And wander where you pleaſe; for here I vow
By my Lord's Life (an Oath I will not break)
'Till his Return, or Certainty of his Safety,
My Doors are ſhut againſt thee. [*Exit* Sophia.

Corif. You have made
A fine Piece of Work on't: How do you like the Qua-
You had a fooliſh Itch to be an Actor, [lity?
And may now ſtroll where you pleaſe.

Hil. Will you buy my Share?

Corif. No, certainly, I fear I have already
Too much of mine own: I'll only as a Damſel

(As

(As the Book ſays) thus far help to diſarm you;
And ſo, dear Don *Quixote*, taking my Leave,
I leave you to your Fortune. [*Exit* Coriſca.
Hil. Have I ſweat
My Brains out for this quaint and rare Invention,
And I am thus rewarded? I could turn
Tragedian, and roar now, but that I fear
'Twould get me too great a Stomach, having no Meat
To pacify *Colon*, [12] what will become of me?
I cannot beg in Armour, and ſteal I dare not:
My End muſt be to ſtand in a Corn Field,
And fright away the Crows, for Bread and Cheeſe,
Or find ſome hollow Tree in the Highway,
And there, until my Lord return, ſell Switches.
No more *Hilario*, but *Dolorio* now:
I'll weep my Eyes out, and be blind of Purpoſe
To move Compaſſion; and ſo I vaniſh. [*Exit* Hilario.

SCENE II.

Enter Eubulus, Ubaldo, Ricardo, *and others.*

Eub. Are the Gentlemen ſent before, as it was order'd
By the King's Direction, to entertain
The General?
Ric. Long ſince; they by this have met him,
And given him the Beinvenue.
Eub. I hope I need not
Inſtruct you in your Parts.
Ubal. How! us, my Lord?
Fear not; we know our Diſtances and Degrees,
To the very Inch, where we are to ſalute him.
Ric. The State were miſerable, if the Court had none
Of her own Breed, familiar with all Garbs.

[12] *To pacify* Colon, *&c.*

In the *Unnatural Combat*, I find this Word, ſpelt *Calen*, uſed in the ſame Senſe by *Belgard*, in the Firſt Scene, where he ſays to *Beaufort*, junior,

" But how ſhall I do to ſatisfy *Calen*, Monſieur?"

Gracious in *England*, *Italy*, *Spain* or *France*,
With Form and Punctuality to receive
Stranger Embaſſadors. For the General,
He's a mere Native, and it matters not
Which Way we do accoſt him.
Ubal. 'Tis great Pity
That ſuch as ſit at the Helm provide no better
For the training up of the Gentry. In my Judgment
An Academy erected, with large Penſions
To ſuch as in a Table could ſet down
The Congees, Cringes, Poſtures, Methods, Phraſe,
Proper to every Nation ——
Ric. O, it were
An admirable Piece of Work.
Ubal. And yet rich Fools
Throw away their Charity on Hoſpitals,
For Beggars and lame Soldiers, and ne'er ſtudy
The due Regard to Compliment and Courtſhip,
Matters of more Import, and are indeed
The Glories of a Monarchy.
Eub. Theſe, no doubt,
Are State Points, Gallants, I confeſs; but ſure,
Our Court needs no Aids this Way, ſince it is
A School of nothing elſe. There are ſome of you,
Whom I forbear to name, whoſe coining Heads
Are the Mint of all new Faſhions, that have done
More Hurt to the Kingdom by ſuperfluous Bravery,
Which the fooliſh Gentry imitate, than a War,
Or a long Famine; all the Treaſure, by
This foul Exceſs, is got into the Merchants,
Embroiderers, Silkmans, Jewellers, Taylors Hands,
And the third Part of the Land too, the Nobility
Engroſſing Titles only.
Ric. My Lord, you are bitter.

Enter a Servant. [*A Trumpet.*

Serv. The General is alighted, and now enter'd.
Ric. Were he ten Generals, I am prepar'd,
And know what I will do. *Eub.*

Eub. Pray you what, *Ricardo?*
Ric. I'll fight at Compliment with him.
Ubal. I'll charge home too.
Eub. And that's a deſperate Service, if you come off well.

Enter Ferdinand, Mathias, Baptiſta, *two Captains.*

Ferd. Captain, command the Officers to keep
The Soldier as he march'd in Rank and File,
'Till they hear farther from me.
Eub. Here's one ſpeaks
In another Key: This is no canting Language
Taught in your Academy.
Ferd. Nay, I will preſent you
To the King myſelf.
Math. A Grace beyond my Merit.
Ferd. You undervalue what I cannot ſet
Too high a Price on.
Eub. With a Friend's true Heart
I gratulate your Return.
Ferd. Next to the Favour
Of the great King, I am happy in your Friendſhip.
Ubal. By Courtſhip, coarſe on both Sides.
Ferd. Pray you receive
This Stranger to your Knowledge, on my Credit,
At all Parts he deſerves it.
Eub. Your Report
Is a ſtrong Aſſurance to me.—Sir, moſt welcome.
Math. This ſaid by you, the Reverence of your Age
Commands me to believe it.
Ric. This was pretty.
But ſecond me now.—I cannot ſtoop too low
To do your Excellence that due Obſervance
Your Fortune claims.
Eub. He ne'er thinks on his Virtue.
Ric. For being, as you are, the Soul of Soldiers,
And Bulwark of *Bellona.*
Ubal. The Protection

Both

Both of the Court and King.
Ric. And the ſole Minion
Of mighty *Mars.*
Ubal. One that with Juſtice may
Increaſe the Number of the Worthies.
Eub. Hoy day.
Ric. It being impoſſible in my Arms to circle
Such Giant Worth,
Ubal. At Diſtance we preſume
To kiſs your honour'd Gauntlet.
Eub. What Reply now
Can he make to this Foppery?
Ferd. You have ſaid,
Gallants, ſo much, and hitherto done ſo little,
That, 'till I learn to ſpeak, and you to do,
I muſt take Time to thank you.
Eub. As I live,
Anſwer'd as I could wiſh. How the Fops gape now!
Ric. This was harſh, and ſcurvy.
Ubal. We will be reveng'd
When he comes to court the Ladies, and laugh at him.
Eub. Nay, do your Offices, Gentlemen, and conduct
The General to the Preſence.
Ric. Keep your Order.
Ubal. Make Way for the General.
[*Exeunt all but* Eubulus.
Eub. What wiſe Man,
That with judicious Eyes looks on a Soldier,
But muſt confeſs that Fortune's Swing is more
O'er that Profeſſion, than all Kinds elſe
Of Life purſu'd by Man? They, in a State,
Are but as *Chirurgeons* to wounded Men;[11]
E'en deſp'rate in their Hopes, while Pain and Anguiſh
Make them blaſpheme, and call in vain for Death:
Their Wives and Children kiſs the Chirurgeon's Knees;

[11] *Are but as Chirurgeons to wounded Men.*
This, I think, would read better thus:
Are but as Chirurgeons *are* to wounded Men:

Promiſe

Promiſe him Mountains, if his ſaving Hand
Reſtore the tortur'd Wretch to former Strength.
But when grim Death, by *Æſculapius'* Art,
Is frighted from the Houſe, and Health appears
In ſanguine Colours on the ſick Man's Face,
All is forgot; and aſking his Reward,
He's paid with Curſes, often receives Wounds
From him whoſe Wounds he cur'd; ſo Soldiers,
Though of more Worth and Uſe, meet the ſame Fate,
As it is too apparent. I have obſerv'd
In one Hue,
When horrid *Mars*, the Touch of whoſe rough Hand
With Palſies ſhakes a Kingdom, hath put on
His dreadful Helmet, and with Terror fills
The Place where he, like an unwelcome Gueſt,
Reſolves to revel; how the Lords of her, like
The Tradeſman, Merchant, and litigious Pleader,
(And ſuch like *Scarabs* bred i' th' Dung of Peace)
In Hope of their Protection, humbly offer
Their Daughters to their Beds, Heirs to their Service,
And waſh with Tears their Sweat, their Duſt, their Scars:
But when thoſe Clouds of War that menac'd
A bloody Deluge to th' affrighted State,
Are by their Breath diſpers'd, and overblown,
And Famine, Blood, and Death, *Bellona's* Pages,
Whip'd from the quiet Continent to *Thrace* [14]
Soldiers, that like the fooliſh Hedge Sparrow
To their own Ruin hatch this Cuckow Peace,
Are ſtraight Thought burdenſome, ſince want of Means,
Growing from want of Action, breeds Contempt,
And that the worſt of Ills fall to their Lot,
Their Service with the Danger's ſoon forgot.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Queen, my Lord, hath made Choice of this Room,

[14] *Whip'd from the quiet Continent to* Thrace. *Maſſinger* is here miſtaken, for *Thrace* is upon the Continent.

To

To ſee the Maſque.

Eub. I'll be Looker on,
My dancing Days are paſt.

Loud Muſick as they paſs, a Song in the Praiſe of War; Ubaldo, Ricardo, Ladiſlaus, Ferdinand, *and* Honoria, Mathias, Sylva, Acanthe, Baptiſta, *and others.*

Ladiſ. This Courteſy
To a Stranger, my *Honoria*, keeps fair Rank
With all your Rarities. After your Travel
Look on our Court Delights; but firſt from your
Relation, with erected Ears I'll hear
The Muſick of your War, which muſt be ſweet,
Ending in Victory.

Ferd. Not to trouble
Your Majeſties with Deſcription of a Battle,
Too full of Horror for the Place, and to
Avoid Particulars which I ſhould deliver,
I muſt trench longer on your Patience then
My Manner will give Way to; in a Word Sir,
It was well fought on both Sides, and almoſt
With equal Fortune, it continuing doubtful
Upon whoſe Tents plum'd Victory would take
Her glorious Stand: Impatient of Delay,
With the Flower of our prime Gentlemen, I charg'd
Their main Battalia, and with their Aſſiſtance
Broke in; but when I was almoſt aſſur'd
That they were routed, by a Stratagem
Of the ſubtil *Turk*, who opening his groſs Body,
And rallying up his Troops on either Side,
I found myſelf ſo far engag'd (for I
Muſt not conceal my Errors) that I knew not
Which Way with Honour to come off.

Eub. I like
A General that tells his Faults, and is not
Ambitious to ingroſs unto himſelf
All Honour, as ſome have, in which with Juſtice
They could not claim a Share.

Ferd.

Ferd. Being thus hemm'd in,
Their Scymitars rag'd among us, and my Horſe
Kill'd under me, I every Minute look'd for
An honourable End, and that was all
My Hope could faſhion to me; circl'd thus
With Death and Horror, as one ſent from Heaven!
This Man of Men, with ſome choice Horſe that follow'd
His brave Example, did purſue the Tract
His Sword cut for 'em, and but that I ſee him,
Already bluſh to hear what he being preſent,
I know would wiſh unſpoken, I ſhould ſay, Sir,
By what he did, we boldly may believe
All that is writ of *Hector*.

Math. General,
Pray ſpare theſe ſtrange Hyperboles.

Eub. Do not bluſh
To hear a Truth; here are a Pair of Monſieurs,
Had they been in your Place, would have run away
And ne'er chang'd Countenance.

Ubal. We have your good Word ſtill.

Eub. And ſhall while you deſerve it.

Ladiſ. Silence, on.

Ferd. He, as I ſaid, like dreadful Lightning thrown
From *Jupiter*'s Shield, diſperſed the armed Gire
With which I was environed; Horſe and Man,
Shrunk under his ſtrong Arm: More with his Looks
Frighted the valiant fled, with which encourag'd,
My Soldiers (like young Eglets preying under [15]
The Wings of their fierce Dame) as if from him
They took both Spirit and Fire, bravely came on.
By him I was remounted, and inſpir'd
With treble Courage; and ſuch as fled before,
Boldly made head again; and to confirm 'em,
It ſuddenly was apparent, that the Fortune
Of the Day was ours; each Soldier and Commander
Perform'd his Part; but this was the great Wheel
By which the leſſer mov'd, and all Rewards

[15] In the *Unnatural Combat Maſſinger* has this ſame Simile again. Act 1. Scene 1.

And

And Signs of Honour, as the *Civic* Garland,
The mural Wreath, the Enemies prime Horſe,
With the Generals Sword, and Armour, (the old Honours
With which the *Romans* crown their ſeveral Leaders)
To him alone are proper.
Ladiſ. And they ſhall
Deſervedly fall on him. Sit, 'tis our Pleaſure,
Ferd. Which I muſt ſerve, not argue.
Hon. You are a Stranger,
But in your Service for the King, a Native.
And though a free Queen, I am bound in Duty
To cheriſh Virtue whereſoe'er I find it:
This Place is yours.
Math. It were Preſumption in me
To ſit ſo near you.
Hon. Not having our Warrant.
Ladiſ. Let the Maſquers enter: By the Preparation
'Tis a *French* Brawl, an apiſh Imitation
Of what you really perform in Battle;
And *Pallas* bound up in a little Volume,
Apollo with his Lute attending on her [*Song and Dance.*
Serve for the Induction.

Enter the two Boys, one with his Lute, the other like Pallas.
A Song in the Praiſe of Soldiers, eſpecially being victorious: The Song ended the King goes on.

Song by *Pallas.*

Though we contemplate to expreſs
The Glory of your Happineſs,
That by your powerful Arm have been
So true a Victor, that no Sin
Could ever taint you with a Blame
To leſſen your deſerved Fame.

Or though we contend to ſet
Your Worth in the full Height, or get

Cæleſtial

Cæleſtial Singers (crown'd with Bays
With flouriſhes to dreſs your Praiſe:)
You know your Conqueſt, but your Story
Lives in your triumphant Glory.

Ladiſ. Our Thanks to all.
To the Banquet that's prepar'd to entertain 'em.
What would my beſt *Honoria?*
Hon. May it pleaſe
My King, that I who by his Suffrage ever
Have had Power to command, may now intreat
An Honour from him.
Ladiſ. Why ſhould you deſire
What is your own? What e'er it be, you are
The Miſtreſs of it.
Hon. I am happy in
Your Grant: My Suit, Sir, is, that your Commanders,
Eſpecially this Stranger, may as I
In my Diſcretion ſhall think good, receive
What's due to their Deſerts.
Ladiſ. What you determine
Shall know no Alteration.
Eub. The Soldier
Is like to have good Uſage when he depends
Upon her Pleaſure: Are all the Men ſo bad,
That to give Satisfaction we muſt have
A Woman Treaſurer. Heaven help all.
Hon. With you, Sir,
I will begin, and as in my Eſteem
You are moſt eminent, expect to have
What's fit for me to give, and you to take;
The Favour in the quick Diſpatch being double.
Go fetch my Caſket, and with Speed.
Eub. The Kingdom [*Exit* Acanthe.
Is very bare of Money, when Rewards
Iſſue from the Queen's Jewel Houſe, give him Gold
And Store, no Queſtion the Gentleman wants it.
Good Madam, what ſhall he do with a Hoop Ring,
And a Spark of Diamond in it? Though you took it,

Enter

Enter Acanthe.

(For the greater Honour) from your Majeſty's Finger,
'Twill not increaſe the Value. He muſt purchaſe
Rich Suits, the gay Capariſon of Courtſhip,
Revel, and Feaſt, which, the War ended, is
A Soldier's Glory; and 'tis fit that Way
Your Bounty ſhould provide for him.

Hon. You are rude,
And by your narrow Thoughts proportion mine.
What I will do now, ſhall be worth the Envy
Of *Cleopatra*, open it, ſee here [Honoria *deſcends.*
The Lapidaries Idol.—Gold is Traſh
And a poor Salary fit for Grooms; wear theſe
As ſtudded Stars in your Armour; and make the Sun
Look dim with Jealouſy of a greater Light
Than his Beams gild the Day with: when it is
Expos'd to View, call it *Honoria*'s Gift,
The Queen *Honoria*'s Gift, that loves a Soldier;
And to give Ornament and Luſtre to him,
Parts freely with her own. Yet not to take
From the Magnificence of the King, I will
Diſpenſe his Bounty too, but as a Page
To wait on mine; for other Loſſes take [16]
A hundred thouſand Crowns, your Hand, dear Sir,
And this ſhall be thy Warrant.
[*Takes off the King's Signet.*

Eub. I perceive
I was cheated in this Woman: Now ſhe is
I' th' giving Vein to Soldiers, let her be proud,
And the King doat, ſo ſhe go on, I care not. [*Aſide.*

Hon. This done, our Pleaſure is, that all Arrears
Be paid unto the Captains, and their Troops,

[16] ——— *For other Loſſes take*
A hundred thouſand Crowns, &c.
This I am apt to think ſhould be read thus:
——— *For other* Uſes take
A hundred thouſand Crowns, &c.

With

With a large Donative to increaſe their Zeal
For the Service of the Kingdom.
Eub. Better ſtill;
Let Men of Arms be us'd thus: If they do not
Charge deſperately upon the Cannons Mouth,
Though the Devil roar'd, and fight like Dragons, hang me.
(Now they may drink Sack, but ſmall Beer, with a Paſſport
To beg with as they Travel, and no Money,
Turns their red Blood to Butter-milk.)
Hon. Are you pleas'd, Sir,
With what I have done?
Ladiſ. Yes, and thus confirm it
With this Addition of mine own: You have, Sir,
From our lov'd Queen received ſome Recompence
For your Life hazarded in the late Action;
And that we may follow her great Example [17]
In cheriſhing Valour, without Limit aſk
What you from us can wiſh.
Math. If it be true,
Dread Sir, as 'tis affirm'd, that every Soil,
Where he is well, is to a valiant Man
His natural Country; Reaſon may aſſure me
I ſhould fix here, where Bleſſings beyond Hope,
From you, the Spring, like Rivers flow unto me.
If Wealth were my Ambition, by the Queen
I am made rich already, to the Amazement
Of all that ſee, or ſhall hereafter read
The Story of her Bounty; if to ſpend
The Remnant of my Life in Deeds of Arms,
No Region is more fertile of good Knights,
From whom my Knowledge that Way may be better'd;

[17] *And that we may follow her great Example*
In cheriſhing Valour, &c.
This Paſſage Mr. *Dodſley* reads thus:
And that you *may follow*, &c.
Which I think muſt be wrong, and that the old Reading is the right.

Then this your warlike Hungary; if Favour,
Or Grace in Court could take me, by your Grant,
Far, far beyond my Merit, I may make
In your's a free Election; but alas! Sir,
I am not mine own, but by my Deſtiny
(Which I cannot reſiſt) forc'd to prefer
My Country's Smoak before the glorious Fire
With which your Bounties warm me. All I aſk, Sir,
Though I cannot be ignorant it muſt reliſh
Of foul Ingratitude, is your gracious Licence
For my Departure.

Ladiſ. Whither?

Math. To my own home, Sir,[18]
My own poor home; which will at my Return
Grow rich by your Magnificence: I am here
But a Body without a Soul, and till I find it
In the Embraces of my conſtant Wife, and to ſet off that Conſtancy
In her Beauty and matchleſs Excellencies without a Rival
I am but half myſelf.

Hon. And is ſhe then
So chaſte and fair as you infer?

Math. O, Madam,
Tho' it muſt argue Weakneſs in a rich Man
To ſhow his Gold before an armed Thief,
And I in praiſing of my Wife, but feed
The Fire of Luſt in others to attempt her;
Such is my full fail'd Confidence in her Virtue,

[18] *To my own home, Sir,*
My own poor home, &c.

I have printed this Paſſage after the old Copies, which I always follow; but in my Opinion it would read much better thus:

Math. To my own home, Sir
My own poor home: *That* will at my Return
Grow rich by your Magnificence. I'm here
A Body without Soul, *which* till I find
In the Embraces of my conſtant Wife
(And to ſet off that Conſtancy; in Beauty
And matchleſs Excellence without a Rival)
I am but half myſelf.

Though

Though in my Abſence ſhe were now beſieg'd
By a ſtrong Army of laſcivious Wooers,
(And every one more expert in his Art,
Then thoſe that tempted chaſte *Penelope*;)
Though they rais'd Batteries by prodigal Gifts,
By amorous Letters, Vows made for her Service,
With all the Engines wanton Appetite
Could mount to ſhake the Fortreſs of her Honour,
Here, here is my Aſſurance ſhe holds out,
[*Kiſſes the Picture.*]
And is impregnable.

Hon. What's that?

Matb. Her fair Figure.

Ladiſ. As I live an excellent Face!

Hon. You have ſeen a better.

Ladiſ. I, ne'er except yours; nay frown not ſweeteſt;
(The *Cyprian* Queen compared to you, in my
Opinion, is a Negro;) as you order'd,
I'll ſee the Soldiers paid, and in my Abſence
Pray you uſe your powerful Arguments to ſtay
This Gentleman in our Service.

Hon. I will do
My Part.

Ladiſ. On to the Camp.

[*Exeunt* Ladiſlaus, Ferdinand, Eubulus, Baptiſta, *Captains.*

Hon. I am full of Thoughts.
And ſomething there is here I muſt give Form to,
Tho' yet an Embrion, you, Signiors,
Have no Buſineſs with the Soldier, as I take it,
You are for other Warfare; quit the Place,
But be within call.

Ric. Employment on my Life, Boy.

Ubal. If it lie in our Road, we are made forever.

[*Exeunt* Ubaldo, Ricardo.

Hon. You may perceive the King is no Way tainted
With the Diſeaſe of Jealouſy, ſince he leaves me
Thus private with you.

Matb. It were in him, Madam,

A Sin unpardonable to diſtruſt ſuch Pureneſs,
Though I were an *Adonis*.
Hon. I preſume
He neither does, nor dares: And yet the Story
Delivered of you by the General,
With your Heroick Courage (which ſinks deeply
Into a knowing Woman's Heart) beſides
Your promiſing Preſence, might beget ſome Scruple,
In a meaner Man: But more of this hereafter;
I'll take another Theme now, and conjure you
By the Honours you have won, and by the Love
Sacred to your dear Wife, to anſwer truly
To what I ſhall demand.
Math. You need not uſe
Charms to this Purpoſe, Madam.
Hon. Tell me then,
Being yourſelf aſſur'd 'tis not in Man
To ſully with one Spot th' immaculate Whiteneſs
Of your Wife's Honour, if you have not ſince
The Gordion of your Love was tied by Marriage,
Play'd falſe with her?
Math. By the Hopes of Mercy, never.
Hon. It may be, not frequenting the Converſe
Of handſome Ladies, you were never tempted,
And ſo your Faith's untried yet.
Math. Surely, Madam,
I am no Woman Hater, I have been
Received to the Society of the beſt
And faireſt of our Climate, and have met with
No common Entertainment, yet ne'er felt
The leaſt Heat that Way.
Hon. Strange! and do you think ſtill,
The Earth can ſhow no Beauty that can drench
In *Lethe* all Remembrance of the Favour
Your now bear to your own?
Math. Nature muſt find out
Some other Mould to faſhion a new Creature
Fairer then her *Pandora*, e'er I prove
Guilty or in my Wiſhes, or my Thoughts,
To my *Sophia*.

Hon.

Hon. Sir, conſider better;
Not one in our whole Sex?
Math. I am conſtant to
My Reſolution.
Hon. But dare you ſtand
The Oppoſition, and bind yourſelf
By Oath for the Performance?
Math. My Faith elſe
Had but a weak Foundation.
Hon. I take hold
Upon your Promiſe, and enjoin your Stay
For one Month here——
Math. I am caught.
Hon. And if I do not
Produce a Lady in that Time that ſhall
Make you confeſs your Error, I ſubmit
Myſelf to any Penalty you ſhall pleaſe
T' impoſe upon me: In the mean Space write
To your chaſte Wife, acquaint her with your Fortune;
The Jewels that were mine you may ſend to her,
For better Confirmation, I'll provide you
Of' truſty Meſſengers: But how far diſtant is ſhe?
Math. A Day's hard riding.
Hon. There's no retiring,
I'll bind you to your Word.
Math. Well, ſince there is
No Way to ſhun it, I will ſtand the Hazard,
And inſtantly make ready my Diſpatch:
—'Till then, I'll leave your Majeſty. [*Exit Mathias.*
Hon. How I burſt
With Envy, that there Lives, beſides myſelf,
One fair and loyal Woman, 'twas the End
Of my Ambition, to be recorded
The only Wonder of the Age; and ſhall I
Give way to a Competitor? Nay more,
To add to my Affliction, the Aſſurances
That I plac'd in my Beauty have deceiv'd me:
I thought one amorous Glance of mine could bring
All Hearts to my Subjection; but this Stranger,

Unmov'd as Rocks, contemns me. But I cannot
Sit down ſo with my Honour: I will gain
A double Victory, by working him
To my Deſire, and taint her in her Honour
Or loſe myſelf. I have read, that ſome Time Poiſon
Is uſeful; to ſupplant her I'll employ
With any Coſt, *Ubaldo* and *Ricardo*,
Two noted Courtiers, of approved Cunning
In all the Windings of Luſts Labyrinth;
(And in corrupting him I will outgo
Nero's Poppæa: If he ſhut his Ears,
Againſt my Syren Notes, I'll boldly ſwear
Ulyſſes lives again; or that I have found
A frozen Cynic, cold in Spite of all
Allurements; one, whom Beauty cannot move,
Nor ſofteſt Blandiſhments entice to Love.

[*Exit* Honoria.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Hilario.

THIN, thin, Proviſion! I am dieted
Like one ſet to watch Hawks; and to keep me waking,
My croaking Guts make a perpetual 'Larum.
Here I ſtand Centinel; and though I fright
Beggars from my Lady's Gate, in Hope to have
A greater Share, I find my Commons mend not.
(I look'd this Morning in my Glaſs, the River;
And there appear'd a Fiſh, call'd a poor *John*,
Cut with a lenten Face in my own Likeneſs;
And it ſeem'd to ſpeak, and ſay, Goodmorrow Couzen!
No Man comes this Way but has a Fling at me:

A

A Chirurgeon paſſing by aſk'd, at what Rate
I would ſell myſelf? I anſwered, for what Uſe?
To make, ſaid he, a living Anatomy,
And ſet thee up in our Hall, for thou art tranſparent
Without Diſſection) and indeed he had Reaſon;
For I am ſcour'd with this poor Porridge to nothing.
They ſay that Hunger dwells in the Camp; but till
My Lord returns, or certain Tidings of him,
He will not part with me.—But Sorrow's dry,
And I muſt drink howſover.

Enter Ubaldo, *and* Ricardo, Guide.

Guide. That is her Caſtle
Upon my certain Knowledge.
Ubal. Our Horſes held out
To my Deſire. I am a Fire to be at it.
Ric. Take the Jades for thy Reward; before I part hence,
I hope to be better carried. Give me the Cabinet:
So, leave us now.
Guide. Food Fortune to you Gallants. [*Exit* Guide.
Ubal. Being joint Agents in a Deſign, of Truſt too,
For the Service of the Queen and our own Pleaſure,
Let us proceed with Judgment.
Ric. If I take not
This Fort at the firſt Aſſault, make me an Eunuch,
So I may have Precedence.
Ubal. On no Terms.
We are both to play one Prize; he that works beſt
I' the ſearching this Mine, ſhall carry it
Without Contention.
Ric. Make you your Approaches,
As I directed.
Ubal. I need no Inſtruction;
I work not on your Anvil. I'll give Fire
With mine own Linſtock; if the Powder be danck,
The Devil rend the Touch-hole. Who have we here?
What Skeleton's this?

Ric. A Ghoſt; or the Image of Famine.
Where doſt thou dwell?

Hilario. Dwell Sir? My Dwelling is
I' th' Highway. That goodly Houſe was once
My Habitation; but I am baniſhed,
And cannot be call'd home, 'till News arrive
Of the good Knight *Mathias.*

Ric. If that will
Reſtore thee, thou art ſafe.

Ubal. We come from him,
With Preſents to his Lady.

Hil. But are you ſure
He is in Health?

Ric. Never ſo well: Conduct us
To the Lady.

Hil. Though a poor Snake, I will leap
Out of my Skin for Joy. Break, Pitcher, break;
And Wallet, late my Cupboard, I bequeath thee
To the next Beggar; thou red Herring, ſwim
To the red Sea again. Methinks I am already
Knuckle Deep in the Fleſh-pots; and, though waking, dream
Of Wine and Plenty.

Ric. What's the Myſtery
Of this ſtrange Paſſion?

Hil. My Belly, Gentlemen
Will not give me Leave to tell you. When I have brought you
To my Ladies Preſence, I am diſenchanted.
There you ſhall know all. Follow: If I outſtrip you,
Know I run for my Belly.

Ubal. A mad Fellow. [*Exeunt,*

SCENE II.

Enter Sophia, Coriſca.

Soph. Do not again delude me.

Corſ. If I do, ſend me a grazing with my Fellow *Hilario.*

I ſtood, as you commanded, in the Turret
Obſerving all that paſs'd by: And even now
I did diſcern a Pair of Cavaliers,
For ſuch their Outſide ſpoke them, with their Guide
Diſmounting from their Horſes; they ſaid ſomething
To our hungry Centinel, that made him caper
And friſk i' th' Air for Joy: And to confirm this,
See, Madam, they're in View.

Enter Hilario, Ubaldo, Ricardo.

Hil. News from my Lord!
Tidings of Joy! theſe are no Counterfeits,
But Knights indeed. Dear Madam ſign my Pardon,
That I may feed again, and pick up my Crumbs:
I have had a long Faſt of it.

Soph. Eat, I forgive thee.

Hil. O comfortable Words! Eat, I forgive thee!
And if in this I do not ſoon obey you,
And ram in to the Purpoſe, billet me again
I' th' Highway. Butler and Cook be ready,
For I enter like a Tyrant. [*Exit* Hilario.

Ubal. Since mine Eyes
Were never happy in ſo ſweet an Object,
Without Enquiry I preſume you are
The Lady of the Houſe, and ſo ſalute you.

Ric. This Letter, with theſe Jewels from your Lord,
Warrant my Boldneſs, Madam.

Ubal. In being a Servant
To ſuch rare Beauty, you muſt needs deſerve
This Courteſy from a Stranger. [*To* Coriſca, *ſalutes her.*

Ric. You are ſtill
Before-hand with me. Pretty one, I deſcend
To take the Height of your Lip; and if I miſs
In the Altitude, hereafter, if you pleaſe,
I will make uſe of my *Jacob*'s Staff.

[Sophia *having in the Interim read the Letter, and open'd the Caſket.*

Coriſ.

Corif. Theſe Gentlemen
Have certainly had good Breeding, as it appears
By their neat Kiſſing, they hit me ſo pat on the Lips
At the firſt Sight.

Soph. Heaven, in thy Mercy, make me
Thy thankful Handmaid, for this boundleſs Bleſſing,
In thy Goodneſs ſhower'd upon me.

Ubal. I do not like
This ſimple Devotion in her; it is ſeldom
Practis'd among my Miſtreſſes.

Ric. Or mine.
Would they kneel to I know not who, for the Poſſeſſion
Of ſuch ineſtimable Wealth, before
They thank'd the Bringers of it? The poor Lady
Does want Inſtruction; but I'll be her Tutor,
And read her another Leſſon.

Soph. If I have
Shown Want of Manners, Gentlemen, in my Slowneſs
To pay the Thanks I owe you for your Travel,
To do my Lord and me (howe'er unworthy
Of ſuch a Benefit) this noble Favour:
Impute it, in your Clemency, to the Exceſs
Of Joy that overwhelm'd me.——

Ric. She ſpeaks well.

Ubal. Polite and courtly.

Soph. And howe'er it may
Increaſe th' Offence, to trouble you with more
Demands touching my Lord, before I have
Invited you to taſte ſuch as the Coarſeneſs
Of my poor Houſe can offer; pray you convine
On my weak Tenderneſs, though I intreat
To learn from you ſomething he hath, it may be,
In his Letter left unmention'd.

Ric. I can only
Give you Aſſurance that he is in Health,
Grac'd by the King and Queen.

Ubal. And in the Court
With Admiration look'd on.

Ric. You muſt therefore

Put

Put off these Widow's Garments, and appear
Like to yourself.
Ubal. And entertain all Pleasures
Your Fortune marks out for you.
Ric. There are other
Particular Privacies, which on Occasion
I will deliver to you.
Soph. You oblige me
To your Service ever.
Ric. Good! your Service; mark that.
Soph. In the mean Time, by your Acceptance make
My rustick Entertainment relish of
The Curiousness of the Court.
Ubal. Your Looks, sweet Madam,
Cannot but make each Dish a Feast.
Soph. It shall be
Such; in the Freedom of my Will to please you.
I'll shew the Way: This is too great an Honour
From such brave Guests, to me so mean an Hostess.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Acanthe *to four or five with Vizards.*

Acan. You know your Charge; give it Action, and expect
Rewards beyond your Hopes.
1 *Viz.* If we but eye 'em,
They are ours, I warrant you.
2 *Viz.* May we not ask why
We are put upon this?
Acan. Let that stop your Mouth,
And learn more Manners, Groom. 'Tis upon the Hour
In which they use to walk here: When you have 'em
In your Power, with Violence carry them to the Place
Where I appointed: There I will expect you.
Be bold, and careful. [*Exit* Acanthe.

Enter

Enter Mathias *and* Baptiſta.

1 *Viz.* Theſe are they.
2 *Viz.* Are you ſure?
1 *Viz.* Am I ſure I am myſelf?
2 *Viz.* Seize on him ſtrongly; if he have but Means
To draw his Sword, 'tis ten to one we ſmart for't.
Take all Advantages.
Math. I cannot gueſs
What her Intents are; but her Carriage was
As I but now related.
Bapt. Your Aſſurance
In the Conſtancy of your Lady, is the Armour
That muſt defend you. Where's the Picture?
Math. Here,
And no Way alter'd.
Bapt. If ſhe be not perfect,
There is no Truth in Art.
Math. By this, I hope,
She hath receiv'd my Letters.
Bapt. Without Queſtion.
Theſe Courtiers are rank Riders, when they are
To viſit a handſome Lady.
Math. Lend me your Ear.
One Piece of her Entertainment will require
Your deareſt Privacy.
1 *Viz.* Now they ſtand fair,
Upon 'em.
Math. Villains!
1 *Viz.* Stop their Mouths. We come not
To try your Valours. Kill him, if he offer
To open his Mouth.—We have you.—'Tis in vain
To make Reſiſtance.—Mount 'em, and away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Servants with Lights, Ladiſlaus, Ferdinand, Eubulus.

Ladiſ. 'Tis late. Go to your Reſt; But do not envy
The Happineſs I draw near to.
Eub. If you enjoy it
The moderate Way, the Sport yields, I confeſs,
A pretty Titilation; but too much of't
Will bring you on your Knees. In my younger Days
I was myſelf a Gameſter; and I found
By ſad Experience, there is no ſuch Soker
As a young ſpongy Wife; ſhe keeps a thouſand
Horſe Leeches in her Box, and the Thieves will ſuck out
Both Blood and Marrow! I feel a Kind of Cramp
In my Joints when I think on't. But it may be Queen,
And ſuch a Queen as yours is, has the Art ——
Ferd. You take Leave
To talk, my Lord.
Ladiſ. He may, ſince he can do nothing.
Eub. If you ſpend this way too much of your royal Stock,
E'er long we may be Puefellows.
Ladiſ. The Door ſhut!
Knock gently; harder. So, here comes her Woman.
Take off my Gown.

Enter Acanthe.

Acan. My Lord, the Queen by me
This Night deſires your Pardon.
Ladiſ. How, *Acanthe!*
I come by her Appointment; 'twas her Grant;
The Motion was her own.
Acan. It may be, Sir;
But by her Doctors ſhe is ſince adviſ'd,
For her Health ſake, to forbear.

Eub.

Eub. I do not like
This phyſical Letchery; the old downright Way
Is worth a thouſand of't.
Ladiſ. Prythee, *Acanthe*,
Mediate for me.
Eub. O the Fiends of Hell!
Would any Man bribe his Servant, to make way
To his own Wife? If this be the Court State,
Shame fall on ſuch as uſe it.
Acan. By this Jewel,
This Night I dare not move her; but to-morrow
I will watch all Occaſion.
Ladiſ. Take this
To be mindful of me. [*Exit* Acanthe.
Eub. 'Slight, I thought a King
Might have taken up any Woman at the King's Price:
And muſt he buy his own, at a dearer Rate
Than a Stranger in a Brothel?
Ladiſ. What is that
You mutter, Sir?
Eub. No Treaſon to your Honour:
I'll ſpeak it out, though it anger you: If you pay for
Your lawful Pleaſure, in ſome Kind, great Sir,
What do you make the Queen? Cannot you clicket
Without a Fee? or when ſhe has a Suit for you to grant?
Ferd. O hold, Sir! [19]
Ladiſ. Off with his Head.
Eub. Do when you pleaſe; you but blow out a Taper
That would light your Underſtanding, and in Care of't
Is burnt down to the Socket. Be as you are, Sir,

[19] Ferd. *O hold, Sir*, &c.

This, I think, ſhould be read thus:

Ferd. O hold, Sir!
Ladiſ. Off with 's Head.
Eub. Do when you pleaſe;
You but blow out a Taper that would light
Your Underſtanding, and is in Care of't
Burnt down to th' Socket. Be as you are, Sir,
An abſolute, &c.

An

An abſolute Monarch: It did ſhew more King-like
In thoſe libidinous *Cæſars*, that compell'd
Matrons and Virgins of all Ranks to bow
Unto their rav'nous Luſts; and did admit
Of more Excuſe than I can urge for you,
That ſlave yourſelf to th' imperious Humour
Of a proud Beauty.

Ladiſ. Out of my Sight.

Eub. I will, Sir,
Give Way to your furious Paſſion: But when Reaſon
Hath got the better of it, I much hope
The Counſel that offends now, will deſerve
Your royal Thanks. Tranquillity of Mind
Stay with you, Sir.—I do begin to doubt
There's ſomething more in the Queen's Strangeneſs than
Is yet diſclos'd; and I'll find it out,
Or loſe myſelf in the Search. [*Exit* Eubulus.

Ferd. Sure he is honeſt,
And from your Infancy hath truly ſerv'd you:
Let that plead for him, and impute this Harſhneſs
To the Frowardneſs of his Age.

Ladiſ. I am much troubled,
And do begin to ſtagger. *Ferdinand*, good Night!
To-morrow viſit us. Back to our own Lodgings.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Acanthe, *the Vizarded Servants*, Mathias, Baptiſta.

Acan. You have done bravely. Lock this in that Room, [*They carry off* Baptiſta.
There let him ruminate; I'll anon unhood him:
The other muſt ſtay here. As ſoon as I
Have quit the Place, give him the Liberty
And Uſe of his Eyes; that done, diſperſe yourſelves
As privately as you can: But, on your Lives,
No Word of what hath paſs'd. [*Exit* Acanthe.

1 *Viz.* If I do, ſell
My Tongue to a Tripe-Wife.—Come, unbind his Arms;
You

You are now at your own Diſpoſure, and however
We us'd you roughly, I hope you will find here
Such Entertainment as will give you Cauſe
To thank us for the Service: and ſo we leave you.
[*Exeunt Servants.*

Math. If I am in a Priſon, 'tis a neat one.
What *Œdipus* can reſolve this Riddle? Ha!
I never gave juſt Cauſe to any Man
Baſely to plot againſt my Life.—But what is
Become of my true Friend? for him I ſuffer
More than myſelf.

Acan. Remove that idle Fear; [*From behind.*
He's ſafe as you are.

Math. Whoſoe'er thou art,
For him I thank thee. I cannot imagine
Where I ſhould be: Though I have read the Table
Of Errant-knighthood, ſtuff'd with the Relations
Of magical Enchantments; yet I am not
So ſottiſhly credulous to believe the Devil
Hath that Way Power. Ha! Muſick!

Muſick above, a Song of Pleaſure.

The bluſhing Roſe and purple Flower,
Let grow too long, are ſooneſt blaſted.
Dainty Fruits, though ſweet, will ſour,
And rot in Ripeneſs, left untaſted.
Yet here is one more ſweet than theſe;
The more you taſte, the more ſhe'll pleaſe.

Beauty, tho' inclos'd with Ice,
Is a Shadow chaſte as rare:
Then how much thoſe Sweets intice,
That have Iſſue full as fair!
Earth cannot yield from all her Powers,
One equal for Dame Venus' *Bowers.*

A Song too! Certainly, be it he or ſhe
That owns this Voice, it hath not been acquainted
With

With much Affliction. Whoſoe'er you are
That do inhabit here, if you have Bodies,
And are not mere aërial Forms, appear,

Enter Honoria *maſk'd.*

And make me know your End with me. Moſt ſtrange!
What have I conjur'd up? Sure, if this be
A Spirit, 'tis no damn'd one. What a Shape's here!
Then with what Majeſty it moves. If *Juno*
Were now to keep her State among the Gods,
And *Hercules* to be made again her Gueſt,
She could not put on a more glorious Habit,
Though her Handmaid, *Iris*, lent her various Colours,
Or could *Oceanus* raviſh'd from the deep,
All Jewels ſhipwreck'd in it. As you have
Thus far made known yourſelf, if that your Face
Have not too much Divinity about it
For mortal Eyes to gaze on, perfect what
You have begun, with Wonder and Amazement
To my aſtoniſh'd Senſes. How! the Queen! [*Kneels.*
[*She pulls off her Maſk.*

Hon. Riſe, Sir, and hear my Reaſons in Defence
Of the Rape (for ſo you may conceive) which I
By my Inſtruments made upon you. You, perhaps,
May think what you have ſuffer'd for my Luſt
Is a common Practice with me; but I call
Thoſe ever ſhining Lamps, and their great Maker,
As Witneſſes of my Innocence: I ne'er look'd on
A Man but your beſt ſelf, on whom I ever
(Except the King) vouchſaf'd an Eye of Favour.

Math. The King, indeed, and only ſuch a King,
Deſerves your Rarities, Madam; and, but he,
'Twere giant-like Ambition in any
In his Wiſhes only to preſume to taſte
The Nectar of your Kiſſes; or to feed
His Appetite with that Ambroſia, due
And proper to a Prince; and what binds more,
A lawful Huſband. For myſelf, great Queen,

I am a Thing obſcure, diſfurniſh'd of
All Merit that can raiſe me higher than
In my moſt humble Thankfulneſs for your Bounty,
To hazard my Life for you, and that Way
I am moſt ambitious.
Hon. I deſire no more
Than what you promiſe. If you dare expoſe
Your Life, as you profeſs, to do me Service,
How can it better be employ'd, than in
Preſerving mine? which only you can do,
And muſt do with the Danger of your own.
A deſperate Danger too! If private Men
Can brook no Rivals in what they affect,
But to the Death purſue ſuch as invade
What Law makes their Inheritance; the King,
To whom you know I am dearer than his Crown,
His Health, his Eyes, his After-hopes, with all
His preſent Bleſſings, muſt fall on that Man
Like dreadful Lightning, that is won by Prayers,
Threats, or Rewards, to ſtain his Bed, or make
His hop'd-for Iſſue doubtful.
Math. If you aim
At what I more than fear you do, the Reaſons
Which you deliver ſhould in Judgment rather
Deter me, than invite a Grant, with my
Aſſured Ruin.
Hon. True, if that you were
Of a cold Temper, one whom Doubt, or Fear,
In the moſt horrid Forms they could put on,
Might teach to be ingrateful. Your Denial
To me that have deſerv'd ſo much, is more,
If it can have Addition.
Math. I know not
What your Commands are.
Hon. Have you fought ſo well
Among arm'd Men, yet cannot gueſs what Liſts
You are to enter, when you are in private
With a willing Lady? One, that to enjoy
Your Company, this Night deny'd the King

Acceſs

Acceſs to what's his own. If you will preſs me
To ſpeak in plainer Language——
Math. Pray you forbear;
I would I did not underſtand too much
Already. By your Words I am inſtructed
To credit that, which, not confirm'd by you,
Had bred Suſpicion in me of Untruth,
Though an Angel had affirm'd it. But ſuppoſe
That, cloy'd with Happineſs (which is ever built
On virtuous Chaſtity) in the Wantonneſs
Of Appetite you deſire to make Trial
Of the falſe Delights propos'd by vicious Luſt;
Among ten thouſand, every way more able
And apter to be wrought on, ſuch as owe you
Obedience, being your Subjects, why ſhould you
Make Choice of me, a Stranger?
Hon. Though yet Reaſon
Was ne'er admitted in the Court of Love,
I'll yield you one unanſwerable. As I urg'd
In our laſt private Conference, you have
A pretty promiſing Preſence; but there are
Many in Limbs and Feature who may take
That Way the Right-hand File of you: Beſides,
Your *May* of Youth is paſt, and the Blood ſpent
By Wounds (though bravely taken) render you
Diſabled for Love's Service; and that Valour
Set off with better Fortune, which it may be
Swells you above your Bounds, is not the Hook
That hath caught me, good Sir: I need no Champion
With his Sword to guard my Honour or my Beauty;
In both I can defend myſelf, and live
My own Protection.
Math. If theſe Advocates,
The beſt that can plead for me, have no Power;
What elſe can you find in me, that may tempt you
With irrecoverable Loſs unto yourſelf
To be a Gainer from me?
Hon. You have, Sir,
A Jewel of ſuch matchleſs Worth and Luſtre,

As does diſdain Compariſon, and darkens
All that is rare in other Men; and that
I muſt, or win, or leſſen.
Math. You heap more
Amazement on me! What am I poſſeſs'd of
That you can covet? Make me underſtand it,
If it have a Name?
Hon. Yes, an imagin'd one;
But is in Subſtance nothing, being a Garment
Worn out of Faſhion, and long ſince given o'er
By the Court and Country; 'tis your Loyalty,
And Conſtancy to your Wife; 'tis that I dote on,
And does deſerve my Envy; and that Jewel,
Or by fair Play, or foul, I muſt win from you.
Math. Theſe are mere Contraries. If you love me, Madam,
For my Conſtancy, why ſeek you to deſtroy it?
In my keeping, it preſerves me worth your Favour!
Or if it be a Jewel of that Value,
As you with labour'd Rhetorick would perſuade me,
What can you ſtake againſt it?
Hon. A Queen's Fame,
And equal Honour.
Math. So, whoever wins,
Both ſhall be Loſers.
Hon. That is what I aim at.
Yet on the Dye I lay my Youth, my Beauty,
This moiſt Palm, this ſoft Lip, and thoſe Delights
Darkneſs ſhould only judge of! Do you find 'em
Infectious in the Trial; that you ſtart
As frighted with their Touch?
Math. Is it in Man
To reſiſt ſuch ſtrong Temptations?
Hon. He begins
To waver. [*Aſide.*
Math. Madam, as you are gracious,
Grant this ſhort Night's Deliberation to me,
And with the riſing Sun from me you ſhall
Receive full Satisfaction.

Hon.

Hon. Though Extreams
Hate all Delay, I will deny you nothing,
This Key will bring you to your Friend; you are both
safe:
And all Things uſeful that could be prepar'd
For one I love and honour, wait upon you.
Take Counſel of your Pillow, ſuch a Fortune
As with Affection's ſwifteſt Wings flies to you,
Will not be often tendred. [*Exit* Honoria.

Math How my Blood
Rebels! I now could call her back—and yet
There's ſomething ſtays me: If the King had tender'd
Such Favours to my Wife, 'tis to be doubted
They had not been refus'd: But, being a Man,
I ſhould not yield firſt, or prove an Example
For her Defence of Frailty. By this, *ſans* Queſtion,
She's tempted too; and here I may examine
[*Look on the Picture.*
How ſhe holds out. She's ſtill the ſame, the ſame
Pure Chryſtal Rock of Chaſtity! Periſh all
Allurements that may alter me! The Snow
Of her ſweet Coldneſs, hath extinguiſhed quite
The Fire that but even now began to flame:
And I by her confirm'd, Rewards, nor Titles,
Nor certain Death from the refuſed Queen,
Shall ſhake my Faith; ſince I reſolve to be
Loyal to her, as ſhe is true to me. [*Exit* Mathias.

SCENE VI.

Enter Ubaldo, Ricardo.

Ubal. What we ſpake on the Volley begins to work,
We have laid a good Foundation
Ric. Build it up,
Or elſe 'tis nothing: You have by Lot the Honour
Of the firſt Aſſault; but, as it is condition'd,
Obſerve the Time proportion'd; I'll not part with

My Share in the Atchievement; when I whiſtle,
Or hem, fall off.

Enter Sophia.

Ubal. She comes. Stand by, I'll watch
My Opportunity.
Soph. I find myſelf
Strangely diſtracted with the various Stories,
Now well, now ill, then doubtfully, by my Gueſts
Deliver'd of my Lord: And like poor Beggars
That in their Dreams find Treaſure, by Reflection
Of a wounded Fancy make it queſtionable
Whither they ſleep, or not; yet tickl'd with
Such a phantaſtick Hope of Happineſs,
Wiſh they may never wake: In ſome ſuch Meaſure,
Incredulous of what I ſee, and touch,
As 'twere a fading Apparition, I
Am ſtill perplex'd, and troubled; and when moſt
Confirm'd 'tis true, a curious Jealouſy
To be aſſur'd, by what Means, and from whom,
Such a Maſs of Wealth was firſt deſerv'd, then gotten,
Cunningly ſteals into me. I have practis'd,
For my certain Reſolution, with theſe Courtiers;
Promiſing private Conference to either.
And at this Hour, if in Search of the Truth,
I hear, or ſay, more than becomes my Virtue,
Forgive me my *Mathias*.
Ubal. Now I make in.
Madam, as you commanded, I attend
Your Pleaſure.
Soph. I muſt thank you for the Favour.
Ubal. I am no ghoſtly Father; yet if you have
Some Scruples, touching your Lord, you would be reſolv'd of,
I am prepar'd.
Soph. But will you take your Oath,
To anſwer truly?
Ubal. (On the Hem of your Smock if you pleaſe,

A Vow I dare not break, it being a Book
I would gladly ſwear on.)
Soph. To ſpare, Sir, that Trouble,
I'll take your Word, which in a Gentleman
Should be of equal Value. Is my Lord, then,
In ſuch Grace with the Queen?
Ubal. You ſhould beſt know
By what you have found from him, whether he can
Deſerve Grace or no.
Soph. What Grace do you mean?
Ubal. That ſpecial Grace (if you'll have it)
He laboured ſo hard for between a Pair of Sheets
On your wedding Night, when your Ladyſhip
Loſt you know what.
Soph. Fie, be more modeſt,
Or I muſt leave you.
Ubal. I would tell a Truth
As cleanly as I could, and yet the Subject
Makes me run out a little.
Soph. You would put now
A fooliſh Jealouſy in my Head, my Lord
Hath gotten a new Miſtreſs.
Ubal. One! a hundred:
But under Seal I ſpeak it; I preſume
Upon your Silence, it being for your Profit,
(They talk of *Hercules'* Back for fifty in a Night; [20]
'Twas well; but yet to yours he was a Pidler:
Such a Soldier, and Courtier never came
To *Alba regalis*, the Ladies run mad for him,
And there is ſuch Contention among 'em

[20] *They Talk of* Hercules' *Back for fifty in a Night, 'Twas well,* &c.

This Freedom of Language, I am afraid, will be apt to diſpleaſe many of *Maſſinger's* Readers; who, perhaps, will think that ſuch Scenes had better have been quite omitted: But as that would not be conſiſtent with my Plan, I ſhall urge in Defence, that it was the Vice of the Age he lived in; and that *Maſſinger* was perhaps, obliged more from Neceſſity than Inclination to comply with the Taſte of his Audience, in order to ſecure his Pieces a favourable Reception.

Who ſhall ingroſs him wholly, that the like
Was never heard of.)
Soph. Are they handſome Women?
Ubal. Fie, no, courſe Mammets, and what's worſe they are old too
Some fifty, ſome threeſcore, and they pay dear for't,
Believing, that he carries a Powder in his Breeches
Will make 'em young again, and theſe ſuck ſhrewdly,
Ric. Sir I muſt fetch you off. [*Whiſtles.*
Ubal. I could tell you Wonders
Of the Cures he has done, but a Buſineſs of Import
Calls me away; but that diſpatch'd I will
Be with you preſently. [*He ſteps aſide.*
Soph. There is ſomething more
In this then bare Suſpicion.
Ric. Save you, Lady:
Now you look like yourſelf! I have not look'd on
A Lady more compleat, yet have ſeen a Madam
Wear a Garment of this Faſhion, of the ſame Stuff too,
One juſt of your Dimenſions; ſat the Wind there Boy?
Soph. What Lady, Sir?
Ric. Nay, nothing; and methinks
I ſhould know this Ruby: Very good; 'tis the ſame.
This Chain of orient Pearl, and this Diamond too,
Have been worn before; but much Good may they do you;
(Strength to the Gentleman's Back, he toil'd hard for 'em,)
Before he got 'em.
Soph. Why? How were they gotten? [Ubaldo *hems.*
Ric. Not in the Field with his Sword, upon my Life.
He may thank his cloſe Stillet too. Plague upon it;
Run the Minutes ſo faſt? Pray excuſe my Manners
I left a Letter in my Chamber Window,
Which I would not have ſeen on any Terms; Fie on it,
Forgetful as I am; but I'll ſtrait attend you.
[Ricardo *ſteps aſide.*
Soph. This is ſtrange; his Letters ſaid theſe Jewels were

Preſented

Preſented him by the Queen, as a Reward
For his good Service, and the Trunks of Clothes
That followed them this laſt Night, with Haſte made up
By his Direction.

Enter Ubaldo.

Ubal. I was telling you
Of Wonders, Madam.
Soph. If you are ſo ſkilful,
Without Premeditation anſwer me,
Know you this Gown, and theſe rich Jewels?
Ubal. Heaven!
How Things will come out! but that I ſhould offend you,
And wrong my more then noble Friend
Your Huſband (for we are ſworn Brothers) in the Diſcovery
Of his neareſt Secrets, I could——
Soph. By the Hope of Favour
That you have from me, out with it.
Ubal. 'Tis a potent Spell,
I cannot reſiſt; why I will tell you, Madam,
And to how many ſeveral Women you are
Beholding for your Bravery,—this was
The wedding Gown of *Paulina*, a rich Strumpet,
Worn but a Day, when ſhe married old *Gonzage*,
And left off trading.
Soph. O my Heart!
Ubal. This Chain
Of Pearl was a great Widow's that invited
Your Lord to a Maſque, and the Weather proving foul,
He lodg'd in her Houſe all Night, and merry they were;
But how he came by it I know not.
Soph. Perjur'd Man!
Ubal. This Ring was *Julietta*'s; a fine Piece,
But very good at the Sport. This Diamond
Was Madam *Acanthe*'s, given him for a Song
Prick'd in a private Arbour, as ſhe ſaid,

(When

(When the Queen aſk'd for it,) and ſhe heard him ſing too,
And danc'd to his Hornpipe, or there are Liars abroad.
There are other Toys about you
The ſame Way purchas'd, but parallel'd
With theſe not worth the Relation.
You are happy in a Huſband; never Man
Made better Uſe of his Strength, would you have him waſte,
His Body away for nothing? If he holds out,
There's not an embroider'd Petticoat in the Court
But ſhall be at your Service.

Soph. I commend him:
It is a thriving Trade; but pray you leave me
A little to myſelf.

Ubal. You may command
Your Servant, Madam, ſhe's ſtung unto the quick, Lad.

Ric. I did my Part; if this work not, hang me;
Let her ſleep as well as ſhe can to Night, To-morrow
We'll mount new Batteries.

Ubal. And till then leave her.

[*Exit* Ubaldo, Ricardo.

Soph. You Powers, that take into your Care the Guard
Of Innocence, aid me; for I am Creature,
So forfeited to Deſpair, Hope cannot fancy
A Ranſom to redeem me, I begin
To waver in my Faith, and make it doubtful,
Whither the Saints that were canoniz'd for
Their Holineſs of Life, ſinn'd not in Secret,
Since my *Mathias* is fall'n from his Virtue
In ſuch an open Faſhion. Could it be elſe,
That ſuch a Huſband, ſo devoted to me,
So vow'd to Temperance; for laſcivious Hire,
Should proſtitute himſelf to common Harlots,
Old and deform'd too, waſt for this he left me?
And on a feign'd Pretence for want of Means
To give me Ornament? Or to bring home
Diſeaſes to me? Suppoſe theſe are falſe,
And luſtful Goats, if he were true and right

Why

Why ſtays he ſo long from me, being made rich
And that the only Reaſon why he left me?
No, he is loſt; and I ſhall wear the Spoils,
And Salaries of Luſt? They cleave unto me
Like *Neſſus'* poiſon'd Shirt. No, in my Rage
I'll tear 'em off, and from my Body waſh
The Venom with my Tears. Have I no Spleen
Nor Anger of a Woman? Shall he build
Upon my Ruins, and I, unreveng'd,
Deplore his Falſhood? No, with the ſame Traſh
For which he had diſhonour'd me, I'll purchaſe
A juſt Revenge. I am not yet ſo much
In Debt to Years, nor ſo miſhap'd, that all
Should fly from my Embraces. Chaſtity,
Thou only art a Name, and I renounce thee,
I am now a Servant to Voluptuouſneſs;
Wantons of all Degrees and Faſhions, welcome;
You ſhall be entertain'd, and if I ſtray
Let him condemn himſelf, that led the Way. [*Exit.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Mathias *and* Baptiſta.

Bapt. WE are in a deſperate Straight; there's no Evaſion
Nor Hope left to come of, but by your yielding
To the Neceſſity; you muſt feign a Grant.
To her violent Paſſion, or
Math. What, my *Baptiſta?*
Bapt. We are but dead elſe.
Math. Were the Sword now heav'd up,
And my Neck upon the Block, I would not buy
An Hour's Reprieve with the Loſs of Faith and Virtue

To

To be made immortal here. Art thou a Scholar,
Nay, almoſt without a Parallel, and yet fear
To die, which is inevitable? You may urge
The many Years that by the Courſe of Nature
We may travel in this tedious Pilgrimage,
And hold it as a Bleſſing, as it is,
When Innocence is our Guide; yet know, *Baptiſta*,
Our Virtues are preferr'd before our Years,
By the great Judge. To die untainted in
Our Fame and Reputation is the greateſt;
And to loſe that, can we deſire to live?
Or ſhall I, for a momentary Pleaſure,
Which ſoon comes to a Period, to all Times
Have Breach of Faith and Perjury remembred
In a ſtill living Epitaph? No, *Baptiſta*,
Since my *Sophia* will go to her Grave
Unſpotted in her Faith, I'll follow her
With equal Loyalty; but look on this,
Your own great Work, your Maſter-piece, and then
She being ſtill the ſame, teach me to alter.
Ha! ſure I do not ſleep! or, if I dream,
[*The Picture altered.*
This is a terrible Viſion! I will clear
My Eyeſight, perhaps melancholly makes me
See that which is not.

Bapt. It is too apparent.
I grieve to look upon't; beſides the yellow,
That does aſſure ſhe's tempted, there are Lines
Of a dark Colour, that diſperſe themſelves
O'er every Miniature of her Face, and thoſe
Confirm.——

Math. She is turn'd Whore.

Bapt. I muſt not ſay ſo.
Yet as a Friend to Truth, if you will have me
Interpret it, in her Conſent, and Wiſhes
She's falſe, but not in fact yet.

Math. Fact! *Baptiſta?*
Make not yourſelf a Pandar to her Looſeneſs,
In labouring to palliate what a Vizard

Of

Of Impudence cannot cover. Did e'er Woman
In her Will decline from Chaſtity, but found Means
To give her hot Luſt full Scope? It is more
Impoſſible in Nature for groſs Bodies
Deſcending of themſelves, to hang in the Air,
Or with my ſingle Arm to underprop
A falling Tower; nay, in its violent Courſe
To ſtop the Light'ning, then to ſtay a Woman
Hurried by two Furies, Luſt and Falſhood,
In her full Career to Wickedneſs.

Bapt. Pray you temper
The Violence of your Paſſion.

Math. In Extreams
Of this Condition, can it be in Man
To uſe a Moderation? I am thrown
From a ſteep Rock headlong into a Gulph
Of Miſery, and find myſelf paſt Hope,
In the ſame Moment that I apprehend
That I am falling, and this, the Figure of
My Idol, few Hours ſince, while ſhe continued
In her Perfection, that was late a Mirror,
In which I ſaw miraculous Shapes of Duty,
Staid Manners, with all Excellency a Huſband
Could wiſh in a chaſte Wife, is on the ſudden
Turn'd to a magical Glaſs, and does preſent
Nothing but Horns and Horror.

Bapt. You may yet
(And 'tis the beſt Foundation) build up Comfort
On your own Goodneſs.

Math. No, that hath undone me,
For now I hold my Temperance a Sin
Worſe then Exceſs, and what was Vice a Virtue.
Have I refus'd a Queen, and ſuch a Queen
(Whoſe raviſhing Beauties at the firſt Sight had tempted
A Hermit from his Beads, and chang'd his Prayers
To amorous Sonnets,) to preſerve my Faith
Inviolate to thee, with the Hazard of
My Death with Torture, ſince ſhe could inflict
No leſs for my Contempt, and have I met
Such a Return from thee? I will not curſe thee,

Nor

Nor for thy Falſhood rail againſt the Sex;
'Tis poor, and common; I'll only with wiſe Men
Whiſper unto myſelf, howe'er they ſeem;
Nor preſent, nor paſt Times, nor the Age to come
Hath heretofore, can now, or ever ſhall
Produce one conſtant Woman.
Bapt. This is more
Then the Satyriſts wrote againſt 'em.
Math. There's no Language
That can expreſs the Poiſon of theſe Aſpicks,
Theſe weeping Crocodiles, and all too little
That hath been ſaid againſt 'em. But I'll mould
My Thoughts into another Form, and if
She can outlive the Report of what I have done,
This Hand, when next ſhe comes within my Reach,
Shall be her Executioner.

Enter Honoria.

Bapt. The Queen, Sir.
Hon. Wait our Command at Diſtance; Sir, you too have
Free Liberty to depart.
Bapt. I know no Manners,
And thank you for the Favour. [*Exit* Baptiſta.
Hon. Have you taken
Good Reſt in your new Lodgings? I expect now
Your reſolute Anſwer; but adviſe maturely
Before I hear it,
Math. Let my Actions, Madam,
For no Words can dilate my Joy, in all
You can command with Chearfulneſs to ſerve you,
Aſſure your Highneſs; and in Sign of my
Submiſſion, and Contrition for my Error,
My Lips, that but the laſt Night ſhun'd the Touch
Of your's as Poiſon, taught Humility now,
Thus on your Foot, and that too great an Honour
For ſuch an Undeſerver, ſeals my Duty.
A cloudy Miſt of Ignorance, equal to

Cim-

Cimmerian Darkneſs, would not let me ſee then,
What now with Adoration and Wonder,
With Reverence I look up to: But thoſe Fogs
Diſpers'd and ſcatter'd by the powerful Beams
With which yourſelf the Sun of all Perfection,
Vouchſafe to cure my Blindneſs, like a Suppliant
As low as I can kneel, I humbly beg
What you once pleaſed to tender.

Hon. This is more
Then I could hope; what find you ſo attractive
Upon my Face in ſo ſhort Time to make
This ſudden Metamorphoſis? Pray you riſe;
I for your late Neglect thus ſign your Pardon.
Aye now you kiſs like a Lover, and not as Brothers
Coldly ſalute their Siſters.

Math. I am turn'd
All Spirit and Fire.

Hon. Yet to give ſome Allay
To this hot Fervour, 'twere good to remember
The King, whoſe Eyes and Ears are every where,
With the Danger too that follows, this diſcover'd.

Math. Danger? A Bugbear Madam, let me ride once
Like *Phaeton* in the Chariot of your Favour,
And I contemn *Jove*'s Thunder: Though the King
In our Embraces ſtood a Looker on,
His Hangmen too, with ſtudied Cruelty ready
To drag me from your Arms, it ſhould not fright me
From the enjoying that, a ſingle Life is
Too poor a Price for: (O, that now all Vigour
Of my Youth were recollected for an Hour,
That my Deſire might meet with your's, and draw
The Envy of all Men in the Encounter
Upon my Head,) I ſhould—but we loſe Time,
Be gracious, mighty Queen.

Hon. Pauſe yet a little:
The Bounties of the King, and what weighs more,
Your boaſted Conſtancy to your matchleſs Wife,
Should not ſoon be ſhaken.

Math.

Math. The whole Fabrick,
When I but look on you, is in a Moment
O'erturn'd and ruin'd, and as Rivers looſe
Their Names, when they are ſwallow'd by the Ocean,
In you alone all Faculties of my Soul
Are wholly taken up, my Wife, and King
At the beſt as Things forgotten.

Hon. Can this be?
I have gain'd my End now. [*Aſide.*

Math. Wherefore ſtay you, Madam?

Hon. In my Conſideration what a Nothing
Man's Conſtancy is.

Math. Your Beauties make it ſo,
In me, ſweet Lady.

Hon. And it is my Glory:
I could be coy now as you were, but I
Am of a gentler Temper; howſoever,
And in a juſt Return of what I have ſuffer'd
In your Diſdain, with the ſame Meaſure grant me
Equal Deliberation: I e'er long
Will viſit you again, and when I next
Appear, as conquer'd by it, Slave-like wait
On my triumphant Beauty. [*Exit* Honoria.

Math. What a Change
Is here beyond my Fear! but by thy Falſhood,
Sophia, not her Beauty, is it deny'd me
To ſin but in my Wiſhes. What a Frown
In Scorn, at her Departure, ſhe threw on me?
I am both Ways loſt; Storms of Contempt, and Scorn
Are ready to break on me, and all Hope
Of Shelter doubtful: I can neither be
Diſloyal, nor yet honeſt; I ſtand guilty
On either Part; at the worſt Death will end all,
And he muſt be my Judge to write my Wrong,
Since I have lov'd too much and liv'd too long.
[*Exit* Mathias.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Sophia *ſola, with a Book and a Note.*

Soph. Nor Cuſtom nor Example, nor vaſt Numbers
Of ſuch as do offend, make leſs the Sin.
For each particular Crime a ſtrict Accompt
Will be exacted; and that Comfort which
The Damn'd pretend (Fellows in Miſery)
Takes nothing from their Torments; every one
Muſt ſuffer in himſelf the Meaſure of
His Wickedneſs. If ſo, as I muſt grant,
It being unrefutable in Reaſon,
Howe'er my Lord offend, it is no Warrant
For me to walk in his forbidden Paths:
What Penance then can expiate my Guilt
For my Conſent (tranſported then with Paſſion)
To Wantonneſs? The Wounds I give my Fame
Cannot recover his; and though I have fed
Theſe Courtiers with Promiſes and Hopes,
I am yet in Fact untainted; and I truſt
My Sorrow for it, with my Purity
And Love to Goodneſs for itſelf, made powerful,
Though all they have alledg'd prove true or falſe,
Will be ſuch Exorciſms as ſhall command
This Fury Jealouſy from me. What I have
Determin'd touching them, I am reſolv'd
To put in Execution. Within there!
Where are my noble Gueſts?

Enter Hilario, Coriſco, *with other Servants.*

Hil. The elder, Madam,
Is drinking by himſelf to your Ladyſhip's Health
In Muſkadine and Eggs; and for a Raſher
To draw his Liquor down, he hath got a Pye
Of Marrow-bones, Potatoes and Eringo's,
With many ſuch Ingredients, and 'tis ſaid
He hath ſent his Man in Poſt to the next Town,

For a Pound of Ambergriſe, and half a Peck
Of Fiſhes call'd Cantharides.
Corif. The younger
Prunes up himſelf, as if this Night he were
To act a Bridegroom's Part; but to what Purpoſe
I am Ignorance itſelf.
Soph. Continue ſo. [*Gives a Paper.*
Let thoſe Lodgings be prepar'd as this directs you,
And fail not in a Circumſtance, as you
Reſpect my Favour.
1 *Serv.* We have our Inſtructions.
2 *Serv.* And punctually will follow 'em.
[*Exeunt Servants.*

Enter Ubaldo.

Hil. Madam, here comes
The Lord *Ubaldo*.
Ubal. Pretty one, there's Gold
To buy thee a new Gown; and there's for thee:
Grow fat, and fit for Service. I am now
As I ſhould be, at the Height, and able to
Beget a Giant. O my better Angel,
In this you ſhew your Wiſdom, when you pay
The Letcher in his own Coin; ſhall you ſit puling,
Like a patient *Grizzle*, and be laugh'd at? No,
This is a fair Revenge, ſhall we to it?
Soph. To what, Sir?
Ubal. The Sport you promis'd.
Soph. Could it be done with Safety?
Ubal. I warrant you! I am ſound as a Bell, a tough
Old Blade, and Steel to the Back, as you ſhall find me
In the Trial on your Anvil.
Soph. So; but how, Sir,
Shall I ſatisfy your Friend, to whom, by Promiſe,
I am equally engag'd?
Ubal. I muſt confeſs
The more the merrier; but of all Men living
Take heed of him; you may ſafer run upon

The

The Mouth of a Cannon when it is unlading,
And come off colder.
Soph. How! is he not wholeſome?
Ubal. Wholeſome! I'll tell you for your Good; he is
A Spital of Diſeaſes, and indeed
More loathſome and infectious; the Tub is
His weekly Bath: He hath not drank this ſeven Years,
Before he came to your Houſe, but Compoſitions
Of Saſſafras and Guaicum, and dry Mutton's
His daily Portion; name what Scratch ſoever
Can be got by Women, and the Surgeons will reſolve
At this Time or at that, *Ricardo* had it. [you,
Soph. Bleſs me from him.
Ubal. 'Tis a good Prayer, Lady,
It being a Degree unto the Pox
Only to mention him; if my Tongue burn not, hang
When I but name *Ricardo.* [me,
Soph. Sir, this Caution
Muſt be rewarded.
Ubal. I hope I have marr'd his Market.
But when?
Soph. Why preſently; follow my Woman,
She knows where to conduct you, and will ſerve
To Night for a Page. Let the Waiſtcoat I appointed,
With the Cambrick Shirt perfum'd, and the rich Cap,
Be brought into his Chamber.
Ubal. Excellent Lady!
And a Caudle too in the Morning.
Corif. I will fit you. [*Exeunt* Ubaldo *and* Coriſca.

Enter Ricardo.

Soph. So hot on the Scent! Here comes the other Beagle.
Ric. Take Purſe and all.
Hil. If this Company would come often,
I ſhould make a pretty Term on't.
Soph. For your Sake
I have put him off; he only begg'd a Kiſs;

I gave it, and ſo parted.
Ric. I hope better,
He did not touch your Lip?
Soph. Yes, I aſſure you.
There was no Danger in it?
Ric. No! eat preſently
Theſe Lozenges, of forty Crowns an Ounce,
Or you are undone.
Soph. What is the Virtue of 'em?
Ric. They are Preſervatives againſt ſtinking Breath,
Riſing from rotten Lungs.
Soph. If ſo, your Carriage
Of ſuch dear Antidotes, in my Opinion,
May render your's ſuſpected.
Ric. Fie, no, I uſe 'em
When I talk with him, I ſhould be poiſon'd elſe.
But I'll be free with you. He was once a Creature
It may be of God's making, but long ſince
He is turn'd to a Druggiſt's Shop; the Spring and Fall
Hold all the Year with him; that he lives, he owes
To Art, not Nature; ſhe has giv'n him o'er.
He moves, like the Fairy King, on Screws and Wheels
Made by his Doctor's Recipes, and yet ſtill
They are out of joint, and every Day repairing:
He has a Regiment of Whores he keeps
At his own Charge in a Lazar-houſe: But the beſt is,
There's not a Noſe among 'em. He's acquainted
With the Green Water, and the Spitting Pill's
Familiar to him. In a froſty Morning
You may thruſt him in a Pottle-pot, his Bones
Rattle in his Skin, like Beans toſs'd in a Bladder.
If he but hear a Coach, the Fomentation,
The Friction with Fumigation cannot ſave him
From the Chin-Evil. In a Word, he is
Not one Diſeaſe, but all: Yet, being my Friend,
I will forbear his Character; for I would not
Wrong him in your Opinion.
Soph. The beſt is,
The Virtues you beſtow on him, to me,

Are

Are Myſteries I know not: But, however,
I am at your Service. Sirrah, let it be your Care
T' uncloath the Gentleman, and with Speed: Delay
Takes from Delight.

Ric. Good, there's my Hat, Sword, Cloak——
A Vengeance on theſe Buttons; off with my Doublet,
I dare ſhow my Skin, in the Touch you will like it better;
Prythee cut my Cödpiece-point, and for this Service,
When I leave them off they are thine.

Hil. I take your Word, Sir.

Ric. Dear Lady, ſtay not long.

Soph. I may come too ſoon, Sir.

Ric. No, no, I am ready now.

Hil. This is the Way, Sir.

[*Exeunt* Hilario *and* Ricardo.

Soph. I was much to blame to credit their Reports
Touching my Lord, that ſo traduce each other,
And with ſuch virulent Malice, though I preſume
They are bad enough; but I have ſtudied for 'em
A Way for their Recovery.

[*The Noiſe of clapping a Door*, Ubaldo *above in his Shirt.*

Ubal. What doſt thou mean, Wench?
Why doſt thou ſhut the Door upon me? Ha?
My Cloaths are ta'en away too! ſhall I ſtarve here?
Is this my Lodging? I am ſure the Lady talk'd of
A rich Cap, a perfum'd Shirt, and a Waiſtcoat;
But here is nothing but a little freſh Straw,
A Petticoat for a Coverlet, and that torn too;
And an old Woman's Biggen for a Night-cap.

Enter Coriſca *to* Sophia.

'Slight, 'tis a Priſon, or a Pig-ſty. Ha!
The Windows grated with Iron; I cannot force 'em,
And if I leap down, here, I break my Neck;
I am betray'd. Rogues! Villains! let me out;
I am a Lord, and that's no common Title,

And ſhall I be us'd thus?

Soph. Let him rave, he's faſt;
I'll parley with him at Leiſure.

Ricardo *entering with a great Noiſe below, as fallen.*

Ric. Zoons, have you Trap-doors?

Soph. The other Bird's i' th' Cage too, let him flutter.

Ric. Whither am I fall'n, into Hell?

Ubal. Who makes that Noiſe there?
Help me, if thou art a Friend.

Ric. A Friend? I am where
I cannot help myſelf; let me ſee thy Face.

Ubal. How, *Ricardo!* prythee throw me
Thy Cloak, if thou canſt, to cover me, I am almoſt
Frozen to Death.

Ric. My Cloak! I have no Breeches;
I am in my Shirt, as thou art; and here's nothing
For myſelf but a Clown's caſt-off Suit.

Ubal. We are both undone.
Pr'ythee roar a little.—Madam!

Enter Hilario *in* Ricardo's *Suit.*

Ric. Lady of the Houſe!

Ubal. Grooms of the Chamber!

Ric. Gentlewomen! Milkmaids!

Ubal. Shall we be murther'd?

Soph. No, but ſoundly puniſh'd,
To your Deſerts.

Ric. You are not in Earneſt, Madam?

Soph. Judge as you find, and feel it; and now hear
What I irrevocably purpoſe to you.
Being receiv'd as Gueſts into my Houſe,
And with all it afforded entertain'd,
You have forgot all hoſpitable Duties,
And with the Defamation of my Lord,
Wrought on my Woman Weakneſs, in Revenge
Of his Injuries, as you faſhion'd 'em to me,

To

To yield my Honour to your lawleſs Luſt.
Hil. Mark that, poor Fellows.
Soph. And ſo far you have
Tranſgreſs'd againſt the Dignity of Men,
(Who ſhould, bound to it by Virtue, ſtill defend
Chaſte Ladies Honours) that it was your Trade
To make 'em infamous: But you are caught
In your own Toils, like luſtful Beaſts, and therefore
Hope not to find the Uſage of Men from me;
Such Mercy you have forfeited, and ſhall ſuffer
Like the moſt ſlaviſh Women.
Ubal. How will you uſe us?
Soph. Eaſe and Exceſs in Feeding made you wanton;
A Pluriſy of ill Blood you muſt let out.
By Labour, and ſpare Diet, that Way got too,
Or periſh with Hunger.—Reach him up that Diſtaff
With the Flax upon it, though no Omphale,
Nor you a ſecond *Hercules*, as I take it;
As you ſpin well at my Command, and pleaſe me,
Your Wages, in the coarſeſt Bread and Water,
Shall be proportionable.
Ubal. I will ſtarve firſt.
Soph. That's as you pleaſe.
Ric. What will become of me now?
Soph. You ſhall have gentler Work; I have oft obſerv'd
You were proud to ſhew the Fineneſs of your Hands,
And Softneſs of your Fingers; you ſhould reel well
What he ſpins, if you give your Mind to it, as I'll force you.
Deliver him his Materials. Now you know
Your Penance, fall to work, Hunger will teach you;
And ſo, as Slaves to your Luſt, not me, I leave you.
[*Exit* Sophia *and Servants.*
Ubal. I ſhall ſpin a fine Thread out now.
Ric. I cannot look
On theſe Devices, but they put me in Mind
Of Rope-makers.
Hil. Fellow, think of thy Taſk,

Forget ſuch Vanities, my Livery there
Will ſerve thee to work in.
Ric. Let me have my Cloaths, yet
I was bountiful to thee.
Hil. They are paſt your Wearing,
And mine by Promiſe, as all theſe can witneſs;
You have no Holydays coming, nor will I work
While theſe and this laſts; and ſo when you pleaſe
You may ſhut up your Shop-windows.
[*Exit* Hilario.
Ubal. I am faint,
And muſt lie down.
Ric. I am hungry too, and cold.——
O curſed Women.——
Ubal. This comes of our Whoring.
But let us reſt as well as we can to-night,
But not o'erſleep ourſelves, leſt we faſt to-morrow.
[*They draw the Curtains.*

SCENE III.

Enter Ladiſlaus, Honoria, Eubulus, Ferdinand, Aeanthe, *Attendants.*

Hon. Now you know all, Sir, with the Motives why
I forc'd him to my Lodging.
Ladiſ. I deſire
No more ſuch Trials, Lady.
Hon. I preſume, Sir,
You do not doubt my Chaſtity.
Ladiſ. I would not;
But theſe are ſtrange Inducements.
Eub. By no Means, Sir.
Why, though he were with Violence ſeiz'd upon,
And ſtill detain'd, the Man, Sir, being no Soldier,
Nor us'd to charge his Pike, when the Breach is open,
There was no Danger in't: You muſt conceive, Sir,
Being religious, ſhe choſe him for a Chaplain
To read old Homilies to her in the Dark;
She's bound to it by her Canons.

Ladiſ.

Ladiſ. Still tormented
With thy Impertinence?
Hon. By yourſelf, dear Sir,
I was ambitious only to overthrow
His boaſted Conſtancy in his Conſent,
But for Fact I contemn him; I was never
Unchaſte in Thought, I laboured to give Proof
What Power dwells in this Beauty you admire ſo,
And when you ſee how ſoon it hath transform'd him,
And with what ſuperſtition he adores it,
Determine as you pleaſe.
Ladiſ. I will look on
This Pageant; but ——
Hon. When you have ſeen and heard, Sir,
The Paſſages which I myſelf diſcover'd,
And could have kept conceal'd, had I meant baſely,
Judge as you pleaſe.
Ladiſ. Well, I'll obſerve the Iſſue.
Eub. How had you took this, General, in your Wife?
Ferd. As a ſtrange Curioſity; but Queens
Are priviledg'd above Subjects, and 'tis fit, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Mathias, Baptiſta.

Bapt. You are much alter'd, Sir, ſince the laſt Night
When the Queen left you, and look chearfully,
Your Dulneſs quite blown over.
Math. I have ſeen a Viſion,
This Morning makes it good, and never was
In ſuch Security as at this Inſtant:
Fall what can fall, and when the Queen appears,
Whoſe ſhorteſt Abſence now is tedious to me,
Obſerve th' Encounter.

Enter

Enter Honoria *to* Mathias. (Ladiſlaus, Eubulus, Ferdinand, Acanthe, *with others enter above.*)

Bapt. She already is
Enter'd the Liſts.
Math. And I prepar'd to meet her.
Bapt. I know my Duty.
Hon. Not ſo, you may ſtay now
As a Witneſs of our Contract.
Bapt. I obey
In all Things, Madam.
Hon. Where's that Reverence,
Or rather ſuperſtitious Adoration,
Which, Captive-like, to my triumphant Beauty
You paid laſt Night? No humble Knee? nor Sign
Of vaſſal Duty? Sure this is the Foot
To whoſe proud Cover, and then happy in it,
Your Lips were glew'd; and that the Neck then offer'd
To witneſs your Subjection to be trod on:
Your certain Loſs of Life in the King's Anger,
Was then too mean a Price to buy my Favour;
And that falſe Glow-Worm Fire, of Conſtancy
To your Wife, extinguiſh'd by a greater Light
Shot from our Eyes; and that, it may be (being
Too glorious to be look'd on) hath depriv'd you
Of Speech, and Motion: But I will take off
A little from the Splendor, and deſcend
From my own Height, and in your Lowneſs hear you
Plead as a Suppliant.
Math. I do remember
I once ſaw ſuch a Woman.
Hon. How!
Math. And then
She did appear a moſt magnificent Queen;
And what's more, virtuous, tho' ſomewhat darken'd
With Pride and Self-Opinion.
Eub. Call you this Courtſhip?
Math. And ſhe was happy in a Royal Huſband,
Whom

Whom Envy could not tax, unleſs it were
For his too much Indulgence to her Humours.
Eub. Pray you, Sir, obſerve that Touch, 'tis to the Purpoſe;
I like the Play the better for't.
Math. And ſhe liv'd
Worthy her Birth and Fortune; you retain yet
Some Part of her angelical Form; but when
Envy to the Beauty of another Woman
Inferior to her's, (one ſhe never
Had ſeen, but in her Picture) had diſpers'd
Infection through her Veins, and Loyalty
(Which a great Queen as ſhe was, ſhould have nouriſh'd)
Grew odious to her——
Hon. I am Thunderſtruck.
Math. And Luſt, in all the Bravery it could borrow
From Majeſty, howe'er diſguis'd, had took
Sure Footing in the Kingdom of her Heart,
(Once the Throne of Chaſtity,) how in a Moment
All that was gracious, great, and glorious in her,
And won upon all Hearts; like ſeeming Shadows,
Wanting true Subſtance, vaniſh'd.
Hon. How his Reaſons
Work on my Soul!
Math. Retire into yourſelf,
Your own Strength's, Madam, ſtrongly man'd with Virtue,
And be but as you were, and there's no Office
So baſe, beneath the Slavery that Men
Impoſe on Beaſts, but I will gladly bow to,
But as you play and juggle with a Stranger,
Varying your Shapes like *Thetis*, though the Beauties
Of all that are by Poets Raptures painted,
Were now in you united, you ſhould paſs
Pitied by me perhaps, but not regarded.
Eub. If this take not, I am cheated.
Math. To ſlip once
Is incident, and excus'd by human Frailty;
But to fall ever, damnable. We were both

Guilty,

Guilty, I grant, in tendering our Affection,
But, as I hope you will do, I repented.
When we are grown up to Ripeneſs, our Life is
Like to this Picture. While we run
A conſtant Race in Goodneſs, it retains
The juſt Proportion. But the Journey being
Tedious, and ſweet Temptations in the Way,
That may in ſome Degree divert us from
The Road that we put forth in, e'er we end
Our Pilgrimage, it may, like this, turn Yellow,
Or be with Blackneſs clouded. But when we
Find we have gone aſtray, and labour to
Return unto our never-failing Guide
Virtue, Contrition (with unfeigned Tears,
The Spots of Vice waſh'd off) will ſoon reſtore it
To the firſt Pureneſs.

Hon. I am diſenchanted:
Mercy, O Mercy, Heavens! [*Kneels.*

Ladiſ. I am raviſh'd with
What I have ſeen and heard.

Ferd. Let us deſcend, and hear
The reſt below.

Eub. This hath fall'n out beyond
My Expectation. [*They deſcend.*

Hon. How have I wander'd
Out of the Tract of Piety! and miſled
By overweening Pride, and Flattery
Of fawning Sycophants, (the Bane of Greatneſs)
Could never meet till now a Paſſenger,
That in his Charity would ſet me right,
Or ſtay me in my Precipice to Ruin!
How ill have I return'd your Goodneſs to me?

Enter the King and others.

The Horror in my Thought of't turns me Marble.
But if it may be yet prevented, O Sir,
What can I do to ſhew my Sorrow, or

With

With what Brow aſk your Pardon?
Ladiſ. Pray you riſe.
Hon. Never, till you forgive me, and receive
Unto your Love and Favour, a chang'd Woman.
My State and Pride turn'd to Humility, henceforth
Shall wait on your Commands, and my Obedience
Steer'd only by your Will.
Ladiſ. And that will prove
A ſecond and a better Marriage to me; all is forgot—
Hon. Sir, I muſt not riſe yet,
Till with a free Confeſſion of a Crime,
Unknown to you yet, and a following Suit,
Which thus I beg, be granted.
Ladiſ. I melt with you.
'Tis pardon'd, and confirm'd thus.
Hon. Know then, Sir.
In Malice to this good Knight's Wife, I practis'd
Ubaldo, and *Ricardo*, to corrupt her.
Bapt. Thence grew the Change of the Picture.
Hon. And how far
They have prevail'd, I am ignorant. Now, if you, Sir,
For the Honour of this good Man, may be intreated
To travel thither, it being but a Day's Journey,
To fetch 'em off—
Ladiſ. We will put on to Night.
Bapt. I, if you pleaſe, your Harbinger.
Ladiſ. I thank you.
Let me embrace you in my Arms, your Service
Done on the *Turk*, compared with this, weighs nothing.
Math. I am ſtill your humble Creature.
Ladiſ. My true Friend.
Ferd. And ſo you are bound to hold him.
Eub. Such a Plant
Imported to your Kingdom, and here grafted,
Would yield more Fruit, than all the idle Weeds
That ſuck up your Reign of Favour.
Ladiſ. In my Will
I'll not be wanting, prepare for our Journey.

In

In Act be my *Honoria* now, not Name,
And to all after Times preſerve thy Fame. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sophia, Coriſca, Hilario.

Soph. ARE they then ſo humble?
Hil. Hunger and hard Labour
Have tam'd 'em, Madam; at firſt they bellow'd
Like Stags ta'en in a Toil, and would not work
For Sullenneſs, but when they found without it
There was no Eating, and that to ſtarve to Death
Was much againſt their Stomachs, by Degrees
Againſt their Wills, they fell to it.
Coriſ. And now feed on
The little Pittance you allow, with Gladneſs.
Hil. I do remember that they ſtop'd their Noſes
At the Sight of Beef and Mutton as courſe Feeding
For their fine Palates; but now their Work being ended,
They leap at a Barley Cruſt, and hold Cheeſe-parings,
With a Spoonful of pall'd Wine pour'd in their Water,
For feſtival Exceedings.[*]
Coriſ. When I examine
My Spinſter's Work, he trembles like a 'Prentice,
And takes a Box on the Ear when I ſpy Faults
And Botches in his Labour, as a Favour
From a curſt Miſtreſs.
Hil. The other too reels well
For his Time; and if your Ladyſhip would pleaſe
To ſee 'em for your Sport, ſince they want airing,

[*] *For Feſtival Exceedings.*

Thus we read in all the old Copies, and it is thus in the *City Madam*; but I think that *exceeding Feſtivals* is better, though indeed as the Senſe is the ſame, it is of little or no Conſequence.

It

It would do well in my Judgment, you ſhall hear
Such a hungry Dialogue from 'em.
Soph. But ſuppoſe
When they are out of Priſon they ſhould grow
Rebellious?
Hil. Never fear't; I'll undertake
To lead 'em out by the Noſe with a coarſe Thread,
Of the one's Spinning, and make the other reel after,
And without grumbling; and when you are weary of
Their Company, as eaſily return 'em.
Coriſ. Dear Madam, it will help to drive away
Your Melancholy.
Soph. Well, on this Aſſurance
I am content, bring 'em hither.
Hil. I will do it
In ſtately Equipage. [*Exit* Hilario.
Soph. They have confeſſed then
They were ſet on by the Queen to taint me in
My Loyalty to my Lord?
Coriſ. 'Twas the main Cauſe,
That brought 'em hither.
Soph. I am glad I know it;
And as I have begun, before I end,
I'll at the Height revenge it; let us ſtep aſide;
They come, the Objects ſo ridiculous,
In Spight of my ſad Thoughts I cannot but
Lend a forc'd Smile to grace it.

Enter Hilario, Ubaldo *ſpinning*, Ricardo *reeling*.

Hil. Come away,
Work as you go, and loſe no Time, 'tis precious,
You'll find it in your Commons.
Ric. Commons, call you it!
The Word is proper; I have graz'd ſo long
Upon your Commons, I am almoſt ſtarv'd here.
Hil. Work harder, and they ſhall be better'd.
Ubal. Better'd?
Worſer they cannot be: Would I might lie

Like

Like a Dog under her Table and ſerve for a Footſtool,
So I might have my Belly full of that
Her Iſland Cur refuſes.
Hil. How do you like
Your airing? Is it not a Favour?
Ric. Yes;
Juſt ſuch a one as you uſe to a Brace of Greyhounds
When they are led out of their Kennels to ſcumber;
But our Caſe is ten Times harder, we have nothing
In our Bellies to be vented: If you will be
An honeſt Yeoman Phenterer, feed us firſt,
And walk us after?
Hil. Yeoman Phenterer!
Such another Word to your Governor, and you go
Supperleſs to Bed for't.
Ubal. Nay, even as you pleaſe.
(The comfortable Names of Breakfaſt, Dinner,
Collations, Supper, Beverage, are Words,
Worn out of our Remembrance.)
(Ric. O for the Steam
Of Meat in a Cook's Shop?)
Ubal. I am ſo dry,
I have not Spittle enough to wet my Fingers
When I draw my Flax from my Diſtaff.
Ric. Nor I Strength
To raiſe my Hand to the Top of my Reeler. Oh!
I have the Cramp all over me.
Hil. What do you think
Were beſt to apply to it? A Cramp-ſtone, as I take it,
Were very uſeful.
Ric. Oh! no more of Stones,
We have been us'd too long like Hawks already.
Ubal. We are not ſo high in our Fleſh now to need caſting,
We will come to an empty Fiſt.
Hil. Nay, that you ſhall not.
So ho, Birds, how the Eye-aſſes ſcratch, and ſcramble!
Take Heed of a Surfeit: Do not caſt your Gorges,
This is more then I have Commiſſion for; be thankful.

Soph.

Soph. Were all that ſtudy the Abuſe of Women
Us'd thus, the City would not ſwarm with Cuckolds,
Nor ſo many Tradeſmen break.
Coriſ. Pray you appear now,
And mark the Alteration.
Hil. To your Work,
My Lady is in Preſence; ſhew your Duties
Exceeding well.
Soph. How do your Scholars profit?
Hil. Hold up your Heads demurely. Prettily
For young Beginners.
Coriſ. And will do well in Time
If they be kept in Awe.
Ric. In Awe! I am ſure
I quake like an Aſpen Leaf.
Ubal. No Mercy, Lady?
Ric. Nor Intermiſſion?
Soph. Let me ſee your Work.
Fie upon't, what a Thread's here! a poor Cobler's Wife
Would make a finer to ſow a Clown's Rent ſtart up;
And here you reel as you were drunk.
Ric. I am ſure it is not with Wine
Soph. O, take heed of Wine;
Cold Water is far better for your Healths,
Of which I am very tender; you had foul Bodies,
And muſt continue in this phyſical Diet,
Till the Cauſe of your Diſeaſe be ta'en away
For fear of a Relapſe, and that is dangerous;
Yet I hope already that you are in ſome
Degree recovered, and that Way to reſolve me
Anſwer me truly; nay, what I propound
Concerns both, nearer; what would you now give,
If your Means were in your Hands, to lie all Night
With a freſh and handſome Lady?
Ubal. How! a Lady?
O! I am paſs'd it, (Hunger with her Razor
Hath made me an Eunuch.)
Ric. For a Meſs of Porridge,
Well ſopp'd with a Bunch of Raddiſh and a Carrot,

I would ſell my Barony; but for Women, oh!
No more of Women, (not a Dite for a Doxy)
After this hungry Voyage.
Soph. Theſe are truly
Good Symptoms; let them not venture too much in the Air
Till they are weaker.
Ric. This is Tyranny.
Ubal. Scorn upon Scorn.
Soph. You were ſo
In your malicious Intents to me,

Enter a Servant.

And therefore 'tis but Juſtice—What's the Buſineſs?
Serv. My Lord's great Friend, Signior *Baptiſta*, Madam,
Is newly lighted from his Horſe, with certain
Aſſurance of my Lord's Arrival.
Soph. How!
And ſtand I trifling here? Hence with the Mungrels
To there ſeveral Kennels, there let them howl in private,
I'll be no farther troubled. [*Exeunt* Sophia *and Servant.*
Ubal. O that ever
I ſaw this Fury!
Ric. Or look'd on a Woman
But as a Prodigy in Nature!
Hil. Silence,
No more of this.
Coriſ. Methinks you have no Cauſe
To repent your being here.
Hil. Have you not learnt,
When your 'States are ſpent, your ſeveral Trades to live by,
And never charge the Hoſpital?
Coriſ. Work but tightly,
And we will not uſe a Diſh-clout in the Houſe
But of your Spinning.

Ubal.

Ubal. O! I would this Hemp
Were turn'd to a Halter.
Hil. Will you march?
Ric. A ſoft one,
Good General, I beſeech you;
Ubal. I can hardly
Draw my Legs after me.
Hil. For a Crutch you may uſe
Your Diſtaff, a good Wit makes Uſe of all Things.[21]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Sophia, Baptiſta.

Soph. Was he jealous of me?
Bapt. There's no perfect Love
Without ſome Touch of't, Madam.
Soph. And my Picture
Made by your diveliſh Art, a Spy upon
My Actions? I never ſat to be drawn,
Nor had you, Sir, Commiſſion for't.
Bapt. Excuſe me;
At his earneſt Suit I did it.
Soph. Very good:
Was I grown ſo cheap in his Opinion of me?
Bapt. The proſperous Events that crown'd his For-
tunes
May qualify the Offence.
Soph. Rood the Events[21]

[21] ——— *A good Wit makes Uſe of all Things.*

I would not interrupt the Reader in the foregoing Scene, but I ſhall now obſerve that the Device practiſed on the two wanton Gentlemen, in Revenge for their Falſhood and their Attempts on *Sophia*, is very mean, conduces but little to the Plot, and on the whole, is far inferior to the other Parts of this excellent Play, but *great Beauties are always in the Confines of great Faults.*

[21] Sophia. *Rood the Events.*

This is the Reading of all the old Editions; and is followed by Mr. *Dodſley*; but I think we ought to read

Soph. Good *the Events*, &c.

The Sanctuary Fools and Madmen fly to,
When their raſh and deſperate Undertakings thrive well;
But good and wiſe Men are directed by
Grave Counſels, and with ſuch Deliberation
Proceed in their Affairs, that Chance has nothing
To do with 'em. Howſoe'er, take the Pains, Sir,
To meet the Honour in the King and Queen's
Approaches to my Houſe, that breaks upon me,
I will expect them with my beſt of Care.

Bapt. To entertain ſuch royal Gueſts.

Soph. I know it. [*Exit* Baptiſta.
Leave that to me, Sir, what ſhould move the Queen,
So given to Eaſe and Pleaſure, as Fame ſpeaks her,
To ſuch a Journey? Or work on my Lord
To doubt my Loyalty? Nay, more, to take
For the Reſolution of his Fears, a Courſe
That is by holy Writ deny'd a Chriſtian?
'Twas impious in him, and perhaps the Welcome
He hopes in my Embraces may deceive
His Expectation. The Trumpets ſpeak
The King's Arrival. Help a Woman's Wit now,
To make him know his Fault and my juſt Anger.
[*Exit* Sophia.

SCENE *the laſt.*

Loud Muſick. Enter Ladiſlaus, Mathias, Eubulus, Honoria, Ferdinand, Baptiſta, Acanthe, *with Attendants.*

Eub. Your Majeſty muſt be weary.

Hon. No, my Lord,
A willing Mind makes a hard Journey eaſy.

Math. Not *Jove*, attended on by *Hermes*, was
More welcome to the Cottage of *Philemon*,
And his poor *Baucis*, then your gracious ſelf,
Your matchleſs Queen, and all your royal Train
Are to your Servant and his Wife.

Ladiſ. Where is ſhe?

Hon.

Hon. I long to ſee her as my now loud Rival.
Eub. And I to have a Smack at her; ('tis a Cordial
To an old Man, better then Sack and a Toaſt
Before he goes to Supper.)
Math. Ha! is my Houſe turn'd
To a Wilderneſs? Nor Wife nor Servants ready
With all Rites due to Majeſty, to receive
Such unexpected Bleſſings, you aſſur'd me
Of better Preparation, hath not
Th' Exceſs of Joy tranſported her beyond
Her Underſtanding?
Bapt. I now parted from her,
And gave her your Directions.
Math. How ſhall I beg
Your Majeſty's Patience? Sure my Family's drunk,
Or by ſome Witch, in Envy of my Glory,
A dead Sleep thrown upon 'em.

Enter Hilario, *and Servants.*

1 *Serv.* Sir.
Math. But that
The ſacred Preſence of the King forbids it,
My Sword ſhould make a Maſſacre among you.
Where is your Miſtreſs?
Hil. Firſt, you are welcome home, Sir,
Then know, ſhe ſays ſhe's ſick, Sir, there's no Notice
Taken of my Bravery.
Math. Sick at ſuch a Time!
It cannot be though ſhe were on her Death-bed,
And her Spirit even now departed, here ſtand they
Could call it back again, and in this Honour
Give her a ſecond Being, bring me to her;
I know not what to urge, or how to redeem
This Mortgage of her Manners.
[*Exit* Mathias *and* Hilario.
Eub. There's no Climate,
In the World, I think, where one Jade's Trick or other
Reigns not in Women.

Ferd. You were ever bitter
Againſt the Sex.
Ladiſ. This is very ſtrange,
Hon. Mean Women
Have their Faults as well as Queens.
Ladiſ. O ſhe appears now.

Enter Mathias, Sophia.

Math. The Injury that you conceive I have done you
Diſpute hereafter, and in your Perverſeneſs
Wrong not yourſelf, and me.
Soph. I am paſs'd my Childhood,
And need no Tutor.
Math. This is the great King,
To whom I am engag'd till Death, for all
I ſtand poſſeſs'd of.
Soph. My humble Roof is proud, Sir,
To be the Canopy of ſo much Greatneſs,
Set off with Goodneſs.
Ladiſ. My own Praiſes flying
In ſuch pure Air, as your ſweet Breath, fair Lady,
Cannot but pleaſe me.
Math. This is the Queen of Queens,
In her Magnificence to me,
Soph. In my Duty
I kiſs her Highneſs Robe,
Hon. You ſtoop to low
To her whoſe Lips would meet with yours,
Soph. Howe'er,
It may appear prepoſt'rous in Women
So to encounter, 'tis your Pleaſure, Madam,
And not my proud Ambition—do you hear, Sir?
Without a magical Picture, in the Touch
I find your Print of cloſe and wanton Kiſſes
On the Queen's Lips.
Math. Upon your Life be ſilent.
And now ſalute theſe Lords.
Soph. Since you'll have me,

You

You ſhall ſee I am experienc'd at the Game,
And can play it tightly.—You are a brave Man, Sir,
And do deſerve a free and hearty Welcome.
Be this the Prologue to it.
Eub. An old Man's Turn
Is ever laſt in Kiſſing. I have Lips too,
Howe'er, cold ones, Madam.
Soph. I will warm 'em
With the Fire of mine.
Eub. And ſo ſhe has, I thank you;
I ſhall ſleep the better all Night for't.
Math. You expreſs
The Boldneſs of a wanton Courtezan,
And not a Matron's Modeſty; take up,
Or you are diſgrac'd for ever.
Soph. How? with kiſſing
Feelingly, as you taught me? Would you have me
Turn my Cheek to 'em, as proud Ladies uſe
To their Inferiors, as if they intended
Some Buſineſs ſhould be whiſper'd in their Ear,
And not a Salutation? What I do,
I will do freely; now I am in the Humour
I'll fly at all, are there any more?
Math. Forbear,
Or you will raiſe my Anger to a Height
That will deſcend in Fury.
Soph. Why? you know
How to reſolve yourſelf what my Intents are,
By the Help of Mephoſtophilos, and your Picture.
Pray you look upon't again. I humbly thank
The Queen's great Care of me, while you were abſent.
She knew how tedious 'twas for a young Wife,
And being for that Time a Kind of Widow,
To paſs away her melancholy Hours
Without good Company, and in Charity therefore
Provided for me; out of her own Store
She cull'd the Lords *Ubaldo* and *Ricardo*,
Two principal Courtiers for Ladies Service,
To do me all good Offices; and as ſuch

Employ'd by her, I hope I have receiv'd,
And entertain'd 'em; nor ſhall they depart
Without the Effect ariſing from the Cauſe
That brought 'em hither.
Math. Thou doſt belye thyſelf:
I know that in my Abſence thou wer't honeſt,
However now turn'd Monſter.
Soph. The Truth is,
We did not deal like you, in Speculations
On cheating Pictures; we knew Shadows were
No Subſtances, and actual Performance
The beſt Aſſurance. I will bring 'em hither
To make good in this Preſence ſo much for me.
Some Minutes Space I beg your Majeſty's Pardon ——
You are mov'd; now champ upon this Bit a little,
Anon you ſhall have another. Wait me, *Hilario.*
[*Exeunt* Sophia *and* Hilario.
Ladiſ. How now? turn'd Statue, Sir?
Math. Fly, and fly quickly
From this curſed Habitation, or this Gorgon
Will make you all as I am. In her Tongue
Millions of Adders hiſs, and every Hair
Upon her wicked Head, a Snake more dreadful
Than that *Tiſiphon* threw on *Athamas*,
Which in his Madneſs forc'd him to diſmember
His proper Iſſue. O that ever I
Repos'd my Truſt in Magick, or believ'd
Impoſſibilities! or that Charms had Power
To ſink and ſearch into the bottomleſs Hell,
For a falſe Woman's Heart.
Eub. Theſe are the Fruits
Of Marriage; and old Batchelor, as I am,
And what's more, will continue ſo, is not troubled
With theſe fine Fagaries.
Ferd. 'Till you are reſolv'd, Sir,
Forſake not Hope.
Bapt. Upon my Life, this is
Diſſimulation.
Ladiſ. And it ſuits not with

Your

Your Fortitude and Wiſdom, to be thus
Tranſported with your Paſſion.
Hon. You were once
Deceiv'd in me, Sir, as I was in you;
Yet the Deceit pleas'd both.
Math. She hath confeſs'd all,
What further Proof ſhould I aſk?
Hon. Yet remember
The Diſtance that is interpos'd between
A Woman's Tongue and her Heart, and you muſt grant
You build upon no Certainties.

Enter Sophia, Coriſca, Hilario, Ubaldo, *and* Ricardo, *as before.*

Eub. What have we here?
Soph. You muſt come on, and ſhew yourſelves.
Ubal. The King!
Ric. And Queen too! Would I were as far under the Earth
As I am above it.
Ubal. Some Poet will
From this Relation, or in Verſe, or Proſe,
Or both together blended, render us
Ridiculous to all Ages.
Ladiſ. I remember
This Face when it was in a better Plight:
Are not you *Ricardo?*
Hon. And this Thing, I take it,
Was once *Ubaldo.*
Ubal. I am now I know not what.
Ric. We thank your Majeſty for employing us
To this ſubtle Circe.
Eub. How, my Lord, turn'd Spinſter!
Do you work by the Day, or by the Great?
Ferd. Is your Theorbo
Turn'd to a Diſtaff, Signior? and your Voice,
With which you chanted Room for a luſty Gallant,
Turn'd to the Note of Lacrymæ?
Eub. Pr'ythee tell me,

For

For I know thou art free, how often, and to the Purpoſe,
Have you been merry with this Lady?
Ric. Never, never.
Ladiſ. Howſoever you ſhould ſay ſo, for your Credit,
Being the only Court Bull.
Ubal. O that ever
I ſaw this kicking Heifer!
Soph. You ſee, Madam,
How I have cur'd your Servants, and what Favours
They with their rampant Valour have won from me.
You may, as they are phyſick'd, I preſume,
Truſt a fair Virgin with 'em; they have learn'd
Their ſeveral Trades to live by, and paid nothing
But Cold and Hunger for 'em, and may now
Set up for themſelves, for here I give 'em over.
And now to you, Sir, why do you not again
Peruſe your Picture, and take the Advice
Of your learned Conſort? Theſe are the Men, or none,
That made you, as the *Italian* ſays, a *Becco*.
Math. I know not which Way to entreat your Pardon;
Nor am I worthy of it, my *Sophia*,
My beſt *Sophia*, here before the King,
The Queen, theſe Lords, and all the Lookers on,
I do renounce my Error, and embrace you,
As the great Example to all After-times
For ſuch as would die chaſte and noble Wives,
With Reverence to imitate.
Soph. Not ſo, Sir.
I yet hold off. However I have purg'd
My doubted Innocence, the foul Aſperſions,
In your unmanly Doubts caſt on my Honour,
Cannot ſo ſoon be waſh'd off.
Eub. Shall we have
More Jiggobobs yet?
Soph. When you went to the Wars,
I ſet no Spy upon you, to obſerve
Which Way you wander'd, though our Sex by Nature
Is ſubject to Suſpicions and Fears;
My Confidence in your Loyalty freed me from 'em.

But

But to deal as you did 'gainſt your Religion,
With this Enchanter to ſurvey my Actions,
Was more than Woman's Weakneſs; therefore know,
And 'tis my Boon unto the King, I do
Deſire a Separation from your Bed;
For I will ſpend the Remnant of my Life
In Prayer and Meditation.
Math. O take Pity
Upon my Weak Condition, or I am
More wretched in your Innocence, than if
I had found you guilty. Have you ſhewn a Jewel
Out of the Cabinet of your rich Mind
To lock it up again? — She turns away.
Will none ſpeak for me? Shame and Sin hath robb'd me
Of the Uſe of my Tongue.
Ladiſ. Since you have conquer'd, Madam,
You wrong the Glory of your Victory,
If you uſe it not with Mercy.
Ferd. Any Penance
You pleaſe to impoſe upon him, I dare warrant
He will gladly ſuffer.
Eub. Have I liv'd to ſee
But one good Woman, and ſhall we for a Trifle
Have her turn Nun? I will firſt pull down the Cloyſter.
To the old Sport again, with a good Luck to you:
'Tis not alone enough that you are good,
We muſt have ſome of the Breed of you: Will you deſtroy
The Kind, and Race of Goodneſs? I am converted,
And aſk your Pardon, Madam, for my ill Opinion
Againſt the Sex, and ſhew me but two ſuch more,
I'll marry yet, and love 'em.
Hon. She that yet
Ne'er knew what 'twas to bend but to the King,
Thus begs Remiſſion for him.
Soph. O dear, Madam,
Wrong not your Greatneſs ſo.
Omnes. We all are Suitors.
Ubal. I do deſerve to be heard among the reſt.

Ric.

Ric. And we have ſuffer'd for it.
Soph. I perceive
There's no Reſiſtance: But ſuppoſe I pardon
What's paſt, who can ſecure me he'll be free
From Jealouſy hereafter?
Math. I will be
My own Security: Go ride where you pleaſe;
Feaſt, revel, banquet, and make Choice with whom,
I'll ſet no Watch upon you; and for Proof of't
This curſed Picture I ſurrender up
To the conſuming Fire.
Bapt. As I abjure
The Practice of my Art.
Soph. Upon theſe Terms
I am reconcil'd; and for theſe that have paid
The Price of their Folly, I deſire your Mercy.
Ladiſ. At your Requeſt they have it.
Ubal. Hang all Trades now.
Ric. I will find a new one, and that is to live honeſt.
Hil. Theſe are my Fees.
Ubal. Pray you take 'em with a Miſchief.
Ladiſ. So, all ends in Peace now.
And to all married Men be this a Caution,
Which they ſhould duly tender as their Life,
Neither to doat too much, nor doubt a Wife.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

THE FATAL DOWRY.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it hath been often acted at the Private Houſe in *Black-Fryers*, by his Majeſty's Servants. 1632.

WRITTEN

By PHILIP MASSINGER,

AND

NATHANIEL FIELD.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Charalois.	Florimel. }
Romont.	Bellapert. }
Charmi.	Aymer.
Novall, Sen.	Novall, Jun.
Liladam.	Advocates.
Du Croy.	Three Creditors.
Rochfort.	Officers.
Beaumont.	Prieſt.
Pontalier.	Taylor.
Malotin.	Barber.
Beaumelle.	Perfumer.

The Scene, Dijon *in* Burgundy.

THE

THE

FATAL DOWRY.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Charalois, *with a Paper*, Romont, Charmi.

Charmi.

SIR, I may move the Court to ſerve your Will;
But therein ſhall both wrong you and myſelf.

Rom. Why think you ſo, Sir?

Charmi. 'Cauſe I am familiar
With what will be their Anſwer: They will ſay,
'Tis againſt Law, and argue me of Ignorance,
For off'ring them the Motion.

Rom. You know not, Sir,
How, in this Cauſe, they may diſpenſe with Law,
And therefore frame not you their Anſwer for them,
But do your Parts.

Charmi. I love the Cauſe ſo well,
That I could run the Hazard of a Check for't.

Rom. From whom?

Charmi. Some of the Bench, that watch to give it,
More than to do the Office that they ſit for:
But give me, Sir, my Fee.

Rom. Now you are noble.

* *Maſſinger* was aſſiſted in writing this Tragedy by Mr. *Nathaniel Field*, the Author of two Comedies beſide; and, as a Poet, very much eſteemed by the Cotemporaries of the Age in which he lived.

Charmi.

Charmi. I ſhall deſerve this better yet, in giving
My Lord ſome Counſel (if he pleaſe to hear it)
Than I ſhall do with Pleading.

Rom. What may it be, Sir?

Charmi. That it would pleaſe his Lordſhip, as the Preſidents
And Counſellors of Court come by, to ſtand
Here, and but ſhew yourſelf, and to ſome one
Or two, make his Requeſt: There is a Minute;[1]
When a Man's Preſence ſpeaks in his own Cauſe,
More than the Tongues of twenty Advocates.

Rom. I have urg'd that.

Enter Rochfort, Du Croy.

Charmi. Their Lordſhips here are coming,
I muſt go get me a Place.—You'll find me in Court,
And at your Service. [*Exit* Charmi.

Rom. Now, put on your Spirits!

Du Croy. The Eaſe that you prepare yourſelf, my Lord,
In giving up the Place you hold in Court,
Will prove, I fear, a Trouble in the State;
And that no ſlight one.

Roch. Pray you, Sir, no more.

Rom. Now, Sir, loſe not this offer'd Means: Their Looks,
Fix'd on you with a pitying Earneſtneſs,
Invite you to demand their Furtherance
To your good Purpoſe.—This ſuch a Dulneſs,
So fooliſh, and untimely, as ——

Du Croy. You know him?

[1] ——— *There is a Minute*
When a Man's Preſence ſpeaks, &c.

So *Shakeſpear*, in *Julius Cæſar*, ſays,

There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,
Which, taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune;
Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life
Is bound in Shallows, and in Miſery.

Act IV. Scene V.

Roch.

Roch. I do; and much lament the ſudden Fall
Of his brave Houſe. It is young *Charàlois*,
Son to the Marſhal, from whom he inherits
His Fame and Vertues only.
Rom. Ha! they name you.
Du Croy. His Father died in Priſon two Days ſince.
Roch. Yes, to the Shame of this ungrateful State;
That ſuch a Maſter in the Art of War,
So noble, and ſo highly meriting
From this forgetful Country, ſhould, for Want
Of Means to ſatisfy his Creditors
The Sum he took up for the general Good,
Meet with an End ſo infamous.
Rom. Dare you ever hope for like Opportunity?
Du Croy. My good Lord!
Roch. My Wiſh bring Comfort to you.
Du Croy. The Time calls us.
Roch. Good morrow, Colonel!
[*Exeunt* Rochfort, Du Croy.
Rom. This obſtinate Spleen,
You think becomes your Sorrow, and ſorts well
With your black Suits: But, grant me Wit, or Judgment,
And, by the Freedom of an honeſt Man,
And a true Friend to boot, I ſwear, 'tis ſhameful:
And therefore, flatter not yourſelf with Hope,
Your ſable Habit, with the Hat and Cloak,
No, though the Ribbons help, have Power to work 'em
To what you would: For thoſe, that had no Eyes
To ſee the great Acts of your Father, will not,
From any Faſhion Sorrow can put on,
Be taught to know their Duties.
Char. If they will not,
They are too old to learn, and I too young
To give them Counſel; ſince, if they partake
The Underſtanding, and the Hearts of Men,
They will prevent my Words and Tears: If not,
What can Perſuaſion, though made eloquent

With Grief, work upon ſuch as have chang'd Natures
In the moſt ſavage Beaſt? Bleſt, bleſt be ever
The memory of that happy Age, when Juſtice
Had no Guards to keep off wrong'd Innocence,
But flying to her Succours, and, in that,
Prevalence of Redreſs: Whereas now, *Romont*,
The Damn'd, with more Eaſe may aſcend from Hell,
Than we arrive at her. One *Cerberus*, there,
Forbids the Paſſage; in our Courts, a thouſand,
As loud and ſertile-headed; and the Client,
That wants the Sops, to fill their rav'nous Throats,
Muſt hope for no Acceſs. Why ſhould I, then,
Attempt Impoſſibilities, you, Friend, being
Too well acquainted with my Dearth of Means
To make my Entrance that Way?

Rom. Would I were not.
But, Sir! you have a Cauſe, a Cauſe ſo juſt,
Of ſuch Neceſſity, not to be deferr'd,
As would compel a Maid, whoſe Foot was never
Set o'er her Father's Threſhold, nor within
The Houſe where ſhe was born, ever ſpake Word
Which was not uſher'd with pure Virgin Bluſhes,
To drown the Tempeſt of a Pleader's Tongue,
And force Corruption to give back the Hire
It took againſt her:—Let Examples move you.
You ſee Men great in Birth, Eſteem and Fortune,
Rather than loſe a Scruple of their Right,
Fawn baſely upon ſuch, whoſe Gowns put off,
They would diſdain for Servants.

Char. And to theſe can I become a Suitor?

Rom. Without Loſs;
Would you conſider, that, to gain their Favours,
Our chaſteſt Dames put off their Modeſties,
Soldiers forget their Honours, Uſurers
Make Sacrifice of Gold, Poets of Wit,
And Men religious part with Fame, and Goodneſs.
Be therefore won to uſe the Means that may
Advance your pious Ends.

Char.

Char. You ſhall o'ercome.
Rom. And you receive the Glory. Pray you, now, practiſe.
'Tis well.

Enter Old Noval, Liladam, *and three Creditors.*

Char. Not look on me!
Rom. You muſt have Patience——Offer't again.
Char. And be again contemn'd!
Nov. I know what's to be done.——
1 *Cred.* And, that your Lordſhip
Will pleaſe to do your Knowledge, we offer, firſt
Our thankful Hearts here, as a bounteous Earneſt
To what we will add.——
Nov. One Word more of this,
I am your Enemy. Am I a Man,
Your Bribes can work on? Ha?
Lilad. Friends! you miſtake
The Way to win my Lord;—he muſt not hear this,
But I, as one in Favour, in his Sight,
May hearken to you for my Profit. Sir!
—I pray hear 'em.
Nov. 'Tis well.
Lilad. Obſerve him, now.
Nov. Your Cauſe being good, and your Proceedings ſo,
Without Corruption;—I am your Friend,
Speak your Deſires.
2 *Cred.* Oh, they are charitable;
The Marſhal ſtood engag'd, unto us three
Two hundred thouſand Crowns, which by his Death
We are defeated of. For which great Loſs
We aim at nothing but his rotten Fleſh;
Nor is that Cruelty.
1 *Cred.* I have a Son
That talks of nothing but of Guns and Armour,
And ſwears he'll be a Soldier; 'tis an Humour

I would divert him from; and I am told,
That if I miniſter to him, in his Drink,
Powder, made of this Bankrupt Marſhal's Bones,
Provided that the Carcaſe rot above Ground,
'Twill cure his fooliſh Frenzy.

Nov. You ſhew in it
A Father's Care. I have a Són myſelf,
A faſhionable Gentleman, and a peaceful:
And, but I am aſſur'd he's not ſo given,
He ſhould take of it too.—Sir! what are you?

Char. A Gentleman.

Nov. So are many that rake Dunghills.
If you have any Suit, move it in Court:
I take no Papers in Corners.

Rom. Yes, as the Matter may be carried, and hereby
To manage the Conveyance——Follow him.

Lilad. You're rude: I ſay, he ſhall not paſs.

[*Exeunt* Novall, Charalois, *and Advocates.*

Rom. You ſay ſo? On what Aſſurance?
For the well-cutting of his Lordſhip's Corns,
Picking his Toes, or any Office elſe
Nearer to Baſeneſs?

Lilad. Look upon me better;
Are theſe the Enſigns of ſo coarſe a Fellow?
Be well advis'd.

Rom. Out, Rogue! do not I know [*Kicks him.*
Theſe glorious Weeds ſpring from the ſordid Dunghill
Of thy officious Baſeneſs? Wert thou worthy
Of any Thing from me, but my Contempt,
I would do more then this,—more, you Court-Spider!

Lilad. But that this Man is lawleſs; he ſhould find
That I am valiant.

1 *Cred.* If your Ears are faſt,
'Tis nothing. What's a Blow or two? As much—

2 *Cred.* Theſe Chaſtiſements, as uſeful are as frequent
To ſuch as would grow rich.

Rom.

Rom. Are they ſo, Raſcals? I will befriend you then—
[*Kicks them.*

1 *Cred.* Bear Witneſs, Sirs!

Lilad. Truth, I have born my Part already, Friends!
In the Court you ſhall hear more. [*Exit.*

Rom. I know you for
The worſt of Spirits, that ſtrive to rob the Tombs
Of what is their Inheritance, the Dead:
For Uſurers, bred by a riotous Peace;
That hold the Charter of your Wealth and Freedom,
By being Knaves and Cuckolds, that ne'er pray'd,
But when you fear the rich Heirs will grow wiſe,
To keep their Lands out of your Parchment Toils;
And then, the Devil your Father's call'd upon,
T' invent ſome Ways of Luxury ne'er thought on.
Be gone, and quickly, or I'll leave no Room
Upon your Foreheads for your Horns to ſprout on,
Without a Murmur, or I will undo you;
For I will beat you honeſt.

1 *Cred.* Thrift forbid!
We will bear this, rather then hazard that.
[*Exit Creditor.*

Enter Charalois.

Rom. I am ſomewhat eas'd in this yet.—

Char. Only Friend!
To what vain Purpoſe do I make my Sorrow
Wait on the Triumph of their Cruelty?
Or teach their Pride from my Humility,
To think it has o'ercome? They are determin'd
What they will do; and it may well become me,
To rob them of the Glory they expect
From my ſubmiſs Intreaties.

Rom. Think not ſo, Sir!
The Difficulties that you encounter with,
Will crown the Undertaking——Heaven! you weep
And I could do ſo too; but that I know,
There's more expected, from the Son and Friend

Of him whoſe fatal Loſs now ſhakes our Natures,
Than Sighs, or Tears, in which a Village-Nurſe,
Or cunning Strumpet, when her Knave is hang'd,
May overcome us. We are Men, young Lord,
Let us not do like Women.—To the Court,
And there ſpeak like your Birth: Wake ſleeping Juſtice,
Or dare the Axe. This is a Way will ſort
With what you are: I call you not to that
I will ſhrink from myſelf, I will deſerve
Your Thanks, or ſuffer with you—O how bravely
That ſudden Fire of Anger ſhews in you!
Give Fuel to it, ſince you're on a Shelf,
Of extreme Danger, ſuffer like yourſelf. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Rochfort, Novall, *ſen.* Charmi, Du Croy, *Advocates*, Beaumont, *and Officers, and three Preſidents.*

Du Croy. Your Lordſhip's ſeated. May this Meeting prove
Proſperous to us, and to the general Good of *Burgundy*.
Nov. ſen. Speak to the Point!
Du Croy. Which is
With Honour to diſpoſe the Place and Power
Of Primier Preſident, which this reverend Man,
Grave *Rochfort*, (whom for Honour's Sake I name)
Is purpos'd to reſign a Place, my Lords,
In which he hath, with ſuch Integrity,
Perform'd the firſt and beſt Parts of a Judge;
That, as his Life tranſcends all fair Examples
Of ſuch as were before him in *Dijon*,
So it remains to thoſe that ſhall ſucceed him,
A Precedent that they may imitate, but not equal.
Roch. I may not ſit to hear this.
Du Croy. Let the Love,
And Thankfulneſs we're bound to pay to Goodneſs,
In this o'ercome your Modeſty.
Roch. My Thanks

For

For this great Favour ſhall prevent your Trouble.
The honourable Truſt, that was impos'd
Upon my Weakneſs, ſince you witneſs for me,
It was not ill diſcharg'd, I will not mention;
Nor now, if Age had not depriv'd me of
The little Strength I had to govern well
The Province that I undertook, forſake it.

Nov. ſen. That we could lend you of our Years.

Du Croy. Or Strength!

Nov. ſen. Or, as you are, perſuade you to continue
The noble Exerciſe of your knowing Judgment!

Roch. That may not be; nor can your Lordſhip's Goodneſs,
Since your Employments have conferr'd upon me
Sufficient Wealth, deny the Uſe of it;
And, though old Age, when one Foot's in the Grave,
In many, when all Humours elſe are ſpent
Feeds no Affection in them, but Deſire
To add Height to the Mountain of their Riches:
In me it is not ſo: I reſt content
With th' Honours, and Eſtate I now poſſeſs,
And, that I may have Liberty to uſe,
What Heav'n, ſtill bleſſing my poor Induſtry,
Hath made me Maſter of, I pray the Court
To eaſe me of my Burthen; that I may
Employ the ſmall Remainder of my Life,
In living well, and learning how to die ſo.

Enter Romont, *and* Charaloi.

Rom. See Sir, our Advocate.

Du Croy. The Court intreats
Your Lordſhip will be pleas'd to name [illegible]
Which you would have your Succeſſor,
All promiſe to confirm it.

Roch. I embrace it
As an Aſſurance of their Favour to me
And name my Lord *Novell.*

Du Croy. The Court allows it.

Roch. But there are Suiters wait here, and their Cauſes
May be of more Neceſſity to be heard,
And therefore wiſh that mine may be deferr'd,
And theirs have Hearing.

Du Croy. If your Lordſhip pleaſe
To take the Place, we will proceed.

Charmi. The Cauſe
We come to offer to your Lordſhip's Cenſure,
Is in itſelf ſo noble, that it needs not
Or Rhetorick in me that plead, or Favour
From your grave Lordſhips, to determine of it.
Since, to the Praiſe of your impartial Juſtice
(Which guilty, nay, condemn'd Men, dare not ſcandal)
It will erect a Trophy of your Mercy
Which marry'd to that Juſtice.——

Nov. ſen. Speak to the Cauſe.

Charmi. I will, my Lord! to ſay, the late dead Marſhal,
The Father of this young Lord here, my Client,
Hath done his Country great and faithful Service,
Might taſk me of Impertinence, to repeat
What your grave Lordſhips cannot but remember,
He, in his Life, become indebted to
Theſe thrifty Men, (I will not wrong their Credits,
By giving them the Attributes they now merit)
And failing, by the Fortune of the Wars,
Of Means to free himſelf from his Engagements,
He was arreſted, and for Want of Bail,
Impriſon'd at their Suit: And not long after
With Loſs of Liberty ended his Life.
And, though it be a Maxim in our Laws,
All Suits die with the Perſon, theſe Men's Malice
In Death find Matter for their Hate to work on,
Denying him the decent Rites of Burial,
Which the ſworn Enemies of the Chriſtian Faith
Grant freely to their Slaves: May it, therefore, pleaſe
Your Lordſhips, ſo to faſhion your Decree,
That, what their Cruelty doth forbid, your Pity
May give Allowance to.

Nov.

Nov. ſen. How long have you, Sir, practis'd in Court?
Charmi. Some twenty Years, my Lord.
Nov. ſen. By your groſs Ignorance, it ſhould appear,
Not twenty Days.
Charmi. I hope I have giv'n no Cauſe in this, my Lord——
Nov. ſen. How dare you move the Court
To the diſpenſing with an Act confirm'd
By Parliament, to the Terror of all Bankrupts?
Go home! and with more Care peruſe the Statutes:
Or the next Motion, favouring of this Boldneſs,
May force you to leap (againſt your Will)
Over the Place you plead at.
Charmi. I foreſaw this.
Rom. Why, does your Lordſhip think, the moving of
A Cauſe, more honeſt than this Court had ever
The Honour to determine, can deſerve
A Check like this?
Nov. ſen. Strange Boldneſs!
Rom. 'Tis fit Freedom:
Or, do you conclude, an Advocate cannot hold
His Credit with the Judge, unleſs he ſtudy
His Fate more than the Cauſe for which he pleads?
Charmi. Forbear!
Rom. Or, cannot you, that have the Power
To qualify the Rigour of the Laws
When you are pleaſed, take a little from
The Strictneſs of your four Decrees, enacted
In Favour of the greedy Creditors
Againſt the o'erthrown Debtor?
Nov. ſen. Sirrah! you that prate
Thus ſaucily, what are you?
Rom. Why, I'll tell you,
Thou Purple-colour'd Man! I'm one to whom
Thou ow'ſt the Means thou haſt of ſitting there
A corrupt Elder.
Charmi. Forbear!
Rom. The Noſe thou wear'ſt, is my Gift, and thoſe Eyes,

That

That meet no Object ſo baſe as their Maſter,
Had been long ſince, torn from that guilty Head,
And thou thyſelf Slave to ſome needy *Swiſs*,
Had I not worn a Sword, and us'd it better
Than in thy Prayers thou ever didſt thy Tongue.
Nov. ſen. Shall ſuch an Inſolence paſs unpuniſh'd?
Charmi. Hear me!
Rom. Yet I, that, in my Service done my Country,
Diſdain to be put in the Scale with thee,
Confeſs myſelf unworthy to be valu'd
With the leaſt Part, nay, Hair of the dead Marſhal,
Of whoſe ſo many glorious Undertakings,
Make Choice of any one, and that the meaneſt,
Perform'd againſt the ſubtle Fox of *France*,
The politick *Lewis*, or the more deſperate *Swiſs*,
And 'twill outweigh all the good Purpoſe,
Though put in Act, that ever Gownman practis'd,
Nov. ſen. Away with him to Priſon!
Rom. If that Curſes,
Urg'd juſtly, and breath'd forth ſo, ever fell
On thoſe that did deſerve them; let not mine
Be ſpent in vain now, that thou from this Inſtant
May'ſt, in thy Fear that they will fall upon thee,
Be ſenſible of the Plagues they ſhall bring with them.
And for denying of a little Earth,
To cover what remains of our great Soldier:
May all your Wives prove Whores, your Factors Thieves,
And, while you live, your riotous Heirs undo you.
And thou, the Patron of their Cruelty,
Of all thy Lordſhips live not to be Owner
Of ſo much Dung as will conceal a Dog,
Or, what is worſe, thyſelf in. And thy Years,
To th' End thou mayſt be wretched, I wiſh many;
And, as thou haſt deny'd the Dead a Grave,
May Miſery in thy Life make thee deſire one,
Which Men and all the Elements keep from thee:
I have begun well, imitate, exceed.
Roch. Good Counſel, were it a Praiſe-worthy Deed.
[*Exit Officers with* Romont.
Du Croye.

Du Croye. Remember what we are.
Char. Thus low my Duty
Anſwers your Lordſhip's Counſel. I will uſe
In the few Words, with which I am to trouble
Your Lordſhip's Ears the Temper that you wiſh me;
Not that I fear to ſpeak my Thoughts as loud,
And with a Liberty beyond *Romont*;
But that I know, for me, that am made up
Of all that's wretched, ſo to haſte my End,
Would ſeem to moſt, rather a Willingneſs
To quit the Burthen of a hopeleſs Life,
Than Scorn of Death, or Duty to the Dead.
I, therefore, bring the Tribute of my Praiſe
To your Severity, and commend the Juſtice
That will not, for the many Services
That any Man hath done the Common-wealth,
Wink at his leaſt of Ills: What, though my Father
Writ Man before he was ſo, and confirm'd it,
By numbring that Day, no Part of his Life,
In which he did not Service to his Country;
Was he to be free, therefore, from the Laws,
And ceremonious Form in your Decrees?
Or elſe, becauſe he did as much as Man
In thoſe three memorable Overthrows
At *Granſon*, *Morat*, *Nancy*, where his Maſter,
The warlike *Charalois* (with whoſe Misfortunes
I bear his Name) loſt Treaſure, Men and Life,
To be excus'd from Payment of thoſe Sums
Which (his own Patrimony ſpent) his Zeal,
To ſerve his Country, forc'd him to take up?
Nov. ſen. The Precedent were ill.
Char. And yet, my Lord, thus much
I know you'll grant; after thoſe great Defeatures,
Which in their dreadful Ruins buried quick

Enter Officers.

Courage and Hope, in all Men but himſelf,
He forc'd the proud Foe, in his Height of Conqueſt,

To

To yield unto an honourable Peace,
And in it ſav'd an hundred thouſand Lives,
To end his own, that was ſure Proof againſt
The ſcalding Summer's Heat, and Winter's Froſt,
Ill Airs, the Cannon, and the Enemy's Sword,
In a moſt loathſome Priſon.
Du Croy. 'Twas his Fault
To be ſo prodigal.
Nov. ſen. He had from the State
Sufficient Entertainment for the Army.
Char. Sufficient, my Lord? You ſit at Home,
And, though your Fees are boundleſs at the Bar,
Are thrifty in the Charges of the War,
But your Wills be obey'd. To theſe I turn,
To theſe ſoft-hearted Men, that wiſely know
They're only good Men, that pay what they owe.
2 *Cred.* And ſo they are.
1 *Cred.* 'Tis the City-Doctrine;
We ſtand bound to maintain it.
Char. Be conſtant in it;
And, ſince you are as mercileſs in your Natures,
As baſe and mercenary in your Means
By which you get your Wealth, I will not urge
The Court to take away one Scruple from
The Right of their Laws, or one good Thought
In you to mend your Diſpoſition with.
I know there is no Muſick to your Ears
So pleaſing as the Groans of Men in Priſon,
And that the Tears of Widows, and the Cries
Of famiſh'd Orphans, are the Feaſts that take you.
That to be in your Danger, with more Care
Should be avoided, than infectious Air,
The loath'd Embraces of diſeaſed Women,
A Flatterer's Poiſon, or the Loſs of Honour.
Yet, rather than my Father's reverend Duſt
Shall want a Place in that fair Monument,
In which our noble Anceſtors lie intomb'd,
Before the Court I offer up myſelf
A Priſoner for it: Load me with thoſe Irons

That

That have worn out his Life; in my beſt Strength
I'll run to the Encounter of cold Hunger,
And chooſe my Dwelling where no Sun dares enter,
So he may be releas'd.

1 *Cred.* What mean you, Sir?

2 *Advo.* Only your Fee again: There's ſo much ſaid
Already in this Cauſe, and ſaid ſo well,
That, ſhould I only offer to ſpeak in it,
I ſhould not be heard, or laugh'd at for it.

1 *Cred.* 'Tis the firſt Money Advocate e'er gave back,
'Though he ſaid nothing.

Roch. Be advis'd, young Lord,
And well conſiderate; you throw away
Your Liberty, and Joys of Life together:
Your Bounty is employ'd upon a Subject
That is not ſenſible of it, with which wiſe Man
Never abus'd his Goodneſs; the great Virtues
Of your dead Father vindicate themſelves
From theſe Mens Malice, and break ope the Priſon,
Though it contain his Body.

Nov. ſen. Let him alone:
If he love Cords, a God's Name, let him wear 'em,
Provided theſe conſent.

Char. I hope they are not
So ignorant in any Way of Profit,
As to neglect a Poſſibility
To get their own, by ſeeking it from that
Which can return them nothing, but ill Fame,
And Curſes for their barbarous Cruelties.

3 *Cred.* What think you of the Offer?

2 *Cred.* Very well.

1 *Cred.* Accept it by all Means: Let's ſhut him up,
He is well-ſhap'd, and has a villainous Tongue,
And ſhould he ſtudy that Way of Revenge,
As I dare almoſt ſwear he loves a Wench,
We have no Wives, nor ever ſhall get Daughters
That will hold out againſt him.

Du Croy. What's your Anſwer?

2 *Cred.* Speak you for all.

1 *Cred.*

1 *Cred.* Why, let our Executions
That lie upon the Father, be return'd
Upon the Son, and we releaſe the Body.
Nov. ſen. The Court muſt grant you that.
Char. I thank your Lordſhips,
They have in it confirm'd on me ſuch Glory,
As no Time can take from me: I am ready,
Come lead me where you pleaſe: Captivity,
That comes with Honour, is true Liberty.
[*Exit* Charalois, *Creditors and Officers.*
Nov. ſen. Strange Raſhneſs.
Roch. A brave Reſolution rather,
Worthy a better Fortune; but, however,
It is not now to be diſputed, therefore
To my own Cauſe. Already I have found
Your Lordſhips bountiful in your Favours to me;
And that ſhould teach my Modeſty to end here,
And preſs your Loves no farther.
Du Croy. There is nothing
The Court can grant, but with Aſſurance you
May aſk it, and obtain it.
Roch. You encourage a bold Petitioner, and 'tis not
Your Favours ſhould be loſt. Beſides, 'thas been [fit
A Cuſtom many Years, at the ſurrend'ring
The Place I now give up, to grant the Preſident
One Boon, that parted with it. And, to confirm
Your Grace towards me, againſt all ſuch as may
Detract my Actions, and Life hereafter,
I now prefer it to you.
Du Croy. Speak it freely.
Roch. I then deſire the Liberty of *Romont*,
And that my Lord *Noval*, whoſe private Wrong
Was equal to the Injury that was done
To the Dignity of the Court, will pardon it,
And now ſign his Enlargement.
Nov. ſen. Pray you demand
The Moiety of my Eſtate, or any Thing
Within my Power, but this.
Roch. Am I deny'd then—my firſt and laſt Requeſt?

Du Croy.

Du Croy. It muſt not be.
2 *Pre.* I have a Voice to give in it.
3 *Pre.* And I.
And, if Perſuaſion will not work him to it,
We will make known our Power.
Nov. ſen. You are too violent;
You ſhall have my Conſent.—But would you had
Made Trial of my Love in any thing
But this, you ſhould have found then—But it ſkills not.
You have what you deſire.
Roch. I thank your Lordſhips.
Du Croy. The Court is up — Make Way.
[*Exeunt all but* Rochfort *and* Beaumont.
Roch. I follow you — *Beaumont!*
Beaum. My Lord.
Roch. You are a Scholar, *Beaumont!*
And can ſearch deeper into th' Intents of Men,
Than thoſe that are leſs knowing.—How appear'd
The Piety and brave Behaviour of
Young *Charalois* to you?
Beaum. It is my Wonder,
Since I want Language to expreſs it fully;
And ſure the Colonel ——
Roch. Fie! he was faulty. — What preſent Money have I?
Beaum. There is no Want
Of any Sum a private Man has Uſe for.
Roch. 'Tis well:
I am ſtrangely taken with this *Charalois*;
Methinks, from his Example, the whole Age
Should learn to be good, and continue ſo.
Virtue works ſtrangely with us; and his Goodneſs
Riſing above his Fortune, ſeems to me,
Prince-like, to will, not aſk a Courteſy. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pontalier, Malotin, Beaumont.

Malot. 'TIS ſtrange.

Beaum. Methinks ſo.

Pont. In a Man, but young,
Yet old in Judgment, theorick and practick,
In all Humanity, and (to increaſe the Wonder)
Religious, yet a Soldier, that he ſhould
Yield his free-living Youth a Captive, for
The Freedom of his aged Father's Corps,
And rather chooſe to want Life's Neceſſaries,
Liberty, Hope of Fortune, than it ſhould
In Death be kept from Chriſtian Ceremony.

Malot. Come, 'tis a golden Precedent in a Son
To let ſtrong Nature have the better Hand,
(In ſuch a Caſe) of all affected Reaſon.
What Years ſit on this *Charalois?*

Beaum. Twenty-eight;
For ſince the Clock did ſtrike him ſeventeen old,
Under his Father's Wing, this Son hath fought,
Serv'd and commanded, and ſo aptly both,
That ſometimes he appear'd his Father's Father,
And never leſs than's Son; the old Man's Virtues
So recent in him, as the World may ſwear,
Nought but a fair Tree could ſuch fair Fruit bear.

Pont. But wherefore lets he ſuch a barb'rous Law,
And Men more barbarous to execute it,
Prevail on his ſoft Diſpoſition,
That he had rather die alive for Debt
Of the old Man in Priſon, than they ſhould
Rob him of Sepulture, conſidering
Theſe Monies borrow'd bought the Lenders Peace,
And all their Means they enjoy, nor was diffus'd
In any impious or licentious Path?

Beaum.

Beaum. True! for my Part, were it my Father's Trunk,
The tyrannous Ram-heads, with their Horns ſhould gore it,
Or caſt it to their Curs, than they leſs curriſh,
E'er prey on me ſo, with their Lion-Law,
Being in my Free Will (as in his) to ſhun it,
Pont. Alas! he knows himſelf in Poverty loſt:
For in this partial avaricious Age
What Price bears Honour *? Virtue? Long ago
It was but prais'd, and freez'd, but now-a-days
'Tis colder far, and has, nor Love, nor Praiſe;
Very Praiſe now freezeth too: For Nature
Did make the Heathen far more Chriſtian then,
Than Knowledge us (leſs heatheniſh) Chriſtian.
Malo. This Morning is the Funeral.
Pont. Certainly!
And from this Priſon 'twas the Son's Requeſt
That his dear Father might Interment have.
[*Recorders Muſick.*
See the young Son interr'd a lively Grave.
Beaum. They come — Obſerve their Order.

Enter Funeral. The Body borne by four. Captains and Soldiers, Mourners, 'Scutcheons, &c. in very good Order. Charalois *and* Romont *meet it.* Charalois *ſpeaks.* Romont *weeping. Solemn Muſick. Three Creditors.*

Char. How like a ſilent Stream ſhaded with Night,
And gliding ſoftly with our windy Sighs,
Moves the whole Frame of this Solemnity!
Tears, Sighs and Blacks filling the Simile!
Whilſt I, the only Murmur in this Grove
Of Death, thus hollowly break forth!—Vouchſafe

* ——— *In this partial avaricious Age*
What Price bears Honour, &c.

This beautiful and juſt Reflection holds no leſs true in theſe Days, than it did in thoſe of Old.

To ſtay awhile.—Reſt, reſt in Peace, dear Earth!
Thou, that brought'ſt Reſt to their unthankful Lives,
Whoſe Cruelty deny'd thee Reſt in Death!
Here ſtands thy poor Executor, thy Son,
That makes his Life Priſoner, to bail thy Death:
Who gladlier puts on this Captivity,
Than Virgins, long in Love, their Wedding Weeds:
Of all that ever thou haſt done Good to,
Theſe only have good Memories; for they
Remember beſt, forget not Gratitude.
I thank you for this laſt and friendly Love.
And, though this Country, like a vip'rous Mother,
Not only hath eat up ungratefully
All Means of thee her Son, but laſt thyſelf,
Leaving thy Heir ſo bare and indigent,
He cannot raiſe thee a poor Monument,
Such as a Flatterer, or an Uſurer hath.
Thy Worth, in every honeſt Breaſt, builds one,
Making their friendly Hearts thy Funeral Stone.

Pont. Sir!

Char. Peace! O Peace! This Scene is wholly mine.
What! Weep ye, Soldiers? — Blanch not. — *Romont* weeps.
Ha! let me ſee! my Miracle is eas'd:
The Jailors and the Creditors do weep:
E'en they that make us weep, do weep themſelves.
Be theſe thy Body's Balm: Theſe and thy Virtue
Keep thy Fame ever odoriferous,
Whilſt the great, proud, rich, undeſerving Man,
Alive ſtinks in his Vices, and being vaniſh'd,
The golden Calf that was an Idol, deck'd
With Marble Pillars, Jet, and Porphyry,
Shall quickly both in Bone and Name conſume,
Though wrapt in Lead, Spice, Searcloth, and Perfume.

1 *Cred.* Sir!

Char. What! — Away, for Shame! you prophane Rogues
Muſt not be mingled with theſe holy Reliques:
This is a Sacrifice — Our Show'r ſhall crown

His

His Sepulchre with Olive, Myrrh, and Bays,
The Plants of Peace, of Sorrow, Victory;
Your Tears would ſpring but Weeds.
1 *Cred.* Would they ſo?
We'll keep them to ſtop Bottles then.
Rom. No, keep 'em for your own Sins, you Rogues,
'Till you repent; you'll die elſe, and be damn'd.
2 *Cred.* Damn'd, ha! ha! ha!
Rom. Laugh ye?
3 *Cred.* Yes faith, Sir; we'ld be very glad
To pleaſe you either Way.
1 *Cred.* Ye're ne'er content,
Crying nor laughing.
Rom. Both with a Birth ſhe rogues.
2 *Cred.* Our Wives, Sir, taught us.
Rom. Look, look, you Slaves! your thankleſs Cruelty,
And ſavage Manners of unkind *Dijon*,
Exhauſt theſe Floods, and not his Father's Death.
1 *Cred.* 'Slid, Sir! what would you, you're ſo cholerick?
1 *Cred.* Moſt Soldiers are ſo i' faith.—Let him alone.
They've little elſe to live on; we've not had
A Penny of him, have we?
3 *Cred.* 'Slight, would you have our Hearts?
1 *Cred.* We've nothing but his Body here in Durance
For all our Money.
Prieſt. On.
Char. One Moment more,
But to beſtow a few poor Legacies,
All I have left in my dead Father's Rights,
And I have done. Captain, wear thou theſe Spurs,
That yet ne'er made his Horſe run from a Foe.
Lieutenant, thou this Scarf; and may it tie
Thy Valour and thy Honeſty together:
For ſo it did in him. Enſign, this Cuiraſs,
Your General's Necklace, once. You gentle Bearers,
Divide this Purſe of Gold: This other, ſtrew
Among the Poor.—'Tis all I have. *Romont*,
Wear thou this Medal of himſelf, that, like

A hearty Oak, grew'ſt cloſe to this tall Pine,
E'en in the wildeſt Wilderneſs of War,
Whereon Foes broke their Swords, and tir'd themſelves;
Wounded and hack'd ye were, but never fell'd.
For me, my Portion provide in Heaven:
My Root is earth'd, and I, a deſolate Branch,
Left ſcatter'd in the Highway of the World;
Trod under Foot, that might have been a Column
Mainly ſupporting our demoliſh'd Houſe,
This would I wear as my Inheritance.
And what Hope can ariſe to me from it,
When I and it are both here Priſoners?
Only may this, if ever we be free,
Keep, or redeem me from all Infamy.

S O N G.

Fie! ceaſe to wonder!
Though you hear Orpheus, *with his Ivory Lute,*
Move Trees and Rocks,
Charm Bulls, Bears, and Men more ſavage, to be mute;
Weak fooliſh Singer, here is one
Would have transform'd thyſelf, to Stone.

1 *Cred.* No farther! look to 'em at your own Peril.
2 *Cred.* No, as they pleaſe:—Their Maſter's a good Man.
I would they were at the *Bermudas.*
Jailor. You muſt no farther.——
The Priſon limits you, and the Creditors
Exact the Strictneſs.
Rom. Out, you wolfiſh Mongrels!
Whoſe Brains ſhould be knock'd out, like Dogs in *July*,
Leſt your Infection poiſon a whole Town.
Char. They grudge our Sorrow. — Your ill Wills, perforce,
Turn now to Charity: They would not have us
Walk too far mourning, Uſurer's Relief
Grieves, if the Debtors have to much of Grief.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Beaumelle, Florimel, Bellapert.

Beaumel. I pr'ythee tell me, *Florimel*, why do Women marry?

Flor. Why truly, Madam, I think, to lie with their Husbands.

Bellap. You are a Fool. She lies, Madam; Women marry Husbands,
To lie with other Men.

Flor. 'Faith, e'en such a Woman wilt thou make. By this Light, Madam, this Wagtail will spoil you, if you take Delight in her Licence.

Beaumel. 'Tis true, *Florimel*, and thou wilt make me too good for a young Lady. What an Electuary found my Father out for his Daughter, when he compounded you two my Women? for thou, *Florimel*, art e'en a Grain too heavy—simply for a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Flor. And thou, *Bellapert*, a Grain too light.

Bellap. Well, go thy Ways, goodly Wisdom, whom no-body regards. I wonder, whether be elder, thou or thy Hood: You think, because you serve my Lady's Mother, are thirty-two Years old, which is a Peep-out, you know.

Flor. Well said, Whirligig.

Bellap. You are deceiv'd: I want a Peg i' th' Middle, Out of these Prerogatives! you think to be Mother of the Maids here, and mortify 'em with Proverbs: Go, go, govern the Sweet-meats, and weigh the Sugar, that the Wenches steal none: Say your Prayers twice a Day, and, as I take it, you have performed your Function.

Flor. I may be even with you.

Bellap. Hark! the Court's broke up. Go, help my old Lord out of his Caroch, and scratch his Head till Dinner-time.

Flor. Well. [*Exit.*

Bellap. Fie, Madam! how you walk! By my Maiden-

head, you look ſeven Years older than you did this Morning: Why, there can be nothing under the Sun valuable, to make you thus a Minute.

Beaumel. Ah, my ſweet *Bellapert!* thou Cabinet
To all my Counſels, thou doſt know the Cauſe
That makes thy Lady wither thus in Youth.

Bellap. Uds-light, enjoy your Wiſhes: Whilſt I live, One Way or other you ſhall crown your Will.
Would you have him your Huſband that you love,
And can't not be? He is your Servant, though,
And may perform the Office of a Huſband.

Beaumel. But there is Honour, Wench.

Bellap. Such a Diſeaſe
There is indeed, for which ere I would die——

Beaumel. Pr'ythee, diſtinguiſh me a Maid and Wife.

Bellap. 'Faith, Madam, one may bear any Man's Children,
T'other muſt bear no Man's.

Beaumel. What is a Huſband?

Bellap. Phyſick, that, tumbling in your Belly, will make you ſick i' th' Stomach. The only Diſtinction betwixt a Huſband and a Servant is, the firſt will lie with you, when he pleaſes; the laſt ſhall lie with you, when you pleaſe. Pray tell me, Lady, do you love, to marry after; or would you marry, to love after?

Beaumel. I would meet Love and Marriage both at once.

Bellap. Why then you are out of the Faſhion, and will be contemn'd: For, I'll aſſure you, there are few Women in the World, but either they have married firſt, and love after; or love firſt, and married after. You muſt do as you may, not as you would: Your Father's Will is the Goal you muſt fly to. If a Huſband approach you, you would have farther off, is he your Love? the leſs near you. A Huſband in theſe Days is but a Cloak to be oftener laid upon your Bed, than in your Bed.

Beaumel. Hum!

Bellap. Sometimes you may wear him on your Shoulder;

der; and now and then under your Arm; but ſeldom or never let him cover you; for 'tis not the Faſhion.

Enter Novall, *jun.* Pontalier, Malotin, Liladam, Aymer.

Nov. jun. Beſt Day to Nature's Curioſity,
Star of *Dijon*, the Luſtre of all *France!*
Perpetual Spring dwell on thy roſy Cheeks,
Whoſe Breath is Perfume to our Continent,
See *Flora* turn'd in her Varieties. [1]

Bellap. Oh divine Lord!

Nov. jun. No Autumn, nor no Age ever approach
This heavenly Piece, which Nature having wrought,
She loſt her Needle, and did then deſpair
Ever to work ſo lively and ſo fair.

Lilad. Uds-light, my Lord, one of the Purls of your Band
Is, without all Diſcipline, fall'n out of his Rank.

Nov. jun. How? I would not for a thouſand Crowns ſhe had ſeen't. Dear *Liladam*, reform it.

Bellap. Oh Lord! *Per ſe*, Lord! Quinteſſence of Honour! ſhe walks not under a Weed that could deny thee any Thing.

Beaumel. Pr'ythee Peace, Wench! thou doſt but blow the Fire, that flames too much already.

[Liladam *and* Aymer *trim* Novall, *whilſt* Bellapert *her Lady.*

Aymer. By Gad, my Lord, you have the divineſt Taylor in *Chriſtendom*; he hath made you look like an Angel in your Cloth of Tiſſue Doublet.

Pont. This is a three legg'd Lord: There's a freſh Aſſault. Oh! that Men ſhould ſpend Time thus! —

[1] *See* Flora *turn'd in her Varieties.*

Thus it ſtands in the old Copies; but certainly falſe: We ought to read

See Flora trim'd *in her Varieties.*

See, ſee how her Blood drives to her Heart, and ſtrait vaults to her Cheeks again.

Malot. What are theſe?

Pont. One of 'em there, the lower, is a good, fooliſh, knaviſh, ſociable Gallimaufry of a Man, and has much taught my Lord with Singing; he is Maſter of a Muſick Houſe. The other is his Dreſſing-Block, upon whom my Lord lays all his Cloaths, and Faſhions, ere he vouchſafes 'em his own Perſon; you ſhall ſee him i' th' Morning in the Galley-foiſt, at Noon in the Bullion, i' th' Evening in Quirpo, and all Night in —.

Malot. A Baudy-houſe.

Pont. If my Lord deny, they deny; if he affirm, they affirm: They ſkip into my Lord's caſt Skins ſome twice a Year; and thus they live to eat, eat to live, and live to praiſe my Lord.

Malot. Good Sir, tell me one Thing.

Pont. What's that?

Malot. Dare theſe Men ever fight, on any Cauſe?

Pont. Oh, no, 'twould ſpoil their Cloaths, and put their Bands out of Order.

Nov. jun. Muſt you hear the News: Your Father has reſign'd his Preſidentſhip to my Lord my Father.

Malot. And Lord *Charalois* undone for ever.

Pont. Troth, 'tis Pity, Sir!
A braver Hope of ſo aſſur'd a Father
Did never comfort *France*,

Lilad. A good dumb Mourner.

Aymer. A ſilent Black.

Nov. jun. Oh, fie upon him, how he wears his Cloaths!
As if he had come this *Chriſtmas* from *St. Omers*,
To ſee his Friends, and return'd after Twelf-tide.

Lilad. His Colonel looks finely like a Drover.—

Nov. jun. That had a Winter lain perdieu i' th' Rain,

Aymer. What, he that wears a Clout about his Neck?
His Cuffs in's Pocket, and his Heart in's Mouth?

Nov. jun. Now, out upon him!

Beaumel. Servant, tie my Hand.

How

How your Lips bluſh, in Scorn that they ſhould pay
Tribute to Hands, when Lips are in the Way!
Nov. jun. I thus recant; yet now your Hand looks white,
Becauſe your Lips rob'd it of ſuch a Right.
Monſieur Aymer, I prythee ſing the Song
Devoted to my Miſtreſs. [*Muſick.*

SONG.

A Dialogue between a Man and a Woman.

Man. *Set* Phœbus! *ſet*; *a fairer Sun doth riſe*
From the bright Radiance of my Miſtreſs' Eyes
Than ever thou begat'ſt: I dare not look;
Each Hair a golden Line, each Word a Hook
The more I ſtrive, the more ſtill I am took.
Wom. *Fair Servant! come*; *the Day theſe Eyes do lend*
To warm thy Blood, thou doſt ſo vainly ſpend,
Come ſtrangled Breath.
Man. *What Note ſo ſweet as this*
That calls the Spirits to a further Bliſs?
Wom. *Yet this out-ſavours Wine, and this Perfume.*
Man. *Let's die, I languiſh, I conſume.*

After the Song, enter Rochfort *and* Beaumont.

Beaum. Remont will come, Sir, ſtraight.
Roch. 'Tis well.
Beaumel. My Father,
Nov. jun. My honourable Lord.
Roch. My Lord *Novall!* this is a Virtue in you,
So early up and ready before Noon;
That are the Map of Dreſſing through all *France.*
Nov. jun. I riſe to ſay my Prayers, Sir, here's my Saint.
Roch. 'Tis well and courtly;—you muſt give me Leave,
I have ſome private Conference with my Daughter,
Pray uſe my Garden, you ſhall dine with me.
Lilad. We'll wait on you. *Nov.*

Nov. jun. Good morn unto your Lordſhip,
Remember what you have vow'd— [*To* Beaumelle.

[*Exeunt all but* Rochfort *and* Beaumelle.

Beau. Perform I muſt.

Roch. Why how now, *Beaumelle*, thou look'ſt not well.
Th'art ſad of late,—come cheer thee; I have found
A wholeſome Remedy for theſe maiden Fits,
A goodly Oak whereon to twiſt my Vine,
Till her fair Branches grow up to the Stars.
Be near at Hand, Succeſs crown my Intent,
My Buſineſs fills my little Time ſo full,
I cannot ſtand to talk: I know, thy Duty
Is Handmaid to my Will, eſpecially
When it preſents nothing but good and fit.

Beaum. Sir, I am yours.—Oh! if my Tears prove true,
Fate hath wrong'd Love, and will deſtroy me too.

[*Exit* Beaumelle.

Enter Romont, *Keeper.*

Rom. Sent you for me, Sir?

Roch. Yes.

Rom. Your Lordſhip's Pleaſure?

Roch. Keeper, this Priſoner I will ſee forth coming.
Upon my Word—Sit down, good Colonel.

[*Exit Keeper.*

Why I did wiſh you hither, noble Sir,
Is, to adviſe you from this Iron Carriage,
Which, ſo affected, *Romont*, you will wear,
To pity, and to Counſel you ſubmit
With Expedition to the great *Novall*:
Recant your ſtern Contempt, and ſlight Neglect
Of the whole Court, and him, and Opportunity;
Or you will undergo a heavy Cenſure
In public very ſhortly.

Rom. Reverend Sir,
I have obſerv'd you, and do know you well;
And am now more afraid you know not me,
By wiſhing my Submiſſion to *Novall*,

Then

'Then I can be of all the bellowing Mouths
That wait upon him to pronounce the Cenſure,
Could it determine me to Torments, and Shame.
Submit, and crave Forgiveneſs of a Beaſt?
'Tis true, this Boil of State wears purple Tiſſue,
Is high fed, proud:—So is his Lordſhip's Horſe,
And bears as rich Capariſons. I know,
This Elephant carries on his Back not only
Tow'rs, Caſtles, but the ponderous Republick,
And never ſtoops for't, with his ſtrong Breath Trunk
Snuffs other Titles, Lordſhips, Offices,
Wealth, Bribes, and Lives, under his ravenous Jaws:
What's this unto my Freedom? I dare die;
And therefore aſk this Camel, if theſe Bleſſings
(For ſo they would be underſtood by a Man)
But mollify one Rudeneſs in his Nature,
Sweeten the eager Reliſh of the Law,
At whoſe great Helm he ſits. Helps he the poor
In a juſt Buſineſs? Nay, does he not croſs
Every deſerved Soldier and Scholar,
As if, when Nature made him, ſhe had made
The general Antipathy of all Virtue?
How ſavagely, and blaſphemouſly he ſpake
Touching the General, the grave General dead!
I muſt weep, when I think on't.

Roch. Sir.

Rom. My Lord, I am not ſtubborn: I can melt, you ſee,
And prize a Virtue better then my Life:
For though I be not learn'd, I ever lov'd
That holy Mother of all Iſſues, good,
Whoſe white Hand for a Scepter holds a File,
To poliſh rougheſt Cuſtoms, and in you
She has her Right: See! I am calm as Sleep,
But, when I think of the groſs Injuries,
The godleſs Wrong done to my General dead,
I rave indeed, and could eat this *Novall*
A Soul-leſs Dromedary.

Roch. Oh! be temperate,

Sir,

Sir, though I would perſuade, I'll not conſtrain;
Each Man's Opinion freely is his own,
Concerning any Thing, or any Body,
Be it right or wrong, 'tis at the Judges Peril.

Enter Beaumont.

Beaum. Theſe Men, Sir! wait without; my Lord is come too.

Roch. Pay 'em thoſe Sums upon the Table; take
Their full Releaſes:—Stay—I want a Witneſs:
Let me intreat you, Colonel, to walk in,
And ſtand but by, to ſee this Money paid,
It does concern you and your Friends; it was
The better Cauſe you were ſent for, though ſaid otherwiſe.
The Deed ſhall make this my Requeſt more plain.

Rom. I ſhall obey your Pleaſure, Sir, though ignorant
To what it tends? [*Exit* Romont, *Servant*,

Enter Charalois.

Roch. Worthieſt Sir,
You are moſt welcome: Fie, no more of this:
You have out-wept a Woman, noble *Charalois!*
No Man but has, or muſt bury a Father.

Char. Grave Sir! I buried Sorrow, for his Death,
In the Grave with him. I did never think
He was immortal—though I vow I grieve,
And ſee no Reaſon why the vicious,
Virtuous, valiant, and unworthy Men,
Should die alike.

Roch. They do not.

Char. In the Manner,
Of dying Sir, they do not, but all die,
And therein differ not:—But I have done.
I ſpy'd the lively Picture of my Father,
Paſſing your Gallery, and that caſt this Water
Into mine Eyes: See,—fooliſh that I am,
To let it do ſo.

Roch.

Roch. Sweet and gentle Nature!
How ſilken is this well comparatively
To other Men! I have a Suit to you Sir.
Char. Take it; 'tis granted.
Roch. What?
Char. Nothing, my Lord.
Roch. Nothing is quickly granted.
Char. Faith, my Lord!
That nothing granted, is even all I have,
For, all know, I have nothing left to grant.
Roch. Sir, have you any Suit to me? I'll grant
You ſome Thing, any Thing.
Char. Nay, ſurely, I, that can
Give nothing, will but ſue for that again.
No Man will grant me any Thing I ſue for.
But begging nothing, every Man will give't.
Roch. Sir! the Love I bore your Father, and the Worth
I ſee in you, ſo much reſembling his,
Made me thus ſend for you. And tender here
[*Draws a Curtain.*
Whatever you will take, Gold, Jewels, both,
All, to ſupply your Wants, and free yourſelf.
Where heavenly Virtue in high-blooded Veins
Is lodg'd, and can agree, Men ſhould kneel down,
Adore, and ſacrifice all that they have;
And well they may, it is ſo ſeldom ſeen.
Put off your Wonder, and here freely take
Or ſend your Servants: Nor, Sir, ſhall you uſe
In aught of this, a poor Man's Fee, or Bribe,
Unjuſtly taken of the Rich, but what's
Directly gotten, and yet by the Law.
Char. How ill, Sir, it becomes thoſe Hairs to mock!
Roch. Mock? Thunder ſtrike me then.
Char. You do amaze me.
But you ſhall wonder too; I will not take
One ſingle Piece of this great Heap. Why ſhould I
Borrow, that have not Means to pay; nay, am
A very Bankrupt, even in flatt'ring Hope

Of

Of ever raiſing any. All my begging,
Is *Romont*'s Liberty.

Enter Romont, *Creditors loaden with Money.* Beaumont.

Roch. Here is your Friend,
Enfranchiſe e'er you ſpake. I give him you:
And, *Charalois*, I give you to your Friend,
As free a Man as he: Your Father's Debts
Are taken off.
Char. How?
Rom. Sir, it is moſt true.
I am the Witneſs.
1 *Cred.* Yes, faith, we are paid.
2 *Cred.* Heaven bleſs his Lordſhip—I did think him wiſer.
3 *Cred.* He a Stateſman? He an Aſs—Pay other Men's Debts?
1 *Cred.* That he was never bound for.
Rom. One more ſuch
Would ſave the reſt of Pleaders.
Char. Honour'd *Rochfort.*
Lie ſtill my Tongue, and Bluſhes, ſcal'd my Cheeks,
That offer Thanks in Words, for ſuch great Deeds.
Roch. Call in my Daughter:—Still I have a Suit to you. [*Exit* Beaumont.
Would you requite me.
Rom. With his Life, I aſſure you.
Roch. Nay, would you make me now your Debtor, Sir!

Enter Beaumelle.

This is my only Child: What ſhe appears,
Your Lordſhip well may ſee her Education, *Beaumelle*
Follows not any: For her Mind, I know it
To be far fairer than her Shape, and hope
It will continue ſo: If now her Birth
Be not too mean for *Charalois*, take her

This

This Virgin by the Hand, and call her Wife,
Indow'd with all my Fortunes: Bleſs me ſo,
Requite me thus, and make me happier,
In joining my poor empty Name to yours,
Then if my 'State were multiplied tenfold.
Char. Is this the Payment, Sir, that you expect?
Why, you precipitate me more in Debt,
That nothing but my Life can ever pay.
This Beauty being your Daughter (in which yours)
I muſt conceive Neceſſity of her Virtue
Without all Dowry is a Prince's Aim.
Then, as ſhe is, for poor and worthleſs me
How much too worthy!—Waken me, *Romont*,
That I may know I dream'd, and find this vaniſh'd.
Rom. Sure, I ſleep not.
Roch. Your Sentence—Life or Death.
Charmi. Fair *Beaumelle*, can you love me?
Beaum. Yes, my Lord.

Enter Noval, *jun.* Ponta, Malotin, Liladam, Aymer.
All ſalute.

Char. You need not queſtion me, if I can you.
You are the faireſt Virgin in *Dijon*,
And *Rochfort* is your Father.
Nov. jun. What's this Change?
Roch. You met my Wiſhes, Gentlemen.
Rom. What make
Theſe Dogs in Doublets here?
Beaum. A Viſitation, Sir.
Char. Then thus, fair *Beaumelle!* I write my Faith,
Thus ſeal it in the Sight of Heaven and Men.
Your Fingers tie my Heart-ſtrings with this Touch,
In true-love Knots, which nought but Death ſhall looſe.
And yet theſe Tears (an Emblem of our Loves)
Like Cryſtal Rivers individually
Flow into one another, make one Source,
Which never Man diſtinguiſh, leſs divide:
Breath, marry, Breath, and Kiſſes, mingle Souls.

Two

Two Hearts, and Bodies, here incorporate:
And, though with little wooing I have won,
My future Life ſhall be a wooing Time.
And every Day new as the Bridal one.
Oh, Sir! I groan under your Courteſies,
More then my Father's Bones under his Wrongs,
You, *Curtius*-like, have thrown into the Gulf,
Of this his Country's foul Ingratitude,
Your Life and Fortunes, to redeem their Shames.

Roch. No more, my Glory! come, let's in, and haſten
This Celebration.

Romont, Malotin, Pontalier, Beaumont.

All fair Bliſs upon it.

[*Exeunt* Rochfort, Charalois, Romont, Beaumont, Malotin.

Nov. jun. Miſtreſs!

Beaum. Oh Servant, Virtue ſtrengthen me!
Thy Preſence blows round my Affection's Vane:
You will undo me, if you ſpeak again.

[*Exit* Beaumelle.

Lilad. Aym. Here will be Sport for you. This works.

[*Exeunt Liladam, Aymer.*

Nov. jun. Peace! Peace!

Pont. One Word, my Lord *Novall!*

Nov. jun. What, thou would'ſt Money—there.

Pont. No, I'll none, I'll not be bought a Slave,
A Pander, or a Paraſite, for all
Your Father's Worth; though you have ſav'd my Life,
Reſcu'd me often from my Wants, I muſt not
Wink at your Follies; that will ruin you.
You know my blunt Way, and my Love to Truth:
Forſake the Purſuit of this Lady's Honour,
Now do you ſee her made another Man's,
And ſuch a Man's ſo good, ſo popular,
Or you will pluck a thouſand Miſchiefs on you.
The Benefits you've done me, are not loſt,
Nor caſt away, they are purs'd here in my Heart,

But

But let me pay you, Sir, a fairer Way
Than to defend your Vices, or to ſooth 'em.
Nov. jun. Ha, ha, ha! what are my Courſes unto thee?
Good Couſin *Pontalier*, meddle with that
That ſhall concern thyſelf. [*Exit* Novall.
Pont. No more but Scorn?
Move on then, Stars! work your pernicious Will!
Only the wiſe Rule, and prevent your Ill. [*Exit.*

HAUTBOYS.

Here a Paſſage over the Stage, while the Act is playing for the Marriage of Charalois *with* Beaumelle, *&c.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Novall *jun.* Bellapert.

Nov. jun. FLY not to theſe Excuſes: Thou haſt been
Falſe in thy Promiſe—and, when I have ſaid
Ungrateful, all is ſpoke.
Bellap. Good my Lord! but hear me only.
Nov. jun. To what Purpoſe, Trifler?
Can any Thing that thou canſt ſay, make void
The Marriage? Or thoſe Pleaſures but a Dream,
Which *Charalois* (oh *Venus!*) hath enjoy'd?
Bellap. I yet could ſay, that you receive Advantage
In what you think a Loſs, would you vouchſafe me;
That you were never in the Way till now
With Safety to arrive at your Deſires;
That Pleaſure makes Love to you, unattended
By Danger or Repentance?
Nov. jun. That I could
But apprehend one Reaſon how this might be,
Hope would not then forſake me.
Bellap. The enjoying
Of what you moſt deſire; I ſay th'enjoying

Shall, in the full Poſſeſſion of your Wiſhes,
Confirm that I am faithful.
Nov. jun. Give ſome Reliſh
How this may appear poſſible.
Bellap. I will.
Reliſh, and taſte, and make the Banquet eaſy.
You ſay my Lady's married—I confeſs it:
That *Charalois* hath enjoyed her—'tis moſt true:
That with her, he's already Maſter of
The beſt Part of my old Lord's State. Still better:
But, that the firſt, or laſt, ſhould be your Hindrance,
I utterly deny: For, but obſerve me,
While ſhe went for, and was, I ſwear, a Virgin,
What Courteſy could ſhe with her Honour give,
Or you receive with Safety—take me with you;
When I ſay Courteſy, do not think I mean
A Kiſs; the tying of her Shoe or Garter;
An Hour of private Conference: Thoſe are Trifles.
In this Word Courteſy, we, that are Gameſters, point at
The Sport direct, where not alone the Lover
Brings his Artillery, but uſes it:
Which Word expounded to you, ſuch a Courteſy
Do you expect, and ſudden.
Nov. jun. But he taſted the firſt Sweets, *Bellapert!*
Bellap. He wrong'd you ſhrewdly;
He toil'd to climb up to the *Phœnix'* Neſt,
And in his Prints leaves your Aſcent more eaſy.
I do not know, you, that are perfect Criticks
In Women's Books, may talk of Maidenheads.
Nov. jun. But for her Marriage.——
Bellap. 'Tis a fair Protection
'Gainſt all Arreſts of Fear, or Shame for ever.
Such as are fair, and yet not fooliſh, ſtudy
To have one at thirteen; but they are mad
That ſtay till twenty. Then, Sir! for the Pleaſure;
To ſay Adultery's ſweeter, that is ſtale.
This only—Is not the Contentment more,
To ſay, this is my Cuckold, than my Rival.
More I could ſay—but, briefly, ſhe doats on you,

If

If it prove otherwiſe, ſpare not, poiſon me
With the next Gold you give me.

Enter Beaumelle.

Beaumel. How's this, Servant? Courting my Woman?
Bellap. As an Entrance to
The Favour of the Miſtreſs: You are together
And I am perfect in my Cue. [*Going.*
Beaumel. Stay *Bellapert.*
Bellap. In this, I muſt not, with your Leave, obey you.
Your Taylor and your Tire-woman wait without
And ſtay my Counſel, and Direction for
Your next Day's Dreſſing. I have much to do,
Nor will your Ladyſhip, now, Time is precious,
Continue idle; this Choice Lord will find
So fit Employment for you. [*Exit* Bellapert.
Beaumel. I ſhall grow angry.
Nov. jun. Not ſo; you have a Jewel in her, Madam!

Enter Bellapert.

Bellap. I had forgot to tell your Ladyſhip
The Cloſet is private and your Couch ready;
And, if you pleaſe that I ſhall loſe the Key,
But ſay ſo, and 'tis done. [*Exit* Bellapert.
Beaumel. You come to chide me, Servant! and bring with you
Sufficient Warrant. You will ſay, and truly,
My Father found too much Obedience in me,
By being won too ſoon: Yet, if you pleaſe
But to remember, all my Hopes and Fortunes
Had Reverence to this Likening you will grant,
That, though I did not well towards you, I yet
Did wiſely for myſelf.
Nov. jun. With too much Fervor
I have ſo long lov'd and ſtill love you, Miſtreſs;
To eſteem that an Injury to me
Which was to you convenient;—that is paſt

My Help, is past my Cure. You yet may, Lady,
In Recompence of all my duteous Service,
(Provided that your Will answer your Power)
Become my Creditress.

Beaumel. I understand you;
And for Assurance, the Request you make
Shall not be long unanswered, pray you sit,
And by what you shall hear, you'll easily find,
My Passions are much fitter to desire,
Than to be sued to.

Enter Romont *and* Florimel.

Flor. Sir, 'tis not Envy
At the Start my Fellow has got of me in
My Ladies good Opinion, that's the Motive
Of this Discovery; but due Payment
Of what I owe her Honour.

Rom. So I conceive it.

Flor. I have observ'd too much, nor shall my Silence
Prevent the Remedy——yonder they are,
I dare not be seen with you. You may do
What you think fit, which will be, I presume,
The Office of a faithful and try'd Friend
To my young Lord. [*Exit* Florimel.

Rom. This is no Vision: Ha!

Nov. jun. With the next Opportunity.

Beaumel. By this Kiss, and this, and this.

Nov. jun. That you would ever swear thus.

Rom. If I seem rude, your Pardon, Lady! yours
I do not ask: Come, do not dare to shew me
A Face of Anger, for the least Dislike,
Put on, and suddenly, a milder Look;
I shall grow rough, else.

Nov. jun. What have I done, Sir!
To draw this harsh unsavory Language from you?

Rom. Done, Popinjay? Why, dost thou think that, if
I e'er had dreamt that thou hadst done me Wrong,
Thou shouldst outlive it?

Beau-

Beaumel. This is ſomething more
Than my Lord's Friendſhip gives Commiſſion for.
Nov. jun. Your Preſence and the Place, makes him preſume
Upon my Patience.
Rom. As if thou e'er wer't angry
But with thy Taylor, and yet that poor Shred
Can bring more to the making up of a Man,
Than can be hop'd from thee: Thou art his Creature,
And, did he not each Morning new create thee
Thou'dſt ſtink and be forgotten. I'll not change
One Syllable more with thee, until thou bring
Some Teſtimony, under good Mens Hands,
Thou art a Chriſtian. I ſuſpect thee ſtrongly,
And will be ſatisfied: 'Till which Time, keep from me.
The Entertainment of your Viſitation
Has made what I intended on a Buſineſs.
Nov. jun. So we ſhall meet—Madam!
Rom. Uſe that Leg again, and I'll cut off the other.
Nov. jun. Very good. [*Exit* Novall.
Rom. What a Perfume the Muſk-cat leaves behind him!
Do you admit him for a Property,
To ſave you Charges Lady?
Beaumel. 'Tis not uſeleſs,
Now you are to ſucceed him.
Rom. So I reſpect you,
Not for yourſelf, but in Remembrance of
Who is your Father, and whoſe Wife you now are,
That I chooſe rather not to underſtand
Your naſty Scoff than,——
Beaumel. What, you will not beat me,
If I expound it to you. Here's a Tyrant
Spares neither Man nor Woman.
Rom. My Intents,
Madam, deſerve not this; nor do I ſtay
To be the Whetſtone of your Wit: Preſerve it
To ſpend on ſuch, as know how to admire
Such colour'd Stuff. In me there is, now ſpeaks to you

As true a Friend and Servant to your Honour,
And one that will with as much Hazard guard it,
As ever Man did Goodneſs.——But then Lady!
You muſt endeavour, not alone to be,
But to appear, worthy ſuch Love and Service.
Beaumel. To what tends this?
Rom. Why, to this Purpoſe, Lady!
I do deſire you ſhould prove ſuch a Wife
To *Charalois* (and ſuch a one he Merits)
As *Cæſar*, did he live, could not except at,
Not only innocent from Crime, but free
From all Taint and Suſpicion.
Beaumel. They are baſe that judge me otherwiſe.
Rom. But yet, be careful!
Detraction's a bold Monſter, and fears not
To wound the Fame of Princes, if it find
But any Blemiſh in their Lives to work on;
But I'll be plainer with you: Had the People
Been learn'd to ſpeak, but what even now I ſaw,
Their Malice out of that would raiſe an Engine
To overthrow your Honour. In my Sight,
With yonder painted Fool I frighted from you,
You us'd Familiarity beyond
A modeſt Entertainment: You embrac'd him
With too much Ardour for a Stranger, and
Met him with Kiſſes neither chaſte nor comely:
But learn you to forget him, as I will
Your Bounties to him; you will find it ſafer
Rather to be uncourtly, then immodeſt.
Beaumel. This pretty Rag about your Neck ſhews well,
And, being coarſe and little Worth, it ſpeaks you
As terrible as thrifty.
Rom. Madam!
Beaumel. Yes,
And this ſtrong Belt in which you hang your Honour
Will out-laſt twenty Scarfs.
Rom. What mean you, Lady?
Beaumel. And all elſe about you Cap-a-pe,
So uniform in Spite of Handſomeneſs,

Shews

Shews ſuch a bold Contempt of Comelineſs,
That 'tis not ſtrange your Laundreſs in the League,
Grew mad with Love of you.
Rom. Is my free Counſel
Anſwer'd with this ridiculous Scorn?
Beaumel. Theſe Objects
Stole very much of my Attention from me;
Yet ſomething I remember, to ſpeak Truth,
Deliver'd gravely, but to little Purpoſe,
That almoſt would have made me ſwear ſome Curate
Had ſtol'n into the Perſon of *Romont*,
And, in the Praiſe of Good-wife Honeſty,
Had read an Homily.
Rom. By this Hand.——
Beaumel. And Sword;
I will make up your Oath, 'twill want Weight elſe.
You're angry with me, and poor I laugh at it.
Do you come from the Camp, which affords only
The Converſation of caſt Suburb Whores,
To ſet down to a Lady of my Rank,
Limits of Entertainment?
Rom. Sure a Legion has poſſeſt this Woman.
Beaumel. One Stamp more would do well: Yet I deſire not
You ſhould grow Horn-mad, till you have a Wife.
You are come to warm Meat, and perhaps clean Linen:
Feed, wear it, and be thankful. For me, know,
That, though a thouſand Watches were ſet on me,
And you the Maſter-ſpy, I yet would uſe
The Liberty that beſt likes me. I will revel,
Feaſt, kiſs, embrace. Perhaps, grant larger Favours.
Yet ſuch as live upon my Means, ſhall know
They muſt not murmur at it. If my Lord
Be now grown yellow, and has choſe out you
To ſerve his Jealouſy that Way, tell him this,—
You've ſomething to inform him. [*Exit* Beaumelle.
Rom. And I will.
Believe it, wicked one, I will. Hear, Heaven!
But, hearing, pardon me: If theſe Fruits grow,
Upon the Tree of Marriage, let me ſhun it,

As a forbidden Sweet. An Heir and rich,
Young, beautiful—yet add to this—a Wife,
And I will rather chooſe a Spital Sinner
Carted an Age before, though three Parts rotten,
And take it for a Bleſſing, rather than
Be fetter'd to the helliſh Slavery
Of ſuch an Impudence.

Enter Beaumont *with Writings.*

Beaum. Colonel! good Fortune
To meet you thus: You look ſad, but I'll tell you
Something that ſhall remove it. Oh, how happy
Is my Lord *Chalarois* in his fair Bride!

Rom. A happy Man, indeed!—pray you in what?

Beaum. I dare ſwear, you would think ſo good a Lady,
A Dower ſufficient.

Rom. No doubt.—But on.

Beaum. So fair, ſo chaſte, ſo virtuous;—Indeed
All that is excellent.

Rom. Women have no Cunning to gull the World.

Beaum. Yet, to all theſe, my Lord,
Her Father gives the full Addition of
All he does now poſſeſs in *Burgundy:*
Theſe Writings to confirm it, are new ſeal'd,
And I moſt fortunate to preſent him with them,
I muſt go ſeek him out, can you direct me?

Rom. You'll find him breaking a young Horſe.

Beaum. I thank you. [*Exit* Beaumont.

† In an Advertiſement prefixed to the *Bond-man*, which was revived in 1710, we are told that Mr. *Rowe* had reviſ'd the Works of *Maſſinger*, and did intend to publiſh them; I am apt to think this Aſſertion true, and that Mr. *Rowe* was a great Admirer of our Author, his excellent Play of the *Fair Penitent* being founded on the Tragedy now before us. The beautiful Scene between *Horatia* and *Caliſta* is evidently copied from the foregoing, as is that between *Altamont* and *Horatia* in the third Act where they quarrel, from the laſt Scene of this; The curious Reader may not be diſagreeably amuſed in comparing many other ſimilar Parts of theſe excellent Tragedies together.

Rom.

Rom. I muſt do ſomething worthy *Charalois* Friendſhip.
If ſhe were well inclin'd, to keep her ſo
Deſerv'd not Thanks: And yet, to ſtay a Woman[1]
Spur'd headlong by hot Luſt to her own Ruin
Is harder than to prop a falling Tower
With a deceiving Reed.

Enter Rochfort.

Roch. Some one ſeek for me,
As ſoon as he returns.
Rom. Her Father? ha!——
How if I break this to him? Sure it cannot
Meet with an ill Conſtruction. His Wiſdom,
Made powerful by th' Authority of a Father,
Will warrant and give Privilege to his Counſels.
It ſhall be ſo—My Lord!
Roch. Your Friend, *Romont:*
Would you aught with me?
Rom. I ſtand ſo engag'd
To your ſo many Favours, that I hold it
A Breach in Thankfulneſs, ſhould I not diſcover,
Though with ſome Imputation to myſelf,
All Doubts that may concern you.
Roch. The Performance
Will make this Proteſtation worth my Thanks.

[1] *To ſtay a Woman*
Spur'd Headlong, by hot Luſt, &c.
Thus in the *Picture.*
——— It is more
Impoſſible in Nature for groſs Bodies
Deſcending of themſelves, to hang in the Air,
Or with my ſingle Arm to underprop
A falling Tower; nay, in its violent Courſe
To ſtop the Lightning, than to ſtay a Woman,
Hurried by two Furies, Luſt and Falſhood,
In her full Career to Wickedneſs,
Act 4. Scene 1.

Rom.

Rom. Then, with your Patience, lend me your Attention:
For what I muſt deliver, whiſper'd only,
You will with too much Grief receive.

Enter Beaumelle, Bellapert.

Beaumel. See, Wench!
Upon my Life as I foreſpake, he's now
Preferring his Complaint: But be thou perfect,
And we will fit him.
Bellap. Fear not me, pox on him!
A Captain turn Informer againſt kiſſing?
Would he were hang'd up in his ruſty Armour!
But, if our freſh Wits cannot turn the Plots
Of ſuch a mouldy Murrion on itſelf;
Rich Cloaths, choice Fare, and a true Friend at a Call,
With all the Pleaſures the Night yields, forſake us.
Roch. This in my Daughter? Do not wrong her.
Bellap. Now begin.
The Games a-foot, and we in Diſtance.
Beaumel. 'Tis thy Fault, fooliſh Girl! pin on my Veil,
I will not wear thoſe Jewels. Am I not
Already match'd beyond my Hopes? Yet ſtill
You prune and ſet me forth, as if I were
Again to pleaſe a Suiter.
Bellap. 'Tis the Courſe
That our great Ladies take.
Rom. A weak Excuſe!
Beaumel. Thoſe that are better ſeen, in what concerns
A Lady's Honour and fair Fame, condemn it.
You wait well: in your Abſence, my Lord's Friend,
The underſtanding, grave, and wiſe *Romont*.——
Rom. Muſt I be ſtill her Sport? [*Aſide.*
Beaumel. Reprove me for it.
And he has travell'd to bring home a Judgment
Not to be contradicted. You will ſay
My Father, that owes more to Years than he,
Has brought me up to Muſick, Language, Courtſhip,
And I muſt uſe them. True, but not t' offend,
Or render me ſuſpected. *Roch.*

Roch. Does your fine Story begin from this?

Beaumel. I thought a parting Kiſs
From young *Novall* would have diſpleas'd no more
Than heretofore it hath done; but I find
I muſt reſtrain ſuch Favours now; look therefore,
As you are careful to continue mine,
That I no more be viſited. I'll endure
The ſtricteſt Courſe of Life that Jealouſy
Can think ſecure enough, ere my Behaviour
Shall call my Fame in Queſtion.

Rom. Ten Diſſemblers
Are in this ſubtle Devil. You believe this?

Roch. So far, that if you trouble me again
With a Report like this, I ſhall not only
Judge you malicious in your Diſpoſition,
But ſtudy to repent what I have done
To ſuch a Nature.

Rom. Why, 'tis exceeding well.

Roch. And for you, Daughter, off with this; off with it;
I have that Confidence in your Goodneſs, I,
That I will not conſent to have you live
Like to a Recluſe in a Cloyſter: Go,
Call in the Gallants, let them make you merry,
Uſe all fit Liberty.

Bellap. Bleſſing on you.
If this new Preacher with the Sword and Feather
Could prove his Doctrine for Canonical,
We ſhould have a fine World. [*Exit* Bellapert.

Roch. Sir, if you pleaſe
To bear yourſelf as fits a Gentleman,
The Houſe is at your Service; but, if not,
Though you ſeek Company elſewhere, your Abſence
Will not be much lamented —— [*Exit* Rochfort.

Rom. If this be
The Recompence of ſtriving to preſerve
A wanton Gigglet honeſt, very ſhortly
'Twill make all Mankind Panders.—Do you ſmile,
Good Lady *Looſeneſs*? Your whole Sex is like you,

And

And that Man's mad that ſeeks to better any:
What new Change have you next?
Beaumel. Oh, fear not you, Sir!
I'll ſhift into a Thouſand, but I will
Convert your Hereſy.
Rom. What Hereſy? ſpeak!
Beaumel. Of keeping a Lady that is married,
From entertaining Servants.——

Enter Novall, *jun.* Malotin, Liladam, Aymer, Pontalier.

O, you're welcome.
Uſe any Means to vex him,
And then with Welcome follow me, [*Exit* Beaumel.
Nov. jun. You are tir'd
With your grave Exhortations, Colonel!
Lilad. How is it? Faith, your Lordſhip may do well
To help him to ſome Church-Preferment: 'Tis
Now the Faſhion, for Men of all Conditions,
However they have liv'd, to end that Way.
Aymer. That Face would do well in a Surplice.
Rom. Rogues, be ſilent—or—
Pont: S'Death! will you ſuffer this?
Rom. And you, the Maſter Rogue, the Coward Raſcal,
I ſhall be with you ſuddenly,
Nov. jun. Pontalier,
If I ſhould ſtrike him, I know I ſhall kill him:
And therefore I would have thee beat him, for
He's good for nothing elſe.
Lilad. His Back
Appears to me, as it would tire a Beadle.
And then he has a knotted Brow, would bruiſe
A court-like Hand to touch it.
Aymer. He looks like
A Currier when his Hide's grown dear.
Pont. Take heed he curry not ſome of you.
Nov. jun. Gads me! he's angry.
Rom. I break no Jeſts, but I can break my Sword
About your Pates. *Enter*

Enter Charalois *and* Beaumont.

Lilad. Here's more.
Aymer. Come let's be gone!
We are beleaguer'd.
Nov. jun. Look, they bring up their Troops.
Pont. Will you ſit down with this Diſgrace?
You are abus'd moſt groſly.
Lilad. I grant you, Sir, we are; and you would have
Stay, and be more abus'd.
Nov. jun. My Lord, I'm ſorry
Your Houſe is ſo inhoſpitable, we muſt quit it.
[*Exeunt.* *Manent* Charalois, Romont.
Char. Pr'ythee, Romont, what caus'd this Uproar?
Rom. Nothing.
They laugh'd, and us'd their ſcurvy Wits upon me.
Char. Come, 'tis thy jealous Nature: But I wonder
That you, which are an honeſt Man, and worthy,
Should foſter this Suſpicion. No Man laughs,
No one can whiſper, but thou apprehend'ſt
His Conference and his Scorn reflects on thee.
For my Part, they ſhould ſcoff their thin Wits out,
So I not heard them; beat me, not being there.
Leave, leave theſe Fits to conſcious Men, to ſuch
As are obnoxious to thoſe fooliſh Things
As they can gibe at.
Rom. Well, Sir!
Char. Thou art known
Valiant without Defect, rightly defin'd,
Which is (as fearing to do Injury,
As tender to endure it) not a Brabbler,
A Swearer.
Rom. Piſh, piſh! What needs this, my Lord?
If I be known none ſuch, how vainly you
Do caſt away good Counſel? I have lov'd you,
And yet muſt freely ſpeak: So young a Tutor
Fits not ſo old a Soldier as I am.
And I muſt tell you, 'twas in your Behalf

I grew

I grew enrag'd thus; yet had rather die
Than open the great Cauſe a Syllable further.
Char. In my Behalf? Wherein hath *Charalois*
Unfitly ſo demean'd himſelf, to give
The leaſt Occaſion to the looſeſt Tongue
To throw Aſperſions on him? Or ſo weakly
Protected his own Honour, as it ſhould
Need Defence from any but himſelf?
They're Fools that judge me by my outward Seeming;
Why ſhould my Gentleneſs beget Abuſe?
The Lion is not angry that does ſleep,
Nor every Man a Coward that can weep.
For God's Sake ſpeak the Cauſe.
Rom. Not for the World.
Oh! it will ſtrike Diſeaſe into your Bones,
Beyond the Cure of Phyſick; drink your Blood,
Rob you of all your Reſt, contract your Sight,
Leave you no Eyes but to ſee Miſery,
And of your own; nor Speech, but to wiſh thus,
Would I had periſh'd in the Priſon's Jaws,
From whence I was redeem'd! 'Twill wear you old,
Before you have Experience in that Art,
That cauſes your Affliction.
Char. Thou doſt ſtrike
A deathful Coldneſs to my Heart's high Heat,
And ſhrink'ſt my Liver like the *Calenture*.
Declare this Foe of mine, and Life's, that like
A Man I may encounter and ſubdue it.
It ſhall not have one ſuch Effect in me,
As thou denounceſt: With a Soldier's Arm,
If it be Strength, I'll meet it: If a Fault
Belonging to my Mind, I'll cut it off
With mine own Reaſon, as a Scholar ſhould.
—Speak, though it make me monſtrous.
Rom. I'll die firſt.
Farewel! continue merry, and high Heaven
Keep your Wife chaſte.
Char. Hum!—Stay and take this Wolf
Out of my Breaſt, that thou haſt lodg'd there, or
For ever loſe me.

Rom.

Rom. Loſe not, Sir, yourſelf,
And I will venture—ſo the Door is faſt.
[*Locks the Door.*
Now, noble *Charalois*, collect yourſelf;
Summon your Spirits; muſter all your Strength
That can belong to Man; ſift Paſſion
From ev'ry Vein, and, whatſoe'er enſues,
Upbraid not me hereafter, as the Cauſe of
Jealouſy, Diſcontent, Slaughter and Ruin:
Make me not Parent to Sin:—You will know
This Secret that I burn with.
Char. Devil on't,
What ſhould it be? *Romont*, I hear you wiſh
My Wife's Continuance of Chaſtity.
Rom. There was no Hurt in that.
Char. Why? do you know
A Likelihood or Poſſibility unto the contrary?
Rom. I know it not, but doubt it; theſe the Grounds
The Servant of your Wife now, young *Novall*,
The Son unto your Father's Enemy
(Which aggravates my Preſumption the more)
I have been warn'd of, touching her; nay, ſeen them
Tie Heart to Heart, one in another's Arms,
Multiplying Kiſſes, as if they meant
To 'poſe Arithmetic, or whoſe Eyes would
Be firſt burnt out with gazing on the other's.
I ſaw their Mouths engender, and their Palms
Glew'd, as if Love had lock'd them; their Words flow
And melt each others, like two circling Flames,
Where Chaſtity, like a Phœnix, methought, burn'd,
But left the World nor Aſhes, nor an Heir.
Why ſtand you ſilent thus? What cold dull Flegm,
As if you had no Drop of Choler mix'd
In your whole Conſtitution, thus prevails,
To fix you now thus ſtupid, hearing this?
Char. You did not ſee 'em on my Couch within,
Like *George* a Horſe-back, on her, nor a-bed?
Rom. No.
Char. Ha! ha!

Rom.

Rom. Laugh you? E'en ſo did your Wife,
And her indulgent Father.
Char. They were wiſe.
Would'ſt ha' me be a Fool?
Rom. No, but a Man.
Char. There is no Dram of Manhood to ſuſpect,
On ſuch thin airy Circumſtance as this
Mere Compliment and Courtſhip. Was this Tale
The hideous Monſter which you ſo conceal'd?
Away, thou curious Impertinent,
And idle Searcher of ſuch lean nice Toys!
Go, thou ſeditious Sower of Debate!
Fly to ſuch Matches, where the Bridegroom doubts
He holds not Worth Enough to countervail
The Virtue and the Beauty of his Wife.
Thou buzzing Drone, that 'bout my Ears doſt hum,
To ſtrike thy rankling Sting into my Heart,
Whoſe Venom, Time nor Medicine could aſſwage.
Thus do I put thee off, and, confident
In mine own Innocency and Deſert,
Dare not conceive her ſo unreaſonable,
To put *Novall* in Balance againſt me,
An Upſtart, cran'd up to the Height he has.
Hence, Buſybody! thou'rt no Friend to me,
That muſt be kept to a Wife's Injury.
Rom. Is't poſſible?—Farewel, fine, honeſt Man!
Sweet temper'd Lord, adieu! What Apoplexy
Hath knit Senſe up? Is this *Romont*'s Reward?
Bear Witneſs, the great Spirit of thy Father,
With what a healthful Hope I adminiſter
This Potion that hath wrought ſo virulently!
I not accuſe thy Wife of Act, but would
Prevent her Precipice to thy Diſhonour,
Which now thy tardy Sluggiſhneſs will admit!
Would I had ſeen thee gray'd with thy great Sire,
Ere live to have Mens marginal Fingers point
At *Charalois*, as a lamented Story.
An Emperor put away his Wife for touching
Another Man; but thou wouldſt have thine taſted

And

And keep her, I think, Phoh! I am a Fire
To warm a dead Man, that waſte out myſelf.
Blood—What a Plague, a Vengeance, is't to me,
If you will be a Cuckold? Here I ſhew
A Sword's Point to thee; this Side you may ſhun,
Or that, the Peril; if you will run on,
I cannot help it.

Char. Didſt thou never ſee me
Angry, *Romont?*

Rom. Yes, and purſue a Foe
Like Lightning.

Char. Pr'ythee ſee me ſo no more.
I can be ſo again.—Put up thy Sword,
And take thyſelf away, left I draw mine.

Rom. Come, fright your Foes with this, Sir! I am your Friend,
And dare ſtand by you thus.

Char. Thou'rt not my Friend;
Or being ſo, thou'rt mad.—I muſt not buy
Thy Friendſhip at this Rate; had I juſt Cauſe,
Thou know'ſt I durſt purſue ſuch Injury
Through Fire, Air, Water, Earth, nay, were they all
Shuffled again to *Chaos*; but there's none.
Thy Skill, *Romont*, conſiſts in Camps, not Courts.
Farewel, uncivil Man! let's meet no more.
Here our long Web of Friendſhip I untwiſt.
Shall I go whine, walk pale, and lock my Wife
For nothing, from her Birth's free Liberty,
That open'd mine to me? Yes; if I do ——
The Name of Cuckold, then, dog me with Scorn.
I am a *Frenchman*, no *Italian* born. [*Exit.*

Rom. A dull *Dutch* rather:—Fall and cool my Blood!
Boil not in Zeal of thy Friend's Hurt ſo high,
That is ſo low, and cold himſelf in't! Woman,
How ſtrong art thou! how eaſily beguil'd!
How thou doſt rack us by the very Horns!
Now Wealth, I ſee, change Manners, and the Man.
Something I muſt do mine own Wrath to aſſuage,
And note my Friendſhip to an After-age. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Novall *jun. as newly dreſſed, a Taylor, Barber, Perfumer,* Liladam, Aymer, *Page.*

Nov. jun. MEND this a little:—Pox! thou haſt burnt me. Oh! fie upon't!—O lard! he has made me ſmell, for all the World, like a Flax, or a red-headed Woman's Chamber: Powder, Powder, Powder.

Perf. Oh, ſweet Lord!

[Novall *ſits in a Chair, Barber orders his Hair, Perfumer gives Powder, Taylor ſets his Cloaths.*

Page. That's his Perfumer.

Tayl. Oh, dear Lord!

Page. That's his Taylor.

Nov. jun. Monſieur *Liladam! Aymer!* how allow you the Model of theſe Cloaths?

Aymer. Admirably, admirably; oh ſweet Lord! aſſuredly it's Pity the Worms ſhould eat thee.

Page. Here's a fine Cell; a Lord, a Taylor, a Perfumer, a Barber, and a Pair of Monſieurs: Three to three, as little Wit in the one, as Honeſty in the other. S'foot I'll into the Country again, learn to ſpeak Truth, drink Ale, and converſe with my Father's Tenants; here I hear nothing all Day, but—upon my Soul! as I am a Gentleman, and an honeſt Man!

Aymer. I vow and affirm, your Taylor muſt needs be an expert Geometrician; he has the Longitude, Latitude, Altitude, Profundity, every Dimenſion of your Body, ſo exquiſitely.—Here's a Lace laid as directly, as if Truth were a Taylor.

Page. That were a Miracle.

Lilad. With a Hairs Breadth's Error, there's a Shoulder-Piece cut, and the Baſe of a Pickadille [6] in *punctο.*

[6] A Pickadil *(Dutch)* the Hem about the Skirt of a Garment.

Aymer.

Aymer. You are right, Monſieur! his Veſtments ſit as if they grew upon him; or Art had wrought 'em on the ſame Loom, as Nature fram'd his Lordſhip; as if your Taylor were deeply read in Aſtrology, and had taken Meaſure of your honourable Body, with a *Jacob*'s Staff, an *Ephimerides*.

Taylor. I am bound t'ye, Gentlemen!

Page. You are deceiv'd; they'll be bound to you: You muſt remember to truſt 'em none.

Nov. jun. Nay, 'faith, thou art a reaſonable, neat Artificer, give the Devil his Due.

Page. I, if he would but cut the Coat according to the Cloth ſtill.

Nov. jun. I now want only my Miſtreſs's Approbation, who is, indeed, the moſt polite punctual Queen of Dreſſing in all *Burgundy*. Pah, and makes all other young Ladies appear as if they came from board laſt Week out of the Country; is't not true, *Liladam?*

Lilad. True, my Lord! as if any Thing your Lordſhip could ſay, could be otherwiſe then true.

Nov. jun. Nay, O my Soul, 'tis ſo, what fouler Object in the World, than to ſee a young, fair, handſome Beauty, unhandſomely dighted and incongruently accouter'd; or a hopeful Chevalier, unmethodically appointed, in the external Ornaments of Nature? For, even as the Index tells us the Contents of Stories, and directs to the particular Chapters, even ſo does the outward Habit and ſuperficial Order of Garments, (in Man or Woman) give us a Taſte of the Spirit, and demonſtratively Point (as it were a manual Note from the Margin) all the internal Quality, and Habiliment of the Soul; and there cannot be a more evident, palpable, groſs Manifeſtation of poor, degenerate, dunghilly Blood, and Breeding, than a rude, unpoliſh'd, diſorder'd and ſlovenly Outſide.

Page. An admirable Lecture! oh, all you Gallants, that hope to be ſaved by your Cloaths, edify, edify!

Aymer. By the Lard, ſweet Lard! thou deſerv'ſt a Penſion o'the State.

Page.—Oth' Taylors, two ſuch Lords were able to ſpread Taylors o'er the Face of a whole Kingdom.

Nov. jun. 'Pox a this Glaſs! it flatters.—I could find in my Heart to break it.

Page. O, ſave the Glaſs, my Lord! and break their Heads: They are the greater Flatterers, I aſſure you.

Aymer. Flatters, detracts, impairs.—Yet, put it by,
Leſt thou, dear Lord, *Narciſſus*-like, ſhould doat
Upon thyſelf, and die; and rob the World
Of Nature's Copy, that ſhe works Form by.

Lilad. Oh! that I were the Infanta Queen of *Europe!*
Who but thyſelf, ſweet Lord, ſhould marry me!

Nov. jun. I marry? Were there a Queen o'th' World, not I.
Wedlock? No Padlock, Horſe-Lock, I wear Spurs
[*He capers.*
To keep it off my Heels; yet, my *Aymer!*
Like a free, wanton Jennet i'th' Meadows,
I look about, and neigh, take Hedge and Ditch,
Feed in my Neighbour's Paſtures; pick my Choice
Of all their fair-mane'd Mares: But married once,
A Man is ſtak'd, or poun'd, and cannot graze
Beyond his own Hedge.

Enter Pontalier, *and* Malotin.

Pont. I have waited, Sir!
Three Hours to ſpeak with you, and take it not well,
Such Magpies are admitted, whilſt I dance
Attendance.

Lilad. Magpies? What d'ye take me for?

Pont. A long Thing with a moſt unpromiſing Face.

Aymer. I'll ne'er aſk him what he takes me for.

Malot. Do not, Sir!
For he'll go near to tell you.

Pont. Art not thou a Barber-Surgeon?

Barb. Yes, Sirrah! why?

Pont. My Lord is ſorely troubled with two Scabs.

Lilad. Aymer. Humph——

Pont. I prythee, cure him of 'em.

Nov.

Nov. jun. Piſh! no more;
Thy Gall ſure's overthrown: Theſe are my Council,
And we were now in ſerious Diſcourſe.
Pont. Of Perfume and Apparel. Can you riſe,
And ſpend five Hours in Dreſſing-Talk with theſe?
Nov. jun. Thould'ſt have me be a Dog: Up, ſtretch, and ſhake,
And ready for all Day.
Pont. Sir! would you be
More curious in preſerving of your Honour
Trim, 'twere more manly. I am come to wake
Your Reputation from this Lethargy
You let it ſleep in; to perſuade, importune,
Nay, to provoke you, Sir! to call to Account
This Colonel *Romont*, for the foul Wrong,
Which, like a Burthen, he hath laid on you,
And, like a drunken Porter, you ſleep under.
'Tis all the Town-Talk, and, believe, Sir,
If your tough Senſe perſiſt thus, you're undone,
Utterly loſt; you will be ſcorn'd and baffled
By every Lacquey; ſeaſon now your Youth
With one brave Thing, and it ſhall keep the Odour
Even to your Death, beyond; and on your Tomb,
Scent like ſweet Oils and Frankincenſe: Sir! this Life
Which once you ſav'd, I ne'er ſince counted mine;
I borrow'd it of you, and now will pay it;
I tender you the Service of my Sword
To bear your Challenge; if you'll write, your Fate.
I'll make mine own: What e'er betide you, I,
That have liv'd by you, by your Side will die.
Nov. jun. Ha! ha! would'ſt ha' me challenge poor *Romont*:
Fight with cloſe Breeches? Thou may'ſt think I dare not.
Do not miſtake me, Coze I'm very valiant;
But Valour ſhall not make me ſuch an Aſs.
What Uſe is there of Valour, now-a-days?
'Tis ſure, or to be kill'd, or to be hang'd.
Fight thou as thy Mind moves thee; 'tis thy Trade:

Thou haſt nothing elſe to do. Fight with *Romont?*
No, I'll not fight under a Lord.

Pont. Farewell, Sir! I pity you,
Such loving Lords walk their dead Honour's Graves,
For no Companions fit, but Fools and Knaves.
Come *Malotin.* [*Exeunt* Pontalier, Malotin.

Enter Romont.

Lilad. 'Sfoot, *Colbrand*, the low Giant.

Aymer. He has brought a Battle in his Face, let's go.

Page. Colbrand, d'ye call him? He'll make ſome of you ſmoak, I believe.

Rom. By your Leave, Sirs!

Aymer. Are you a Conſort?[7]

Rom. D'ye take me for
A Fidler? y'are deceiv'd:—Look. I'll pay you.
[*Kicks 'em.*

Page. It ſeems he knows you one, he bumfiddles you ſo.

Lilad. Was there ever ſo baſe a Fellow?

Aymer. A Raſcal!

Lilad. A moſt uncivil Groom!

Aymer. Offer to kick a Gentleman in a Nobleman's Chamber? A Pox o' your Manners.

Lilad. Let him alone, let him alone, thou ſhalt loſe thy Arm, Fellow! if we ſtir againſt thee, hang us.

Page. 'Sfoot, I think they have the better on him, though they be kick'd, they talk ſo.

Lilad. Let's leave the mad Ape.

Nov. jun. Gentlemen!

Lilad. Nay, my Lord! we will not offer to diſhonour you ſo much as to ſtay by you, ſince he's alone.

7 Aym. *Are you a Conſort*, &c. *i. e.* Come you here to be play'd on.—Thus in *Romeo*,

Tyb. Mercutio, thou conſort'ſt with *Romeo*——

Mer. Conſort! what doſt thou make us Minſtrels, if thou make Minſtrels of us, look to hear nothing but Diſcords, &c.

Act 3, Scene 1.

Nov.

Nov. jun. Hark you.

Aymer. We doubt the Cauſe, and will not diſparage you, ſo much as to take your Lordſhip's Quarrel in Hand. Plague on him, how he has crumpled our Bands.

Page, I'll e'en away with 'em, for this Soldier beats Man, Woman, and Child.

[*Exeunt all but* Novall *and* Romont.

Nov. jun. What mean you, Sir? My People—

Rom. Your Boy's gone, [*Locks the Door.*
And Door's lock'd,—yet for no Hurt to you,
But privacy: Call up your Blood again, Sir!
Be not afraid, I do beſeech you, Sir!
And therefore, come, without more Circumſtance,
Tell me how far the Paſſages have gone
'Twixt you, and your fair Miſtreſs *Beaumelle.*
Tell me the Truth, and, by my Hope of Heaven,
It never ſhall go farther.

Nov. jun. Tell you? Why, Sir?
Are you my Confeſſor?

Rom. I will be your Confounder, if you do not.
[*Draws a Pocket Dagger,*
Stir not, nor ſpend your Voice.

Nov. jun. What will you do?

Rom. Nothing but line your Brain-pan, Sir! with Lead,
If you not ſatisfy me ſuddenly,
I'm deſperate of my Life, and command yours.

Nov. jun. Hold! hold! I'll ſpeak. I vow to Heaven and you,
She's yet untouch'd, more than her Face and Hands,
I cannot call her innocent; for, I yield,
On my ſollicitous Wrongs ſhe conſented,
Where Time and Place met Opportunity
To grant me all Requeſts.

Rom. But, may I build
On this Aſſurance?

Nov. jun. As upon your Faith.

Rom. Write this, Sir! nay, you muſt.
[*Draws Inkhorn and Paper.*

Nov. jun. Pox of this Gun.

Rom. Withall, Sir! you muſt ſwear, and put your Oath
Under your Hand, (ſhake not) ne'er to frequent
This Lady's Company; nor ever ſend
Token, or Meſſage, or Letter, to incline
This (too much prone already) yielding Lady,

Nov. jun. 'Tis done, Sir!

Rom. Let me ſee, this firſt is right;
And here you wiſh a ſudden Death may light
Upon your Body, and Hell take your Soul,
If ever more you ſee her, but by Chance,
Much leſs allure her. Now, my Lord! your Hand.

Nov. jun. My Hand to this?

Rom. Your Heart elſe, I aſſure you.

Nov. jun. Nay, there 'tis.

Rom. So, keep this laſt Article
Of your Faith given, and 'ſtead of Threat'nings, Sir!
The Service of my Sword and Life is yours:
But not a Word of it,—'tis Fairies Treaſure;
Which, but reveal'd, brings on the Blabbers Ruin.
Uſe your Youth better, and this excellent Form
Heav'n hath beſtow'd upon you. So, good Morrow to your Lordſhip. [*Exit.*

Nov. jun. Good Devil to your Rogueſhip. No Man's ſafe.——
I'll have a Cannon planted in my Chamber,
Againſt ſuch roaring Rogues.

Enter Bellapert.

Bellap. My Lord, away!——
The Coach ſtays: Now have your Wiſh, and judge,
If I have been forgetful.

Nov. jun. Ha!

Bellap. D'ye ſtand
Humming and hawing now? [*Exit.*

Nov.

Nov. jun. Sweet Wench, I come.
Hence Fear,
I ſwore,—that's all one; my next Oath I'll keep
That I did mean to break, and then 'tis quit.
No Pain is due to Lover's Perjury:
If *Jove* himſelf laugh at it, ſo will I. [*Exit* Novall.

SCENE II.

Enter Charalois, Beaumont.

Beaum. I grieve for the Diſtaſte
Though I have Manners,
Not to inquire the Cauſe fall'n out between
Your Lordſhip and *Romont.*
Char. I love a Friend,
So long as he continues in the Bounds
Preſcrib'd by Friendſhip; but, when he uſurps
Too far what is proper to myſelf,
And puts the Habit of a Governor on,
I muſt and will preſerve my Liberty.
But ſpeak of ſomething elſe, this is a Theme
I take no Pleaſure in: What's this *Aymer.*
Whoſe Voice for Song, and excellent Knowledge in
The chiefeſt Parts of Muſick, you beſtow
Such Praiſes on?
Beaum. He is a Gentleman,
(For ſo his Quality ſpeaks him) well receiv'd
Among our greateſt Gallants; but yet holds
His main Dependance from the young Lord *Novall.*
Some Tricks and Crotchets he has in his Head,
As all Muſicians have, and more of him
I dare not author: But, when you have heard him,
I may preſume, your Lordſhip ſo will like him,
That you'll hereafter be a Friend to Muſick.
Char. I never was an Enemy to't, *Beaumont*;
Nor yet do I ſubſcribe to the Opinion
Of thoſe old Captains, that thought nothing muſical,
But Cries of yielding Enemies, Neighing of Horſes,

Claſhing

Clashing of Armour, loud Shouts, Drums, and Trumpets:
Nor, on the other Side, in Favour of it,
Affirm the World was made by musical Discord,
Or that the Happiness of our Life consists
In a well vary'd Note upon the Lute:
I love it to the Worth of it, and no farther.
—But, let us see this Wonder.

Beaum. He prevents my calling of him.

Enter Aymer.

Aymer. Let the Coach be brought
To the Back Gate, and serve the Banquet up:
My good Lord *Charalois!* I think my House
Much honour'd in your Presence.

Char. To have Means
To know you better, Sir, has brought me hither
A willing Visitant; and you'll crown my Welcome
In making me a Witness to your Skill,
Which, crediting from others, I admire.

Aymer. Had I been one Hour sooner made acquainted
With your Intent, my Lord, you should have found me
Better provided: Now, such as it is,
Pray you grace with your Acceptance.

Beaum. You are modest.

Aymer. Begin the last new Air.

Char. Shall we not see them?

Aymer. This little Distance from the Instruments
Will to your Ears convey the Harmony
With more Delight.

Char. I'll not contend.

Aymer. Y'are tedious,—
By this Means shall I with one Banquet please
Two Companies, those within, and these Gulls here.

[*Musick, and a Song above.*

Beaumel. within. Ha! ha! ha!

Char. How's this? It is my Lady's Laugh, most certain——

When

When I firſt pleas'd her, in this merry Language,
She gave me Thanks.
Beaum. How like you this?
Char. 'Tis rare,——
Yet I may be deceiv'd, and ſhould be ſorry,
Upon uncertain Suppoſitions, raſhly
To write myſelf in the black Liſt of thoſe
I have declaim'd againſt, and to *Romont.*
Aymer. I would he were well off.——Perhaps your Lordſhip
Likes not theſe ſad Tunes: I have a new Song,
Set to a lighter Note, may pleaſe you better;
'Tis call'd *The Happy Huſband.*
Char. Pray ſing it.
Song below. *At the End of the Song,* Beaumelle *within.*
Beaumel. Ha! ha! 'tis ſuch a Groom.——
Char. Do I hear this,
And yet ſtand doubtful? [*Exit* Charalois.
Aymer. Stay him!—I am undone,
And they diſcover'd.
Beaum. What's the Matter?
Aymer. Ah!
That Women, when they're well pleas'd, cannot hold,
But muſt laugh out.

Enter Novall, *jun.* Charalois, Beaumelle, Bellapert.

Nov. jun. Help! ſave me! Murther! Murther!
Bellap. Undone forever!
Char. Oh, my Heart!
Hold yet a little.—Do not hope to 'ſcape
By Flight, it is impoſſible: Though I might
On all Advantage take thy Life, and juſtly;
This Sword, my Father's Sword, that ne'er was drawn
But to a noble Purpoſe, ſhall not now
Do th' Office of a Hangman; I reſerve it
To right mine Honour, not for a Revenge
So poor, that though with thee it ſhould cut off
Thy Family, with all that are ally'd

To

To thee in Luſt, or Baſeneſs, 'twere ſtill ſhort of
All Terms of Satisfaction.—Draw.
Nov. jun. I dare not:
I have already done you too much Wrong
To fight in ſuch a Cauſe.
Char. Why, dar'ſt thou neither
Be honeſt, Coward? nor yet valiant, Knave?
In ſuch a Cauſe come, do not ſhame thyſelf;
Such whoſe Blood's Wrongs, or Wrong done to themſelves
Could never heat, are yet in the Defence
Of their Whores, daring.—Look on her again.
You thought her worth the Hazard of your Soul,
And yet ſtand doubtful, in her Quarrel, to
Venture your Body.
Beaum. No, he fears his Cloaths
More than his Fleſh.
Char. Keep from me:—Guard thy Life;
Or, as thou haſt liv'd like a Goat, thou ſhalt
Die like a Sheep.
Nov. jun. Since there's no Remedy,
Deſpair of Safety now in me prove Courage.
[*They fight.* Novall *is ſlain.*
Char. How ſoon weak Wrong's o'erthrown! Lend me your Hand,
Bear this to the Caroch—Come, you have taught me
To ſay, you muſt, and ſhall: I wrong you not;
Y'are but to keep him Company you love.
—Is't done? 'tis well.—Raiſe Officers! and take Care,
All you can apprehend within the Houſe
May be forth-coming. Do I appear much mov'd?
Beaum. No, Sir.
Char. My Griefs are now thus to be borne;
Hereafter I'll find Time and Place to mourn.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Romont, Pontalier.

Pont. I was bound to ſeek you, Sir!
Rom. And, had you found me
In any Place but in the Street, I ſhould
Have done,—nor talk'd to you. Are you the Captain?
The hopeful *Pontalier?* whom I have ſeen
Do in the Field ſuch Service, as then made you
Their Envy that commanded, here at Home
To play the Paraſite to a gilded Knave,
And, it may be, the Pander?
Pont. Without this,
I come to call you to Account, for what
Is paſt already. I by your Example
Of Thankfulneſs to the dead General,
By whom you were rais'd, have practis'd to be ſo
To my good Lord *Novall*, by whom I live;
Whoſe leaſt Diſgrace, that is, or may be offer'd,
With all the Hazard of my Life and Fortunes,
I will make good on you, or any Man,
That has a Hand in't; and, ſince you allow me
A Gentleman and a Soldier, there's no Doubt
You will except againſt me. You ſhall meet
With a fair Enemy; you underſtand
The Right I look for, and muſt have.
Rom. I do;
And with the next Day's Sun you ſhall hear from me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Charalois *with a Caſket*, Beaumelle, Beaumont.

Char. Pray bear this to my Father; at his Leiſure
He may peruſe it: But with your beſt Language
Intreat his inſtant Preſence. You have ſworn
Not to reveal what I have done.

Beaum.

Beaum. Nor will I — but —

Char. Doubt me not. By Heaven, I will do nothing
But what may ſtand with Honour.—Pray you leave me
[*Ex.* Beaumont.
To my own Thoughts.—If this be to me, riſe:
[Beaumel. *kneels.*
I am not worthy the looking on, but only
To feed Contempt and Scorn; and that, from you
Who with the Loſs of your fair Name have caus'd it,
Were too much Cruelty.

Beaumel. I dare not move you
To hear me ſpeak. I know my Fault is far
Beyond Qualification, or Excuſe;
That 'tis not fit for me to hope, or you
To think of Mercy; only I preſume
To intreat you would be pleas'd to look upon
My Sorrow for it, and believe, theſe Tears,
Are the true Children of my Grief, and not
A Woman's Cunning.

Char. Can you, *Beaumelle*,
Having deceived ſo great a Truſt as mine,
Though I were all Credulity, hope again
To get Belief? No, no; if you look on me
With Pity, or dare practiſe any Means
To make my Sufferings leſs, or give juſt Cauſe
To all the World, to think what I muſt do,
Was call'd upon by you, uſe other Ways;
Deny what I have ſeen, or juſtify
What you have done; and, as you deſperately
Made Shipwreck of your Faith to be a Whore,
Uſe th' Arms of ſuch a one, and ſuch Defence;
And multiply the Sin, with Impudence.
Stand boldly up, and tell me to my Teeth,
That you have done but what's warranted
By great Examples, in all Places where
Women inhabit: Urge your own Deſerts,
Or Want in me of Merit: Tell me, how
Your Dow'r from the low Gulf of Poverty,
Weigh'd up my Fortunes to what now they are:
That I was purchas'd by your Choice, and Practice

To

To ſhelter you from Shame, that you might ſin
As boldly as ſecurely; that poor Men
Are married to thoſe Wives that bring them Wealth;
One Day their Huſbands, but Obſervers ever:
That when by this proud Uſage you have blown
The Fire of my juſt Vengeance to the Height,
I then may kill you; and yet ſay, 'twas done
In Heat of Blood, and after die myſelf,
To witneſs my Repentance.

Beaumel. O my Fate!
That never would conſent that I ſhould ſee
How worthy thou wert both of Love and Duty
Before I loſt you; and my Miſery made
The Glaſs, in which I now behold your Virtue!
While I was good, I was a Part of you,
And of two, by the virtuous Harmony
Of our fair Minds, made one: But, ſince I wander'd
In the forbidden Labyrinth of Luſt,
What was inſeparable, is by me divided.
With Juſtice, therefore, you may cut me off,
And from your Memory waſh the Remembrance
That e'er I was; like to ſome vicious Purpoſe
Within your better Judgment, you repent of,
And ſtudy to forget.

Char. O *Beaumelle!*
That you can ſpeak ſo well, and do ſo ill!
But you had been too great a Bleſſing, if
You had continu'd chaſte: See how you force me
To this, becauſe mine Honour will not yield
That I again ſhould love you.

Beaumel. In this Life
It is not fit you ſhould: Yet you ſhall find,
Though I was bold enough to be a Strumpet,
I dare not yet live one: Let thoſe fam'd Matrons
That are canoniz'd worthy of our Sex,
Tranſcend me in their Sanctity of Life,
I yet will equal them in dying nobly,
Ambitious of no Honour after Life,
But that, when I am dead, you will forgive me.

Char.

Char. How Pity ſteals upon me! ſhould I hear her
[*Knock within.*
But ten Words more, I were loſt.—One knocks, go in.
[*Exit* Beaumelle.
That to be merciful ſhould be a Sin!

Enter Rochfort.

O, Sir, moſt welcome! Let me take your Cloak,
I muſt not be deny'd.—Here are your Robes,
As you love Juſtice, once more put them on.
There is a Cauſe to be determin'd of,
That does require ſuch an Integrity
As you have ever us'd.—I'll put you to
The Trial of your Conſtancy and Goodneſs;
And look that you, that have been Eagle-ey'd
In other Mens Affairs, prove not a Mole
In what concerns yourſelf. Take you your Seat,
I will before you preſently. [*Exit.*

Roch. Angels guard me!
To what ſtrange Tragedy does this Deſtruction
Serve for a Prologue?

Enter Charalois *with* Novall's *Body*, Beaumelle, *and* Beaumont.

Char. So, ſet it down before
The Judgment Seat, and ſtand you at the Bar:
For me, I am the Accuſer.

Roch. *Novall* ſlain?
And *Beaumelle*, my Daughter, in the Place
Of one to be arraign'd?

Char. O, are you touch'd?
I find that I muſt take another Courſe.
[*He Hoodwinks* Rochfort.
Fear nothing; I will only blind your Eyes,
For Juſtice ſhould do ſo, when 'tis to meet
An Object that may ſway her equal Doom
From what it ſhould be aim'd at.—Good my Lord!
A Day of Hearing. *Roch.*

Roch. It is granted, ſpeak—You ſhall have Juſtice.
Char. I then here accuſe,
Moſt equal Judge, the Priſoner, your fair Daughter,
For whom I ow'd ſo much to you: Your Daughter,
So worthy in her own Parts, and that Worth
Set forth by yours, to whoſe ſo rare Perfections,
Truth witneſs with me, in the Place of Service
I almoſt paid idolatrous Sacrifice,
To be a falſe Adultreſs.
Roch. With whom?
Char. With this *Novall*, here dead.
Roch. Be well advis'd,
And ere you ſay Adultreſs again,
Her Fame depending on it, be moſt ſure
That ſhe is one.
Char. I took them in the Act.
I know no Proof beyond it.
Roch. O my Heart!
Char. A Judge ſhould feel no Paſſions.
Roch. Yet, remember
He is a Man, and cannot put off Nature.
What Anſwer makes the Priſoner?
Beaumel. I confeſs
The Fact I am charg'd with, and yield myſelf
Moſt miſerably guilty.
Roch. Heaven take Mercy
Upon your Soul, then: It muſt leave your Body.——
Now free mine Eyes: I dare unmov'd look on her,
And fortify my Sentence with ſtrong Reaſons.
Since that the politick Law provides, that Servants,
To whoſe Care we commit our Goods, ſhall die,
If they abuſe our Truſt; what can you look for,
To whoſe Charge this moſt hopeful Lord gave up
All he receiv'd from his brave Anceſtors,
Or he could leave to his Poſterity?
His Honour, wicked Woman! in whoſe Safety
All his Life's Joys and Comforts were lock'd up,
With thy Luſt, a Thief hath now ſtoln from him;
And therefore——

Char. Stay, juſt Judge.—May not what's loſt
By her own Fault (for I am charitable,
And charge her not with many) be forgotten
In her fair Life hereafter?

Roch. Never, Sir!
The Wrong that's done to the chaſte married Bed,
Repentant Tears can never expiate;
And be aſſur'd, to pardon ſuch a Sin,
Is an Offence as great as to commit it.

Char. I may not then forgive her?

Roch. Nor ſhe hope it:
Nor can ſhe wiſh to live. No ſun ſhall riſe,
But ere it ſet, ſhall ſhew her ugly Luſt
In a new Shape, and every one more horrid:
Nay, even thoſe Prayers, which with ſuch humble Fervour
She ſeems to ſend up yonder, are beat back;
And all Suits, which her Penitence can proffer,
As ſoon as made, are with Contempt thrown
Off all the Courts of Mercy.

Char. Let her die then. [*He kills her.*
Better prepar'd I am. Sure I could not take her,
Nor ſhe accuſe her Father, as a Judge
Partial againſt her.

Beaumel. I approve his Sentence,
And kiſs the Executioner: My Luſt
Is now run from me in that Blood, in which
It was begot and nouriſhed. [*Dies.*

Roch. Is ſhe dead then?

Char. Yes, Sir, this is her Heart-Blood, is it not?
I think it be.

Roch. And you have kill'd her?

Char. True, and did it by your Doom.

Roch. But I pronounc'd it
As a Judge only, and a Friend to Juſtice,
And zealous in Defence of your wrong'd Honour,
Broke all the Ties of Nature; and caſt off
The Love and ſoft Affection of a Father.
I, in your Cauſe, put on a Scarlet Robe

Of

Of red-dy'd Cruelty; but, in Return,
You have advanc'd for me no Flag of Mercy.
I look'd on you as a wrong'd Husband; but
You clos'd your Eyes againſt me, as a Father.
O *Beaumelle!* my Daughter!

Char. This is Madneſs.

Roch. Keep from me.—Could not one good Thought riſe up,
To tell you that ſhe was my Age's Comfort,
Begot by a weak Man, and born a Woman,
And could not, therefore, but partake of Frailty?
Or wherefore did not Thankfulneſs ſtep forth,
To urge my many Merits, which I may
Object unto you, ſince you prove ungrateful;
Flinty-hearted *Charalois?*

Char. Nature does prevail above your Virtue.

Roch. No; it gives me Eyes,
To pierce the Heart of your Deſign againſt me.
I find it now; it was my 'State was aim'd at,
A nobler Match was ſought for, and the Hours
I liv'd, grew tedious to you: My Compaſſion
Towards you hath render'd me moſt miſerable,
And fooliſh Charity undone myſelf.
But there's a Heaven above, from whoſe juſt Wreak
No Miſts of Policy can hide Offenders.

Enter Novall, *ſen. with Officers.*

Nov. ſen. Force ope the Doors.—O Monſter! Canibal!
Lay hold on him — My Son! my Son!—O *Rochfort!*
'Twas you gave Liberty to this bloody Wolf
To worry all our Comforts.——But this is
No Time to quarrel; now give your Aſſiſtance
For the Revenge.

Roch. Call it a fitter Name.
—Juſtice for innocent Blood.

Char. Though all conſpire
Againſt that Life which I am weary of,
A little longer yet I'll ſtrive to keep it,

To ſhew, in Spite of Malice, and their Laws,
His Plea muſt ſpeed, that hath an honeſt Cauſe.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Liladam, *Taylor*, *Officers*.

Lilad. WHY, 'tis both moſt unconſcionable, and untimely,
T' arreſt a Gallant for his Cloaths, before
He has worn them out: Beſides, you ſaid you aſk'd
My Name in my Lord's Bond, but for me only,
And now you'll lay me up for't. Do not think
The taking Meaſure of a Cuſtomer
By a Brace of Varlets, though I rather wait
Never ſo patiently, will prove a Faſhion
Which any Courtier or Inns-of-Court Man
Would follow willingly.
Taylor. There I believe you.
But, Sir! I muſt have preſent Monies, or
Aſſurance, to ſecure me when I ſhall ——
Or I will ſee to your coming forth.
Lilad. Plague on't!
You have provided for my Entrance in:
That coming forth you talk of, concerns me.
What ſhall I do? You've done me a Diſgrace
In the Arreſt, but more in giving Cauſe
To all the Street to think I cannot ſtand
Without theſe two Supporters for my Arms:
Pray you, let them looſe me: For their Satisfaction
I will not run away.
Taylor. For theirs you will not;
But for your own you would: Look to him, Fellows!
Lilad. Why do you call them Fellows? Do not wrong
Your Reputation ſo, as you are merely

A Taylor, faithful, apt to believe in Gallants.
You're a Companion at a ten Crown Supper
For Cloth of Bodkin, and may with one Lark
Eat up three Manchets, and no Man obſerve you,
Or call your Trade in Queſtion for't. But, when
You ſtudy your Debt-Book, and hold Correſpondence
With Officers of the Hanger, and leave Swordmen,
The Learned conclude, the Taylor and Serjeant
In the Expreſſion of a Knave are theſe
To be ſynonymous. Look, therefore, to it!
And let us part in Peace, I would be loth
You ſhould undo yourſelf.

Enter Old Novall, *and* Pontalier.

Taylor. To let you go
Were the next Way. But, ſee! here's your old Lord;
Let him but give his Word I ſhall be paid,
And you are free.
Lilad. S'lid! I'll put him to't:
I can be but denied: or—what ſay you?
His Lordſhip owing me three Times your Debt;
If you arreſt him at my Suit, and let me
Go run before, to ſee the Action enter'd,
'Twould be a witty Jeſt.
Taylor. I muſt have Earneſt.—
I cannot pay my Debts ſo.
Pont. Can your Lordſhip
Imagine, while I live, and wear a Sword,
Your Son's Death ſhall be unreveng'd?
Nov. ſen. I know not
One Reaſon why you ſhould not do like others:
I am ſure, of all the Herd that fed upon him,
I cannot ſee in any, now he's gone,
In Pity, or in Thankfulneſs, one true Sign
Of Sorrow for him.
Pont. All his Bounties yet
Fell not in ſuch unthankful Ground: 'Tis true,
He had Weakneſſes, but ſuch, as few are free from.

And, though none ſooth'd them leſs than I, for now
To ſay that I foreſaw the Dangers, that
Would riſe from cheriſhing them, were but untimely,
I yet could wiſh, the Juſtice that you ſeek for
In the Revenge, had been truſted to me,
And not the uncertain Iſſue of the Laws:
'T has robb'd me of a noble Teſtimony
Of what I durſt do for him.—But, however,
My forfeit Life redeem'd by him, though dead,
Shall do him Service.

Nov. ſen. 'As far as my Grief
Will give me Leave, I thank you.'

Lilad. Oh, my Lord!
Oh my good Lord! deliver me from theſe Furies.

Pont. Arreſted? This is one of them, whoſe baſe
And abject Flattery help'd to dig his Grave:
He is not worth your Pity, nor my Anger.—
Go to the Baſket, and Repent.

Nov. ſen. Away!—I only know now to hate thee
I will do nothing for thee. [deadly:

Lilad. Nor you, Captain?

Pont. No, to your Trade again; put off this Caſe,
It may be, the diſcovering what you were
When your unfortunate Maſter took you up,
May move Compaſſion in your Creditor.
Confeſs the Truth.

[*Exit* Novall, *ſen. and* Pontalier.

Lilad. And, now I think on't better,
I will, Brother, your Hand! your Hand, ſweet Brother.
I'm of your Sect, and my Gallantry but a Dream,
Out of which theſe two fearful Apparitions
Againſt my Will have wak'd me. This rich Sword
Grew ſuddenly out of a Taylor's Bodkin;
Theſe Hangers from my Vails and Fees in Hell;
And, whereas now this Beaver ſits, full often
A thrifty Cap, compos'd of Broad-cloth Liſts,
Near-'kin unto the Cuſhion where I ſat
Croſs-leg'd, and yet ungarter'd, hath been ſeen,
Our Breakfaſts, famous for the butter'd Loaves,

I have

I have with Joy been oft acquainted with;
And therefore uſe a Conſcience, though it be
Forbidden in our Hall towards other Men,
To me that, as I have been, will again
Be of the Brotherhood.

Officer. I know him now:
He was a 'Prentice to *Le Robe* at *Orleance.*

Lilad. And from thence brought by my young Lord, now dead,
Unto *Dijon*; and with him, till this Hour,
Hath been receiv'd here for a compleat Monſieur.
Nor wonder at it; for but Tythe our Gallants,
Even thoſe of the firſt Rank, and you will find
In every ten, one, peradventure two,
That ſmell rank of the dancing School, or Fiddle,
The Pantofle or Preſſing-iron:—But hereafter
We'll talk of this. I will ſurrender up
My Suits again; there cannot be much Loſs.
'Tis but the turning of the Lace, with one
Addition more you know of, and what wants
I will work out.

Taylor. Then here our Quarrel ends:
The Gallant is turn'd Taylor, and all Friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Romont, Beaumont.

Rom. You have them ready.

Beaum. Yes; and they will ſpeak
Their Knowledge in this Cauſe, when thou think'ſt fit
To have them call'd upon.

Rom. 'Tis well; and ſomething
I can add to their Evidence, to prove
This brave Revenge, which they would have call'd Murther,
A noble Juſtice.

Beaum. In this you expreſs
(The Breach, by my Lord's Want of you, new made up)
A faithful Friend.

Rom. That Friendſhip's rais'd on Sand,
Which every ſudden Guſt of Diſcontent,
Or Flowing of our Paſſions, can change,
As if it ne'er had been:—But do you know
Who are to ſit on him?

Beaum. Monſieur *Du Croy*,
Aſſiſted by *Charmi*.

Rom. The Advocate,
That pleaded for the Marſhal's Funeral,
And was check'd for it by *Novall*.

Beaum. The ſame.

Rom. How fortunes that?

Beaum. Why, Sir, my Lord *Novall*,
Being the Accuſer, cannot be the Judge;
Nor would grieve *Rochfort*, but Lord *Charalois*
(However he might wrong him by his Power,)
Should have an equal Hearing.

Rom. By my Hopes
Of *Charalois*'s Acquittal, I lament
That reverend old Man's Fortune.

Beaum. Had you ſeen him,
As to my Grief I have, now promiſe Patience,
And, e'er it was believ'd, though ſpake by him
That never break his Word, enrag'd again
So far as to make War upon thoſe Hairs,
Which not a barbarous *Scythian* durſt preſume
To touch, but with a ſuperſtitious Fear,
As ſomething ſacred;—and then curſe his Daughter;
But with more frequent Violence himſelf,
As if he had been guilty of her Fault,
By being incredulous of your Report,
You would not only judge him worthy Pity,
But ſuffer with him.—But here comes the Priſoner,

Enter Charalois, *with Officers.*

I dare not ſtay to do my Duty to him;
Yet, reſt aſſur'd, all poſſible Means in me
To do him Service, keeps you Company.

Rom.

Rom. It is not doubted. [*Exit* Beaumont.

Char. Why, yet, as I came hither,
The People, apt to mock Calamity,
And tread on the oppreſs'd, made no Horns at me,
Though they are too familiar:—I deſerve them.
And, knowing too what Blood my Sword hath drunk,
In Wreak of that Diſgrace, they yet forbear
To ſhake their Heads, or to revile me for
A Murtherer; they rather all put on
(As for great Loſſes the old *Romans* us'd)
A general Face of Sorrow, waited on
By a ſad Murmur breaking through their Silence,
And no Eye but was readier with a Tear
To witneſs 'twas ſhed for me, than I could
Diſcern a Face made up with Scorn againſt me.
Why ſhould I then, though for unuſual Wrongs
I choſe unuſual Means to right thoſe Wrongs,
Condemn myſelf, as over-partial
In my own Cauſe.—*Romont?*

Rom. Beſt Friend, well met!
By my Heart's Love to you, and join to that
My Thankfulneſs that ſtill lives to the dead,
I look upon you now with more true Joy,
Then when I ſaw you married.

Char. You have Reaſon
To give you Warrant for't. My falling off
From ſuch a Friendſhip, with the Scorn that anſwered
Your too prophetick Counſel, may well move you
To think your meeting me, going to my Death,
A fit Encounter for that Hate which juſtly
I have deſerv'd from you.

Rom. Shall I ſtill, then,
Speak Truth, and be ill underſtood?

Char. You are not.
I'm conſcious I have wrong'd you, and allow me
Only a moral Man to look on you,
Whom fooliſhly I have abus'd and injur'd,
Muſt of Neceſſity be more terrible to me,
Than any Death the Judges can pronounce

From

From the Tribunal which I am to plead at.

Rom. Paſſion tranſports you.

Char. For what I have done
To my falſe Lady, or *Novall*, I can
Give ſome apparent Cauſe; but, touching you,
In my Defence, Child-like, I can ſay nothing,
But I am ſorry for't; a poor Satisfaction!
And yet, miſtake me not; for it is more
Then I will ſpeak, to have my Pardon ſign'd
For all I ſtand accus'd of.

Rom. You much weaken
The Strength of your good Cauſe, ſhould you but think,
A Man for doing well could entertain
A Pardon, were it offer'd. You have given
To blind and ſlow pac'd Juſtice, Wings, and Eyes,
To ſee, and overtake Impieties,
Which from a cold Proceeding had receiv'd
Indulgence or Protection.

Char. Think you ſo?

Rom. Upon my Soul, nor ſhould the Blood you challenge
And took to cure your Honour, breed more Scruple
In your ſoft Conſcience, than if your Sword
Had been ſheath'd in a Tygreſs, or She-Bear,
That in their Bowels would have made your Tomb.
To injure Innocence is more than Murther:
But when inhuman Luſts transform us, then
As Beaſts, we are to ſuffer, not like Men,
To be lamented. Nor did *Charalois* ever
Perform an Act ſo worthy the Applauſe
Of a full Theatre of perfect Men,
As he hath done in this: The Glory got
By overthrowing outward Enemies,
Since Strength and Fortune are main Sharers in it,
We cannot, but by Pieces, call our own:
But, when we conquer our inteſtine Foes,
Our Paſſions bred within us, and of thoſe
The moſt rebellious Tyrant, powerful Love,

Our

Our Reaſon ſuffering us to like no longer
Than the fair Object, being good, deſerves it,
That's a true Victory; which, were great Men
Ambitious to atchieve, by your Example
Setting no Price upon the Breach of Faith,
But Loſs of Life, 'twould fright Adultery
Out of their Families, and make Luſt appear
As loathſome to us in the firſt Conſent,
As when 'tis waited on by Puniſhment.

Char. You have confirm'd me. Who would love a Woman
That might enjoy, in ſuch a Man, a Friend?
You've made me know the Juſtice of my Cauſe,
And mark'd me out the Way, how to defend it.

Rom. Continue to that Reſolution conſtant,
And you ſhall, in Contempt of their worſt Malice,
Come off with Honour.—Here they come.

Char. I am ready.

SCENE III.[8]

Enter Du Croy, Charmi, Rochfort, Novall *ſen.* Pontalier, Beaumont.

Nov. ſen. See, equal Judges, with what Confidence
The cruel Murtherer ſtands, as if he would
Out-face the Court and Juſtice!

Roch. But look on him,
And you ſhall find (for ſtill methinks I do,
Though Guilt hath dy'd him black) ſomething good in him,
That may perhaps work with a wiſer Man,
Than I have been, again to ſet him free
And give him all he has.

[8] Scene 3. The enſuing Scene is moſt finely wrote, as is indeed the whole Act. The Misfortunes of the good old generous *Rochfort*, and the pious *Charalois*'s continued Round of Sorrows muſt be very affecting to every Heart, that is capable of being touched with Pity and Tenderneſs.

Charmi.

Charmi. This is not well.
I would you had liv'd ſo, my Lord! that I,
Might rather have continu'd your poor Servant,
Than ſit here as your Judge.

Du Croy. I am ſorry for you.

Roch. In no Act of my Life I have deſerv'd
This Injury from the Court, that any here
Should thus uncivily uſurp on what
Is proper to me only.

Du Croy. What Diſtaſte
Receives my Lord?

Roch. You ſay you are ſorry for him:
A Grief in which I muſt not have a Partner:
'Tis I alone am ſorry, that I rais'd
The Building of my Life, for ſeventy Years,
Upon ſo ſure a Ground, that all the Vices,
Practis'd to ruin Man, though brought againſt me,
Could never undermine, and no Way left
To ſend theſe grey Hairs to the Grave with Sorrow,
Virtue, that was my Patroneſs, betray'd me:
For, entring, nay, poſſeſſing, this young Man,
It lent him ſuch a powerful Majeſty
To grace whate'er he undertook, that freely
I gave myſelf up with my Liberty,
To be at his diſpoſing: Had his Perſon,
Lovely I muſt confeſs, or far fam'd Valour,
Or any other ſeeming Good, that yet
Holds a near Neighbourhood with Ill, wrought on me,
I might have borne it better: But, when Goodneſs
And Piety itſelf in her beſt Figure
Were brib'd to my Deſtruction, can you blame me,
Though I forget to ſuffer like a Man,
Or rather act a Woman?

Beaum. Good my Lord!

Nov. ſen. You hinder our Proceeding,

Charmi. And forget
The Parts of an Accuſer.

Beaum. 'Pray you, remember
To uſe the Temper, which to me you promis'd.

Roch.

Roch. Angels themſelves muſt break, *Beaumont!* that promiſe,
Beyond the Strength and Patience of Angels.
But I have done:—My good Lord! pardon me
A weak old Man; and pray add to that
A miſerable Father; yet be careful
That your Compaſſion of my Age, nor his,
Move you to any Thing, that may miſ-become
The Place on which you ſit.

Charmi. Read the Indictment.

Char. It ſhall be needleſs; I myſelf, my Lords!
Will be my own Accuſer, and confeſs
All they can charge me with; nor will I ſpare
To aggravate that Guilt with Circumſtance
They ſeek to load me with: Only I pray,
That, as for them you will vouchſafe me Hearing,
I may not be, deny'd it for myſelf,
When I ſhall urge by what unanſwerable Reaſons
I was compell'd to what I did, which yet,
Till you have taught me better, I repent not.

Roch. The Motion's honeſt.

Charmi. And 'tis freely granted.

Char. Then I confeſs, my Lords! that I ſtood bound,
When, with my Friends, ev'n Hope itſelf had left me,
To this Man's Charity for my Liberty;
Nor did his Bounty end there, but began:
For, after my Enlargement, cheriſhing
The Good he did, he made me Maſter of
His only Daughter, and his whole Eſtate:
Great Ties of Thankfulneſs, I muſt acknowledge,
Could any one, freed by you, preſs this further?
But yet conſider, my moſt honour'd Lords!
If to receive a Favour, make a Servant,
And Benefits are Bonds to tie the Taker
To the imperious Will of him that gives,
There's none but Slaves will receive Courteſies,
Since they muſt fetter us to our Diſhonours.
Can it be call'd Magnificence in a Prince,
To pour down Riches, with a liberal Hand,

Upon a poor Man's Wants, if that muſt bind him,
To play the ſoothing Paraſite to his Vices?
Or any Man, becauſe he ſav'd my Hand,
Preſume my Head and Heart are at his Service?
Or, did I ſtand engag'd to buy my Freedom
(When my Captivity was honourable)
By making myſelf here, and Fame hereafter,
Bondſlaves to Men's Scorn, and calumnious Tongues?
Had his fair Daughter's Mind been like her Feature,
Or, for ſome little Blemiſh, I had ſought
For my Content elſewhere, waſting on others
My Body, and her Dowry; my Forehead then
Deſerv'd the Brand of baſe Ingratitude:
But if obſequious Uſage, and fair Warning
To keep her worth my Love, could not preſerve her
From being a Whore, and yet no cunning one,
So to offend, and yet the Fault kept from me——
What ſhould I do? Let any free-born Spirit
Determine truly, if that Thankfulneſs,
Choice Form, with the whole World given for a Dowry,
Could ſtrengthen ſo an honeſt Man with Patience,
As with a willing Neck to undergo
The inſupportable Yoke of Slave or Wittal.

Charmi. What Proof have you ſhe did play falſe, beſides
Your Oath?

Char. Her own Confeſſion to her Father.
I aſk him for a Witneſs.

Roch. 'Tis moſt true.
I would not willingly blend my laſt Words
With an Untruth.

Char. And then to clear myſelf,
That his great Wealth was not the Mark I ſhot at,
But that I held it, when fair *Beaumelle*
Fell from her Vertue, like the fatal Gold
Which *Brennus* took from *Delphos*, whoſe Poſſeſſion
Brought with it Ruin to himſelf and Army.
Here's one in Court, *Beaumont*, by whom I ſent
All Grants and Writings back, which made it mine,

Before

Before his Daughter dy'd by his own Sentence,
As freely, as, unask'd, he gave it to me.
Beaum. They are here to be seen.
Charmi. Open the Casket.——
Peruse that Deed of Gift.
Rom. Half of the Danger
Already is discharg'd: The other Part
As bravely, and you are not only free,
But crown'd with Praise for ever.
Du Croy. 'Tis apparent.
Charmi. Your 'State, my Lord, again is yours.
Roch. Not mine;
I am not of the World: If it can prosper,
(And yet, being justly got, I'll not examine
Why it should be so fatal) do you bestow it
On pious Uses: I'll go seek a Grave.
And yet, for Proof, I die in Peace, your Pardon
I ask; and, as you grant it me, may Heaven,
Your Conscience, and these Judges, free you from
What you are charg'd with. So, farewell, for ever.—
[*Exit* Rochfort.
Novall sen. I'll be mine own Guide. Passion, nor Example
Shall be my Leaders. I have lost a Son,
A Son, grave Judges, I require his Blood
From his accursed Homicide.
Charmi. What Reply you,
In your Defence for this?
Char. I but attended
Your Lordship's Pleasure.—For the Fact, as of
The former, I confess it; but with what
Base Wrongs I was unwillingly drawn to it,
To my few Words there are some other Proofs
To witness this for Truth. When I was married
(For there I must begin) the slain *Novall*
Was to my Wife, in Way of our *French* Courtship,
A most devoted Servant; but yet aimed at
Nothing but Means to quench his wanton Heat,
His Heart being never warm'd by lawful Fires

As

As mine was, Lords; and though, on theſe Preſumptions,
Join'd to the Hate between his Houſe and mine,
I might, with Opportunity and Eaſe,
Have found a Way for my Revenge, I did not;
But ſtill he had the Freedom as before,
When all was mine; and, told that he abus'd it
With ſome unſeemly Licence, by my Friend,
My approv'd Friend, *Romont*, I gave no Credit
To the Reporter, but reprov'd him for it,
As one uncourtly and malicious to him.
What could I more, my Lords? Yet, after this,
He did continue in his firſt Purſuit,
Hotter then ever, and at length obtained it;
But; how it came to my moſt certain Knowledge,
For the Dignity of the Court, and my own Honour,
I dare not ſay.

Nov. ſen. If all may be believ'd
A paſſionate Priſoner ſpeaks; who is ſo fooliſh
That durſt be wicked, that will appear guilty?
No, my grave Lords: In his Impunity
But give Example unto jealous Men
To cut the Throats they hate, and they will never
Want Matter or Pretence for their bad Ends.

Charmi. You muſt find other Proofs, to ſtrengthen theſe
But mere Preſumptions.——

Du Croy. Or we ſhall hardly
Allow your Innocence.

Char. All your Attempts
Shall fall on me, like brittle Shafts on Armour,
That break themſelves; or like Waves againſt a Rock,
That leave no Sign of their ridiculous Fury
But Foam and Splinters; my Innocence like theſe
Shall ſtand triumphant, and your Malice ſerve
But for a Trumpet to proclaim my Conqueſt:
Nor ſhall you, though you do the worſt Fate can,
How e'er condemn, affright an honeſt Man.

Rom. May it pleaſe the Court, I may be heard.

Nov.

Nov. ſen. You come not
To rail again? But do—You ſhall not find
Another *Rochfort*.
Rom. In *Novall* I cannot.
But I come furniſhed with what will ſtop
The Mouth of his Conſpiracy againſt the Life
Of innocent *Charalois*. Do you know this Character?
Nov. ſen. Yes, 'tis my Son's.
Rom. May it pleaſe your Lordſhips, read it,
And you ſhall find there, with what Vehemency
He did ſolicit *Beaumelle*; how he had got
A Promiſe from her to enjoy his Wiſhes;
How after he abjur'd her Company,
And yet—(but that 'tis fit I ſpare the Dead)
Like a damn'd Villain, as ſoon as recorded,
He brake that Oath;—to make this manifeſt,
Produce his Bawds and her's.

Enter Aymer, Florimel, Bellapert.

Charmi. Have they took their Oaths?
Rom. They have, and, rather than endure the Rack,
Confeſs the Time, the Meeting, nay the Act;
What would you more? Only this Matron made
A free Diſcovery to a good End;
And therefore I ſue to the Court, ſhe may not
Be plac'd in the black Liſt of the Delinquents.
Pont. I ſee by this, *Novall*'s Revenge needs me;
And I ſhall do.——
Charmi. 'Tis evident——
Nov. ſen. That I
Till now was never wretched: Here's no Place
To curſe him or my Stars. [*Exit* Novall *ſen.*
Charmi. Lord *Charalois!*
The Injuries you have ſuſtain'd, appear
So worthy of the Mercy of the Court,
That, notwithſtanding you have gone beyond
The Letter of the Law, they yet acquit you.
Pont. But, in *Novall*, I do condemn him—thus.
[*Stabs him.*

Char. I'm ſlain.

Rom. Can I look on? Oh, murd'rous Wretch!
Thy Challenge now I anſwer.—So die with him.
[*Stabs* Pontalier.

Charmi. A Guard! diſarm him!

Rom. I yield up my Sword
Unforc'd—Oh, *Charalois!*

Char. For Shame, *Romont!*
Mourn not for him, that dies, as he hath liv'd;
Still conſtant and unmov'd: What's fall'n upon me,
Is by Heav'ns Will; becauſe I made myſelf
A Judge in my own Cauſe without their Warrant:—
But he, that lets me know thus much in Death,
With all good Men—forgive me. [*Dies.*

Pont. I receive
The Vengeance, which my Love not built on Virtue,
Has made me worthy of. [*Dies.*

Charmi. We're taught
By this ſad Precedent, how juſt ſoever
Our Reaſons are to remedy our Wrongs,
We're yet to leave them to their Will and Power,
That to that Purpoſe have Authority.
For you, *Romont*, although in your Excuſe
You may plead, what you did, was in Revenge
Of the Diſhonour done unto the Court:
Yet, ſince from us you had not Warrant for it,
We baniſh you the State: For theſe, they ſhall,
As they are found guilty or innocent,
Or be ſet free, or ſuffer Puniſhment. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE EMPEROR of the EAST.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

As it hath been divers Times acted, at the *Black-Fryers*, and *Globe* Play-Houſes, by the King's Majeſty's Servants. 1632.

WRITTEN

By PHILIP MASSINGER.

To the Right Honourable, and my Eſpecial Good Lord,

JOHN Lord MOHUN,

Baron of Okehampton, *&c.*

My Good Lord,

LET *my Preſumption in ſtiling you ſo (having never deſerved it in my Service) from the Clemency of your noble Diſpoſition, find Pardon. The Reverence due to the Name of* Mohun, *long ſince honoured in three Earls of* Somerſet, *and eight Barons of* Munſter, *may challenge from all Pens a deſerved Celebration. And the rather in reſpect thoſe Titles were not purchaſed, but conferred, and continued in your Anceſtors, for many virtuous, noble, and ſtill living Actions; nor ever forfeited, or tainted, but when the Iniquity of thoſe Times laboured the Depreſſion of approved Goodneſs, and in wicked Policy held it fit that Loyalty and Faith, in taking Part with the true Prince, ſhould be degraded and mulcted. But this admitting no farther Dilation in this Place, may your Lordſhip pleaſe, and with all poſſible Brevity to underſtand, the Reaſons why I am, in humble Thankfulneſs, ambitious to ſhelter this Poem under the Wings of your Honourable Protection. My worthy Friend, Mr.* Aſton Cockain, *your Nephew, to my extraordinary Content, deliver'd to me, that your Lordſhip, at your vacant Hours, ſometimes vouchſafed to peruſe ſuch Trifles of mine as have paſſed the Preſs, and not alone warranted them in your gentle Suffrage, but diſdained not to beſtow a Remembrance of your Love, and intended Favour to me. I profeſs to the World, I was exalted with the Bounty, and with good Aſſurance, it being ſo rare in this Age to meet with one Noble Name, that, in Fear to be cenſured of Levity and Weakneſs, dares expreſs itſelf a Friend or Patron to contemn'd Poetry.**

* That this noble Lord not only favoured Poetry, but wrote himſelf, appears from Sr *Aſton Cockain*'s Letter to his Lordſhip in Verſe. See *Cockain*'s Poems, Page 80.

Having, therefore, no Means elſe left me to witneſs the Obligation, in which I ſtand moſt willingly bound to your Lordſhip, I offer this Tragi-Comedy to your gracious Acceptance, no Way deſpairing, but that with a clear Aſpect, you will deign to receive it (it being an Induction to my future Endeavours) and that in the Liſt of thoſe, that to your Merit truly admire you, you may deſcend to number

Your Lordſhip's

Faithful Honourer,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

PROLOGUE at the BLACK-FRYERS.

BUT that imperious Cuſtom warrants it,
Our Author with much Willingneſs would omit
This Preface to his new Work. He hath found
(And ſuffer'd for't) many are apt to wound
His Credit in this Kind: and, whether he
Expreſs himſelf fearful, or peremptory,
He cannot 'ſcape their Cenſures who delight
To miſapply whatever he ſhould write.
'Tis his hard Fate. And though he will not ſue,
Or baſely beg ſuch Suffrages, yet to you
Free, and ingenuous Spirits, he doth now,
In me preſent his Service, with his Vow
He hath done his beſt; and, though he cannot glory
In his Invention, (this Work being a Story,
Of reverend Antiquity) he doth hope
In the Proportion of it, and the Scope,
You may obſerve ſome Pieces drawn like one
Of a ſtedfaſt Hand, and with the whiter Stone
To be mark'd in your fair Cenſures. More than this
I am forbid to promiſe, and it is

With

With the moſt 'till you confirm it: ſince we know
Whate'er the Shaft be, Archer, or the Bow
From which 'tis ſent, it cannot hit the White
Unleſs your Approbation guide it right.

PROLOGUE at COURT.

AS ever (Sir) you lent a gracious Ear
To oppreſs'd Innocence, now vouchſafe to hear
A ſhort Petition. At your Feet, in me,
The Poet kneels, and to your Majeſty
Appeals for Juſtice. What we now preſent,
When firſt conceiv'd, in his Vote and Intent,
Was ſacred to your Pleaſure; in each Part
With his beſt of Fancy, Judgment, Language, Art,
Faſhion'd, and form'd ſo, as might well, and may
Deſerve a Welcome, and no vulgar Way.
He durſt not (Sir) at ſuch a ſolemn Feaſt
Lard his grave Matter with one ſcurrilous Jeſt;
But labour'd that no Paſſage might appear,
But what the Queen without a Bluſh might hear:
And yet this poor Work ſuffer'd by the Rage,
And Envy of ſome *Cato's* of the Stage:
Yet ſtill he hopes, this Play, which then was ſeen
With ſore Eyes, and condemn'd out of their Spleen,
May be by you, the ſupreme Judge, ſet free,
And rais'd above the Reach of Calumny.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

THEODOSIUS the Younger.

PAULINUS, a Kinſman to the Emperor.
PHILANAX, Captain of the Guard.
PATRIARCH.
TIMANTUS, CHRYSAPIUS, GRATIANUS, } Eunuchs of the Emperor's Chamber.
CLEON, a Traveller, Friend to PAULINUS.
Informer.
Projector.
Maſter of the Manners.
Mignion of the Suburbs.
Countryman.
Chirurgeon.
Empirick.

PULCHERIA, the Protectreſs.
ATHENAIS, a ſtrange Virgin; after, the Empreſs.
ARCADIA, FLACCILLA, } the young Siſters of the Emperor.

Servants.
Mutes.

The Scene, Conſtantinople.

THE

THE EMPEROR of the EAST.

ACT I. SCENE I.*

Paulinus, Cleon.

Paulinus.

IN your ſix Years Travel, Friend, no doubt, you've met with
Many, and rare Adventures, and obſerv'd
The Wonders of each Climate, varying in
The Manners, and the Men, and ſo return,
For the future Service of your Prince and Country,
In your Underſtanding better'd.

Cleon. Sir, I have made oft
The beſt Uſe in my Power, and hope my Gleanings,
After the full Crop others reap'd before me,
Shall not, when I am call'd on, altogether
Appear unprofitable: Yet I left
The Miracle of Miracles in our Age
At home behind me; every where abroad
Fame with a true, though prodigal Voice, deliver'd
Such Wonders of *Pulcheria* the Princeſs,
To the Amazement, nay, Aſtoniſhment rather
Of ſuch as heard it, that I found not one,
In all the States and Kingdoms that I paſs'd through,
Worthy to be her ſecond.

* The Plot of this Play is founded on the Hiſtory of *Theodoſius* the younger. See *Socrates*, Lib. 7. *Theodoret*, L. 5, &c.

Paul.

Paul. She, indeed, is
A perfect Phœnix, and disdains a Rival.
Her infant Years, as you know, promis'd much:
But grown to Ripeness she transcends, and makes
Credulity her Debtor. I will tell you
In my blunt Way, to entertain the Time
Until you have the Happiness to see her,
How in your Absence she hath borne herself,
And with all possible Brevity, though the Subject
Is such a spacious Field, as would require
An Abstract of the purest Eloquence
(Deriv'd from the most famous Orators
The Nurse of Learning, *Athens*, shew'd the World)
In that Man, that should undertake to be
Her true Historian.

Cleon. In this you shall do me
A special Favour.

Paul. Since *Arcadius*' Death,
Our late great Master, the Protection of
The Prince his Son, the second *Theodosius*,
By a general Vote and Suffrage of the People;
Was to her Charge assign'd, with the Disposure
Of his so many Kingdoms. For his Person,
She hath so train'd him up in all those Arts
That are both great and good, and to be wished
In an Imperial Monarch, that the Mother
Of the *Gracchi*, grave *Cornelia* (*Rome* still boasts of)
The wise *Pulcheria* but nam'd, must be
No more remember'd. She, by her Example,
Hath made the Court a kind of Academy,
In which true Honour is both learn'd, and practis'd,
Her private Lodgings a chaste Nunnery,
In which her Sisters, as Probationers, hear
From her their Sovereign Abbess, all the Precepts
Read in the School of Virtue.

Cleon. You amaze me.

Paul. I shall, ere I conclude: For here the Wonder
Begins, not ends. Her Soul is so immense,
And her strong Faculties so apprehensive,
To search into the Depth of deep Designs,

And

And of all Natures, that the Burthen, which
To many Men were inſupportable,
To her is but a gentle Exerciſe,
Made by the frequent Uſe familiar to her.

Cleon. With your good Favour, let me interrupt you.
Being as ſhe is in every Part ſo perfect,
Methinks that all Kings of our Eaſtern World
Should become Rivals for her.

Paul. So they have;
But to no Purpoſe. She, that knows her Strength
To rule, and govern Monarchs, ſcorns to wear
On her free Neck the ſervile Yoke of Marriage.
And for one looſe Deſire, envy itſelf
Dares not preſume to taint her. '*Venus*' Son'
Is blind indeed, when he but gazes on her.
Her Chaſtity being a Rock of Diamonds,
With which encounter'd, his Shafts fly in Splinters,
His flaming Torches in the living Spring
Of her Perfections, quench'd: And, to crown all;
She's ſo impartial when ſhe ſits upon
The high Tribunal, neither ſway'd with Pity,
Nor aw'd by Fear, beyond her equal Scale,
That 'tis not Superſtition to believe
Aſtrea once more lives upon the Earth,
Pulcheria's Breaſt her Temple.

Cleon. You have given her
An admirable Character.

Paul. She deſerves it,
And ſuch is the commanding Power of Virtue,
That from her vicious Enemies it compels
Pæans of Praiſe as a due Tribute to her.

[*Solemn loud Muſick.*

Cleon. What means this ſolemn Muſick?

Paul. It uſhers

[1] ——— Venus *Son*
Is blind indeed, &c.

And thus *Shakeſpear* in *Coriolanus*

——— Chaſte as the Iſicle
That's curdled by the Froſt from pureſt Snow,
And hangs on *Dian*'s Temple.

Act 5. Scene 3.

The

The Emperor's Morning-Meditation,
In which *Pulcheria* is more then aſſiſtant.
'Tis worth your Obſervation, and you may
Collect from her Expence of Time this Day,
How her Hours for many Years have been diſpos'd of.
Cleon. I am all Eyes and Ears.

Enter after a Strain of Muſick, Philanax, Timantus, Patriarch, Theodoſius, Pulcheria, Flaccilla, Arcadia, *followed by* Chryſapiuś *and* Gratianus, *Informer*, *Servants*, *Officers*.

Pulch. Your Patience, Sir.
Let thoſe corrupted Miniſters of the Court,
Which you complain of, our Devotions ended,
Be cited to appear. For the Ambaſſadors
Who are importunate to have Audience,
From me you may aſſume them, that To-morrow
They ſhall in publick kiſs the Emperor's Robe,
And we in private with our ſooneſt Leiſure
Will give 'em Hearing. Have you eſpecial Care too
That free Acceſs be granted unto all
Petitioners. The Morning wears.—Pray you on, Sir;
Time loſt is ne'er recover'd.

[*Exeunt* Theodoſius, Pulcheria, *and the Train.*

Paul. Did you note
The Majeſty ſhe appears in?
Cleon. Yes, my good Lord;
I was raviſh'd with it.
Paul. And then with what Speed
She orders her Diſpatches, not one daring
To interpoſe; the Emperor himſelf
Without Reply, putting in Act whatever
She pleas'd t' impoſe upon him.
Cleon. Yet there were ſome
That in their ſullen Looks rather confeſſed
A forc'd Conſtraint to ſerve her, than a Will
To be at her Devotion: What are they?
Paul. Eunuchs of the Emperor's Chamber, that repine
The Globe and awful Scepter ſhould give Place

Unto

Unto the Diſtaff, for as ſuch they whiſper
A Woman's Government, but dare not, yet,
Expreſs themſelves.

Cleon. From whence are the Ambaſſadors
To whom ſhe promis'd Audience?

Paul. They are
Employ'd by divers Princes, who deſire
Alliance with our Emperor, whoſe Years now,
As you ſee, write him Man. One would advance
A Daughter to the Honour of his Bed;
A ſecond, his fair Siſter: To inſtruct you
In the Particulars would aſk longer Time
Than my own Deſigns give Way to. I have Letters
From ſpecial Friends of mine, that to my Care
Commend a ſtranger Virgin, whom this Morning
I purpoſe to preſent before the Princeſs:
If you pleaſe, you may accompany me.

Cleon. I'll wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Informer, Officers bringing in the Projector, the Suburbs Mignion, the Maſters of the Habit and Manners.

Informer. Why ſhould you droop, or hang your working Heads?
No Danger is meant to you; pray, bear up,
For aught I know you're cited to receive
Preferment due to your Merits.

Projector. Very likely:
In all the Projects I have read and practis'd,
I never found one Man compell'd to come
Before the Seat of Juſtice, under Guard,
To receive Honour.

Informer. No? It may be, you are
The firſt Example. Men of Qualities,
As I've deliver'd you to the Protectreſs,
Who knows how to advance them, can't conceive
A fitter Place to have their Virtues publiſh'd,

Than

Than in open Court. Could you hope that the Princeſs,
Knowing your precious Merits, will reward 'em
In a private Corner? No; you know not yet
How you may be exalted.
Suburbs Minion. To the Gallows.
Informer. Fie
Nor yet depreſs'd to the Gallies; in your Names
You carry no ſuch Crimes: Your ſpecious Titles
Cannot but take her—Preſident of the Projectors!
What a Noiſe it makes? The Maſter of the Habit!
How proud would ſome one Country be that I know
To be your firſt Pupil? Minion of the Suburbs,
And now and then admitted to the Court,
And honour'd with the Stile of Squire of Dames,
What Hurt is in it? One Thing I muſt tell you,
As I am the State-ſcout, you may think me an Informer.
Maſter of the Habit. They are Synonimous.
Informer. Conceal nothing from her
Of your good Parts, 'twill be the better for you;
Or if you ſhould, it matters not, ſhe can conjure,
And I am her ubiquitary Spirit,
Bound to obey her—You have my Inſtructions,
Stand by, here's better Company.

Enter Paulinus, Cleon, Athenais, *with a Petition.*

Athen. Can I hope, Sir,
Oppreſſed Innocence ſhall find Protection,
And Juſtice among Strangers, when my Brothers,
Brothers of one Womb, by one Sire begotten,
Trample on my Afflictions?
Paul. Forget them,
Remembring thoſe may help you.
Athen. They have rob'd me
Of all Means to prefer my juſt Complaint
With any promiſing Hope to gain a Hearing,
Much leſs Redreſs: Petitions not ſweetned
With Gold, are but unſavory, oft refuſed;
Or, if receiv'd, are pocketed, not read.

A Suitor's ſwelling Tears by the glowing Beams
Of cholerick Authority are dry'd up,
Before they fall; or, if ſeen, never pitied.
What will become of a forſaken Maid?
My flatt'ring Hopes are too weak to encounter
With my ſtrong Enemy, Deſpair, and 'tis
In vain t' oppoſe her.

Cleon. Cheer her up; ſhe faints, Sir.

Paul. This argues Weakneſs, though your Brothers were
Cruel beyond Expreſſion, and the Judges
That ſentenc'd you, corrupt; you ſhall find here
One of your own Fair Sex to do you right,
Whoſe Beams of Juſtice, like the Sun, extend
Their Light and Heat to Strangers, and are not
Municipal, or confin'd.

Athen. Pray you do not feed me
With airy Hopes, unleſs you can aſſure me
The great *Pulcheria* will deſcend to hear
My miſerable Story, it were better
I died without her Trouble.

Paul. She is bound to it
By the ſureſt Chain, her natural Inclination
To help th' afflicted; nor ſhall long Delays
(More terrible to miſerable Suitors
Then quick Denials) grieve you. Dry your fair Eyes;
This Room will inſtantly be ſanctify'd
With her bleſs'd Preſence; to her ready Hand
Preſent your Grievances, and reſt aſſur'd
You ſhall depart contented.

Athen. You breathe in me
A ſecond Life.

Informer. Will your Lordſhip pleaſe to hear
Your Servant a few Words?

Paul. Away, you Raſcal!
Did I ever keep ſuch Servants?

Informer. If your Honeſty
Would give you Leave, it would be for your Profit.

Paul.

Paul. To make Uſe of an Informer? Tell me in what
Can you advantage me?
Informer. In the firſt Tender
Of a freſh Suit never beg'd yet,
Paul. What's your Suit, Sir?
Informer. 'Tis feaſible:—Here are three arrant Knaves
Diſcover'd by my Art:
Paul. And thou the Arch-knave;
The great devour the leſs:
Informer. And with good Reaſon;
I muſt eat one a Month, I cannot live elſe,
Paul. A notable Cannibal? But, ſhould I hear thee,
In what do your Knaves concern me?
Informer. In the begging
Of their Eſtates.
Paul. Before they are condemn'd?
Informer. Yes, or arraign'd, your Lordſhip may ſpeak too late elſe.
They are your own, and I will be content
With the fifth Part of a Share.
Paul. Hence, Rogue!
Informer. Such Rogues
In this Kind will be heard, and cheriſh'd too.
Fool that I was to offer ſuch a Bargain.
To a ſpic'd Conſcience Chapman—But I care not;
What he diſdains to taſte others will ſwallow.
[*Loud Muſick.*

Enter Theodoſius, Pulcheria, *and the Train.*

Cleon. They are returned from the Temple.
Paul. See, ſhe appears;
What think you now?
Athen. A cunning Painter, thus,
Her Veil ta'n off, and awful Sword and Balance
Laid by would picture Juſtice.
Pulch. When you pleaſe,
You may intend thoſe royal Exerciſes
Suiting your Birth, and Greatneſs: I will bear

The

The Burthen of your Cares, and, having purged
The Body of your Empire of ill Humours,
Upon my Knees ſurrender it.
Chryſ. Will you ever
Be aw'd thus like a Boy?
Grat. And kiſs the Rod
Of a proud Miſtreſs?
Timan. Be what you were born, Sir.
Phila. Obedience and Majeſty never lodg'd
In the ſame Inn.
Theod. No more; he never learned
The right Way to command, that ſtop'd his Ears
To wiſe Directions.
Pulch. Read o'er the Papers
I left upon my Cabinet; two Hours hence
I will examine you.
Flac. We ſpend our Time well.
Nothing but praying, and poring on a Book;
It ill agrees with my Conſtitution, Siſter.
Arcad. Would I had been born ſome maſq'uing Lady's Woman,
Only to ſee ſtrange Sights, rather than live thus.
Flac. We are gone, forſooth; there is no Remedy, Siſter. [*Exeunt* Arcadia *and* Flaccilla.
Grat. What hath his Eye found out?
Timan. 'Tis fix'd upon
That Stranger Lady.
Chryſ. I am glad, yet, that
He dares look on a Woman.
[*All this Time the Informer kneeling to* Pulcheria, *and delivering Papers.*]
Theod. Philanax,
What is that comely Stranger?
Phila. A Petitioner.
Chryſ. Will you hear her Caſe, and diſpatch her in your Chamber?
I'll undertake to bring her.

Theod. Bring me to
Some Place where I may look on her Demeanour.
—'Tis a lovely Creature!
Chryſ. There's ſome Hope in this, yet.
[*Exeunt* Theodoſius, Patriarch, *and the Train.*
Pulch. No, you have done your Parts:
Paul. Now Opportunity courts you,
Prefer your Suit.
Athen. As low as Miſery
Can fall, for Proof of my Humility,
A poor diſtreſſed Virgin bows her Head,
And lays hold on your Goodneſs, the laſt Altar
Calamity can fly to for Protection.
Great Minds erect their never-failing Trophies
On the firm Baſe of Mercy; but to triumph
Over a Suppliant, by proud Fortune captiv'd,
Argues a Baſtard Conqueſt—'tis to you
I ſpeak, to you, the fair and juſt *Pulcheria*,
The Wonder of the Age, your Sexes Honour;
And, as ſuch, deign to hear me. As you have
A Soul moulded from Heaven, and do deſire
To have it made a Star there, make the Means
Of your Aſcent to that Celeſtial Height
Virtue wing'd with brave Action. They draw near
The Nature, and the Eſſence of the Gods,
Who imitate their Goodneſs.
Pulch. If you were
A Subject of the Empire, which your Habit
In every Part denies——
Athen. O fly not to
Such an Evaſion; whate'er I am,
Being a Woman, in Humanity
You are bound to right me, though the Difference
Of my Religion may ſeem to exclude me
From your Defence (which you'd have confin'd)
The moral Virtue, which is general,
Muſt know no Limits—By theſe bleſſed Feet
That pace the Paths of Equity, and tread boldly
On the ſtiff Neck of tyrannous Oppreſſion,

By

By theſe Tears by which I bathe 'em, I conjure you
With Pity to look on me.
Pulch. Pray you riſe.
And, as you riſe, receive this Comfort from me.
Beauty ſet off with ſuch ſweet Language never
Can want an Advocate; and you muſt bring
More than a Guilty Cauſe if you prevail not.
Some Buſineſs long ſince thought upon, diſpatched,
You ſhall have Hearing, and, as far as Juſtice
Will warrant me, my beſt Aids.
Athen. I do deſire
No ſtronger Guard; my Equity needs no Favour.
Pulch. Are theſe the Men?
Projector. We were, an't like your Highneſs.
The Men, the Men of Eminence, and Mark,
And may continue ſo, if it pleaſe your Grace.
Maſter. This Speech was well projected. [*Aſide.*
Pulch. Does your Conſcience
(I will begin with you) whiſper unto you
What here you ſtand accus'd of? Are you named
The Preſident of Projectors?
Informer. Juſtify it, Man,
And tell her in what thou'rt uſeful.
Project. That's apparent;
And, if you pleaſe, aſk ſome about the Court,
And they will tell you too my rare Inventions,
They owe their Bravery, perhaps Means to purchaſe,
And cannot live without me. I, alas!
Lend out my labouring Brains to Uſe, and ſometimes
For a Drachma in the Pound,—the more the Pity.
I am all Patience, and endure the Curſes
Of many, for the Profit of one Patron.
Pulch. I do conceive the reſt—What is the Second?
Informer. The Mignion of the Suburbs.
Pulch. What hath he
To do in *Conſtantinople?*
Mign. I ſteal in now and then,
As I am thought uſeful; marry, there I am call'd
The Squire of Dames, or Servant of the Sex,

And by the Allowance of ſome ſportful Ladies
Honour'd with that Title.
Pulch. Spare your Character,
You're here decipher'd—Stand by with your Compere.
What is the Third? A Creature I ne'er heard of;
The Maſter of the Manners, and the Habit?
You have a double Office.
Maſter. In my Actions
I make both good; for by my Theorems
Which your polite, and terſer Gallants practiſe,
I refine the Court, and civilize
Their barbarous Natures. I have, in a Table
With curious Punctuality ſet down
To a Hair's Breadth, how low a new-ſtamp'd Courtier
May vail to a Country Gentleman, and, by
Gradation, to his Merchant, Mercer, Draper,
His Linen-Man, and Taylor.
Pulch. Pray you, diſcover
This hidden Myſtery.
Maſter. If the 'foreſaid Courtier
(As it may chance ſometimes) find not his Name
Writ in the Citizens Books with a State-Hum
He may ſalute 'em after three Days waiting:
But, if he owe them Money, that he may
Preſerve his Credit, let him, in Policy, never
Appoint a Day of Payment; ſo they may hope ſtill:
But, if he be to take up more, his Page
May attend 'em at the Gate, and uſher 'em
Into his Cellar, and when they are warm'd with Wine,
Conduct 'em to his Bedchamber, and though then
He be under his Barber's Hands, as ſoon as ſeen,
He muſt ſtart up to embrace 'em, vail thus low;
Nay, though he call 'em Couſins, 'tis the better,
His Dignity no Way wrong'd in't.
Paul. Here's a fine Knave!
Pulch. Does this Rule hold without Exception, Sirrah,
For Courtiers in general?
Maſter. No, dear Madam;
For one of the laſt Edition, and for him

I have compos'd a Dictionary, in which
He is inſtructed, how, when, and to whom
To be proud or humble; at what Times of the Year
He may do a good Deed for itſelf, and that is
Writ in Dominical Letters; all Days elſe
Are his own, and of thoſe Days the ſeveral Hours
Mark out, and to what Uſe.

Pulch. Shew us your Method;
I'm ſtrangely taken with it.

Maſter. 'Twill deſerve
A Penſion, I hope. Firſt a ſtrong Cullis
In his Bed, to heighten Appetite: Shuttle cock,
To keep him in Breath, when he riſes; Tennis-Courts
Are chargeable, and the riding of great Horſes
Too boiſt'rous for my young Courtier; let the old ones
I think not of, uſe it; next his Meditation
How to court his Miſtreſs, and that he may ſeem witty,
Let him be furniſh'd with confederate Jeſts
Between him and his Friend, that, on Occaſion,
They may vent 'em mutually: What his Pace and Garb
Muſt be in the Preſence, then the Length of his Sword,
The Faſhion of the Hilt — what the Blade is
It matters not, 'twere Barbariſm to uſe it,
Unleſs to ſhew his Strength upon an Andiron;
So, the ſooner broke, the better.

Pulch. How I abuſe
This precious Time! Projector, I treat firſt
Of you and your Diſciples; you roar out,
All is the King's, his Will above his Laws:
And that fit Tributes are too gentle Yokes
For his poor Subjects; whiſp'ring in his Ear,
If he would have their Fear, no Man ſhould dare
To bring a Sallad from his Country Garden,
Without the paying Gabel; kill a Hen,
Without Exciſe: and that, if he deſire
To have his Children, or his Servants wear
Their Heads upon their Shoulders, you affirm,
In Policy, 'tis fit the Owner ſhould
Pay for 'em by the Poll; or, if the Prince want

A preſent Sum, he may command a City
Impoſſibilities, and for Non-performance
Compel it to ſubmit to any Fine
His Officers ſhall impoſe. Is this the Way
To make our Emperor happy? Can the Groans
Of his Subjects yield him Muſick? Muſt his Threſholds
Be waſh'd with Widow's and wrong'd Orphan's Tears,
Or his Power grow contemptible?
Project. I begin
To feel myſelf a Rogue again.
Pulch. But you are
The Squire of Dames, devoted to the Service
Of gameſome Ladies, the hidden Myſtery
Diſcover'd, their cloſe Bawd; thy ſlaviſh Breath
Fanning the Fires of Luſt, the Go-between
This Female and that wanton Sir; your Art
Can blind a jealous Huſband, and, diſguis'd
Like a Millener or Shoemaker, convey
A Letter in a Pantofle or Glove
Without Suſpicion: nay, at his Table,
In a Caſe of Pick-tooths. You inſtruct 'em how
To parley with their Eyes, and make the Temple
A Mart of Looſeneſs; to diſcover all
Thy ſubtile Brokages, were to teach in Publick,
Thoſe private Practices, which are, in Juſtice,
Severely to be puniſh'd.
Mignion. I am caſt;
A Jury of my Patroneſſes cannot quit me.
Pulch. You are Maſter of the Manners, and the Habit;
Rather the Scorn of ſuch as would live Men,
And not, like Apes, with ſervile Imitation
Study prodigious Faſhions. You keep
Intelligence abroad, that may inſtruct
Our giddy Youth at Home what new-found Faſhion
Is now in Uſe, ſwearing he's moſt complete
That firſt turns Monſter. Know, Villains, I can thruſt
This Arm into your Hearts, ſtrip off the Fleſh
That covers your Deformities, and ſhew you
In your own Nakedneſs. Now, though the Law

Call

Call not your Follies Death, you are for ever
Baniſh'd my Brother's Court.—Away with em;
I will hear no Reply.

[*Exeunt Informer, Officers, Priſoners.*

The Curtains drawn above, Theodoſius *and his Eunuchs diſcovered.*

Paul. What think you now?
Cleon. That I am in a Dream; or that I ſee
A ſecond *Pallas.*
Pulch. Theſe remov'd, to you
I clear my Brow. Speak without Fear, ſweet Maid,
Since with a mild Aſpect, and ready Ear,
I ſit prepar'd to hear you.
Athen. Know, great Princeſs,
My Father, though a *Pagan,* was admired
For his deep Search into thoſe hidden Studies,
Whoſe Knowledge is deny'd to common Men:
The Motion, with the divers Operations
Of the Superior Bodies, by his long
And careful Obſervation, were made
Familiar to him; all the ſecret Virtues
Of Plants, and Simples, and in what Degree
They were uſeful to Mankind, he could diſcourſe of:
In a Word, conceive him as a Prophet honour'd
In his own Country. But being born a Man,
It lay not in him to defer the Hour
Of his approaching Death, though long foretold:
In this ſo fatal Hour he call'd before him
His two Sons, and myſelf, the deareſt Pledges
Lent him by Nature, and with his Right Hand
Bleſſing our ſeveral Heads, he thus began:
Chryſ. Mark his Attention.
Phila. Give me Leave to mark too.
Athen. If I could leave my Underſtanding to you,
It were ſuperfluous to make Diviſion
Of whatſoever elſe I can bequeath you:
But, to avoid Contention, I allot

An equal Portion of my Poſſeſſions
To you my Sons; but, unto thee, my Daughter,
My Joy, my Darling (pardon me, though I
Repeat his Words, if my prophetic Soul
Ready to take her Flight, can truly gueſs at
Thy future Fate, I leave thee ſtrange Aſſurance
Of the Greatneſs thou art born to, unto which
Thy Brothers ſhall be proud to pay their Service.

Paul. And all Men elſe that honour Beauty.

Theod. Ha!

Athen. Yet, to prepare thee for that certain Fortune,
And that I may from preſent Wants defend thee,
I leave ten thouſand Crowns — which ſaid, being call'd
To th' Fellowſhip of our Deities, he expir'd,
And with him all Remembrance of the Charge
Concerning me, left by him to my Brothers.

Pulch. Did they detain your Legacy?

Athen. And ſtill do.
His Aſhes were ſcarce quiet in his Urn,
When, in Deriſion of my future Greatneſs,
They thruſt me out of Doors, denying me
One ſhort Night's Harbour.

Pulch. Weep not.

Athen. I deſire,
By your Perſuaſion, or commanding Power,
The Reſtitution of mine own; or that,
To keep my Frailty from Temptation,
In your Compaſſion of me, you would pleaſe
I, as a Handmaid, may be entertain'd
To do the meaneſt Offices to all ſuch
As are honour'd in your Service.

Pulch. Thou art welcome,
What is thy Name?

Athen. The forlorn *Athenais.*

Pulch. The Sweetneſs of thy Innocence ſtrangely takes me.

[*Takes her up and kiſſes her.*

Forget thy Brothers Wrongs; for I will be
In my Care a Mother, in my Love a Siſter to thee;

And,

And, were it poſſible thou could'ſt be won
To be of our Belief——
Paul. May it pleaſe your Excellence,
That is an eaſy Taſk, I, though no Scholar,
Dare undertake it; clear Truth cannot want
Rhetorical Perſuaſions.
Pulch. 'Tis a Work,
My Lord, will well become you.—Break up the Court;
May your Endeavours proſper.
Paul. Come, my Fair One;
I hope, my Convert.
Athen. Never: I will die
As I was born.
Paul. Better you ne'er had been. [*Exeunt.*
Phila. What does your Majeſty think of?—— The Maid's gone.
Theod. She's wond'rous fair, and in her Speech appear'd
Pieces of Scholarſhip.
Chryſ. Make Uſe of her Learning
And Beauty together; on my Life, ſhe will be proud
To be ſo converted.
Theod. From foul Luſt Heav'n guard me. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Philanax, Timantus, Chryſapius, Gratianus.

Phila. WE only talk, when we ſhould do.
Timan. I'll ſecond you;
Begin, and when you pleaſe.
Grat. Be conſtant in it.
Chryſ. That Reſolution which grows cold To-day,
Will freeze To-morrow.
Grat. 'Slight, I think ſhe'll keep him
Her Ward for ever, to herſelf ingroſſing

The

The Diſpoſition of all the Favours
And Bounties of the Empire.
Chryſ. We, that by
The Nearneſs of our Service to his Perſon,
Should raiſe this Man, or pull down that, without
Her Licence, hardly dare prefer a Suit,
Or, if we do, 'tis croſs'd.——
Phila. You are troubled for
Your proper Ends; my Aims are high and honeſt.
The Wrong that's done to Majeſty I repine at:
I love the Emperor, and 'tis my Ambition
To have him know himſelf, and to that Purpoſe
I'll run the Hazard of a Check.
Grat. And I
The Loſs of my Place.
Timan. I will not come behind,
Fall what can fall.
Chryſ. Let us put on ſad Aſpects
To draw him on; charge home, we'll fetch you off,
Or lie dead by you.

Enter Theodoſius.

Theod. How's this? Clouds in the Chamber,
And the Air clear abroad!
Phila. When you, our Sun,
Obſcure your glorious Beams, poor we, that borrow
Our little Light from you, cannot but ſuffer
A general Eclipſe.
Timan. Great Sir, 'tis true;
For, 'till you pleaſe to know, and be yourſelf,
And freely dare diſpoſe of what's your own
Without a Warrant, we are falling Meteors,
And not fix'd Stars.
Chryſ. The pale-fac'd Moon, that ſhould
Govern the Night, uſurps the Rule of Day,
And ſtill is at the Full, in Spite of Nature,
And will not know a Change.
Theod. Speak you in Riddles?

I am

I am no *Oedipus*, but your Emperor,
And as ſuch would be inſtructed.
Phila. Your Command
Shall be obey'd: 'Till now, I never heard you
Speak like yourſelf; and may that Power, by which
You are ſo, ſtrike me dead, if what I ſhall
Deliver, as a faithful Subject to you,
Hath Root, or Growth from Malice, or baſe Envy
Of your Siſter's Greatneſs, I could honour in her
A Power ſubordinate to yours; but not
As 'tis predominant.
Timan. Is it fit that ſhe,
In her Birth your Vaſſal, ſhould command the Knees
Of ſuch as ſhould not bow but to yourſelf?
Grat. She with Security walks upon the Heads
Of the Nobility; the Multitude,
As to a Deity, offering Sacrifice
For her Grace and Favour.
Chryſ. Her proud Feet ev'n wearied
With the Kiſſes of Petitioners.
Grat. While you,
To whom alone ſuch Reverence is proper,
Paſs unregarded by her.
Timan. You have not, yet,
Been Maſter of one Hour of your whole Life.
Chryſ. Your Will and Faculties kept in more Awe
Than ſhe can do her own.
Phila. And as a Bondman,
(O let my Zeal find Grace, and Pardon from you,
That I deſcend ſo low) you are deſign'd
To this or that Employment, ſuiting well
A private Man, I grant, but not a Prince,
To be a perfect Horſeman, or to know
The Words of the Chace; or a fair Man of Arms,
Or to be able to pierce to the Depth,
Or write a Comment on th' obſcureſt Poets,
I grant are Ornaments; but your main Scope
Should be to govern Men to guard your own,
If not enlarge your Empire.

Chryſ.

Chryſ. You are built up
By th' curious Hand of Nature to revive
The Memory of *Alexander*, or by
A proſperous Succeſs in your brave Actions,
To rival *Cæſar*.
Timan. Rouze yourſelf, and let not
Your Pleaſures be a Copy of her Will.
Phila. Your Pupil Age is paſt, and manly Actions
Are now expected from you.
Grat. Do not loſe
Your Subjects Hearts.
Timan. What is't to have the Means
To be magnificent, and not exerciſe
The boundleſs Virtue?
Grat. You confine yourſelf
To that which ſtrict Philoſophy allows of,
As if you were a private Man.
Timan. No Pomp,
Or glorious Shows of Royalty, rend'ring it
Both lov'd, and terrible.
Grat. 'Slight, you live, as it
Begets ſome Doubt, whether you have, or not,
Th' Abilities of a Man.
Chryſ. The Firmament
Hath not more Stars than there are ſeveral Beauties
Ambitious at the Height to impart their dear,
And ſweeteſt Favours to you.
Grat. Yet you have not
Made Choice of one, of all the Sex, to ſerve you,
In a phyſical Way of Courtſhip.
Theod. But that I would not
Begin the Expreſſion of my being a Man,
In Blood, or ſtain the firſt white Robe I wear
Of Abſolute Power, with a ſervile Imitation
Of any tyrannous Habit, my juſt Anger
Prompts me to make you in your Suff'rings feel,
And not in Words to inſtruct you, that the Licence
Of the looſe and ſaucy Language you now practiſed,
Hath forfeited your Heads.

Grat.

Grat. How's this? [*Aside.*

Phila. I know not
What the Play may prove; but I assure you that
I do not like the Prologue. [*Aside.*

Theod. O the miserable
Condition of a Prince! who, though he vary
More Shapes than *Proteus* in his Mind, and Manners,
He cannot win an universal Suffrage
From the many-headed Monster, Multitude.
Like *Æsop*'s fooliſh Frogs, they trample on him,
As a senseless Block, if his Government be easy:
And, if he prove a Stork, they croak, and rail
Against him as a Tyrant.—I'll put off
That Majesty, of which you think I have
Nor Use, nor Feeling; and, in arguing with you,
Convince you with strong Proofs of common Reason,
And not with Absolute Power, against which, Wretches,
You are not to dispute. Dare you, that are
My Creatures, by my prodigal Favours fashion'd,
Presuming on the Nearness of your Service,
Set off with my familiar Acceptance,
Condemn my Obsequiousness to the wise Directions
Of an incomparable Sister, whom all Parts
Of our World, that are made happy in Knowledge
Of her Perfections, with Wonder gaze on?
And yet you, that were only born to eat
The Blessings of our Mother Earth, that are
Distant but one Degree from Beasts (since Slaves
Can claim no larger Privilege) that know
No farther than your sensual Appetites
Or wanton Lust have taught you, undertake
To give your Sovereign Laws to follow that
Your Ignorance marks out to him? [*Walks by.*

Grat. How were we
Abus'd in our Opinion of his Temper! [*Aside.*

Phil. We had forgot 'tis found in Holy Writ,
That Kings Hearts are inscrutable. [*Aside.*

Timan. I ne'er read it;
My Study lies not that Way. [*Aside.*

Phila.

Phila. By his Looks
The Tempeſt ſtill increaſes. [*Aſide.*
Theod. Am I grown
So ſtupid in your Judgments, that you dare
With ſuch Security offer Violence
To Sacred Majeſty? Will you not know
The Lion is a Lion, though he ſhew not
His rending Paws, or fill th' affrighted Air
With the Thunder of his Roarings?——You bleſs'd Saints!
How am I trenched on? Is that Temperance
So famous in your cited *Alexander*,
Or *Roman Scipio* a Crime in me?
Cannot I be an Emperor, unleſs
Your Wives and Daughters bow to my proud Luſts?
And 'cauſe I raviſh not their faireſt Buildings
And fruitful Vineyards, or what is deareſt,
From ſuch as are my Vaſſals, muſt you conclude
I do not know the awful Power, and Strength
Of my Prerogative? Am I cloſe-handed,
Becauſe I ſcatter not among you that
I muſt not call mine own? Know, you Court-leeches,
A Prince is never ſo magnificent
As when he's ſparing to enrich a Few
With th' Injuries of Many. Could your Hopes
So groſly flatter you, as to believe
I was born and train'd up as an Emperor, only
In my Indulgence to give Sanctuary,
In their unjuſt Proceedings, to the Rapine
And Avarice of my Grooms?
Phila. In the true Mirror
Of your Perfections, at length we ſee
Our own Deformities.
Timan. And not once daring
To look upon that Majeſty we now ſlighted——
Chryſ. With our Faces thus glu'd to the Earth, we beg
Your gracious Pardon.
Grat. Offering our Necks
To be trod on, as a Puniſhment for our late

Pre-

Preſumption, and a willing Teſtimony
Of our Subjection.
Theod. Deſerve our Mercy
In your better Life hereafter, you ſhall find,
Though in my Father's Life I held it Madneſs
To uſurp his Power, and in my Youth diſdain'd not
To learn from the Inſtructions of my Siſter.
I'll make it good to all the World, I am
An Emperor; and ev'n this Inſtant graſp
The Scepter, my rich Stock of Majeſty
Entire, no Scruple waſted.
Phila. If theſe Tears
I drop, proceed not from my Joy to hear this,
May my Eye-balls follow 'em.
Timan. I will ſhew myſelf
By your ſudden Metamorphoſis transform'd
From what I was.
Grat. And ne'er preſume to aſk
What fits not you to give.
Theod. Move in that Sphere,
And my Light with full Beams ſhall ſhine upon you.
Forbear this ſlaviſh Courtſhip; tis to me
In a kind idolatrous.
Phila. Your gracious Siſter.

Enter Pulcheria *and Servant.*

Pulch. Has he converted her?
Serv. And, as ſuch, will
Preſent her, when you pleaſe.
Pulch. I am glad of it.
Command my Dreſſer to adorn her with
The Robes that I gave Order for.
Serv. I ſhall.
Pulch. And let thoſe precious Jewels I took laſt
Out of my Cabinet, if 't be poſſible,
Give Luſtre to her Beauties; and, that done,
Command her to be near us.

Serv.

Serv. 'Tis a Province
I willingly embrace. [*Exit Servant.*
Pulch. O, my dear Sir,
You have forgot your Morning Task, and therefore
With a Mother's Love I come to reprehend you,
But it shall be gently.
Theod. 'Twill become you, though
You said with reverent Duty. Know hereafter,
If my Mother liv'd in you, howe'er her Son,
Like you she were my Subject.
Pulch. How?
Theod. Put off
Amazement; you will find it. Yet I'll hear you
At Distance, as a Sister, but no longer
As a Governess, I assure you.
Grat. This is put home. [*Aside.*
Timan. Beyond our Hopes. [*Aside.*
Phila. She stands, as if his Words
Had powerful Magick in 'em. [*Aside.*
Theod. Will you have me
Your Pupil ever? The Down on my Chin
Confirms I am a Man, a Man of Men,
The Emperor, that knows his Strength.
Pulch. Heav'n grant
You know it not too soon.
Theod. Let it suffice
My Wardship's out. If your Design concerns us
As a Man, and not a Boy, with our Allowance
You may deliver it.
Pulch. A strange Alteration!
But I will not contend. [*Aside.*] Be as you wish, Sir,
Your own Disposer; uncompell'd I cancel
All Bonds of my Authority. [*Kneels.*
Theod. You in this
Pay your due Homage; which perform'd, I thus
Embrace you as a Sister, no Way doubting
Your Vigilance for my Safety as my Honour;
And what you now come to impart, I rest
Most confident, points at one of them.

Pulch.

Pulch. At both,
And not alone the preſent, but the future
Tranquility of your Mind: Since in the Choice
Of her, you are to heat with holy Fires,
And make the Conſort of your Royal Bed,
The certain Means of glorious Succeſſion,
With the true Happineſs of our human Being,
Are wholly comprehended.

Theod. How? A Wife?
Shall I become a Votary to *Hymen*,
Before my Youth hath ſacrific'd to *Venus?*
'Tis ſomething with the ſooneſt—Yet, to ſhew,
In Things indifferent, I am not averſe
To your wiſe Counſels, let me firſt ſurvey
Thoſe Beauties, that, in being a Prince, I know
Are Rivals for me. You will not confine me
To your Election; I muſt ſee, dear Siſter
With mine own Eyes.

Pulch. 'Tis fit, Sir—Yet, in this,
You may pleaſe to conſider, abſolute Princes
Have, or ſhould have, in Policy, leſs free Will
Then ſuch as are their Vaſſals. For you muſt,
As you are an Emperor, in this high Buſineſs,
Weigh with due Providence, with whom Alliance
May be moſt uſeful for the Preſervation
Or your Increaſe of Empire.

Theod. I approve not
Such Compoſitions for our moral Ends,
In what is in itſelf divine, nay more,
Decreed in Heav'n. Yet, if our Neighbour Princes,
Ambitious of ſuch nearneſs, ſhall preſent
Their deareſt Pledges to me (ever reſerving
The Caution of mine own Content) I'll not
Contemn their courteous Offers.

Pulch. Bring in the Pictures. [*Two Pictures brought in.*

Theod. Muſt I then judge the Subſtances by the Shadows?
The Painters are moſt envious, if they want
Good Colours for Preferment. Virtuous Ladies

Love this Way to be flatter'd, and accuſe
The Workman of Detraction, if he add not
Some Grace they cannot truly call their own.
Is't not ſo, *Gratianus?* You may challenge
Some Intereſt in the Science.
Grat. A Pretender
To the Art, I truly Honour, and ſubſcribe
To your Majeſty's Opinion.
Theod. Let me ſee——
Cleanthe, Daughter to the King of *Epirus*,
Ætatis ſuæ, the fourteenth: Ripe enough,
And forward too, I aſſure you. Let me examine
The Symmetries. If Statuaries could
By the Foot of *Hercules* ſet down punctually
His whole Dimenſions, and the Countenance be
The Index of the Mind, this may inſtruct me,
With th' Aids of that I've read touching this Subject,
What ſhe is inward. The Colour of her Hair,
If it be, as this does Promiſe, pale, and faint,
And not a glitt'ring white. Her brow, ſo ſo.
The Circles of her Sight, too much contracted;
Juno's fair Cow-eyes by old *Homer* are
Commended to their Merit; here's a ſharp Froſt,
I' th' Tip of her Noſe, which by the Length aſſures me
Of Storms at Midnight, if I fail to pay her
The Tribute ſhe expects.—I like her not:
What is the other?
Chryſ. How hath he commenc'd
Doctor in this ſo ſweet and ſecret Art,
Without our Knowledge? [*Aſide.*
Timan. Some of his forward Pages
Have robbed us of the Honour. [*Aſide.*
Phila. No ſuch Matter;
He has the Theory only, not the Practic. [*Aſide.*
Theod. Amaſia, Siſter to the Duke of *Athens*;
Her Age eighteen, deſcended lineally
From *Theſeus*, as by her Pedigree
Will be made apparent—Of his luſty Kindred,
And loſe ſo much Time? 'Tis ſtrange!—As I live, ſhe
hath
A

A Philoſophical Aſpect: There is
More Wit than Beauty in her Face, and, when
I court her, it muſt be in Tropes, and Figures,
Or ſhe will cry abſurd. She will have her Clenches
To cut off any Fallacy I can hope
To put upon her, and expect I ſhould
Ever conclude in Syllogiſms, and thoſe true ones
In parte & toto, or ſhe'll tire me with
Her tedious Elocutions in the Praiſe
Of the Increaſe of Generation, for which
Alone the Sport, in her Morality,
Is good and lawful, and to be often practis'd
For fear of miſſing.—Fie on't, let the Race
Of *Theſeus* be match'd with *Ariſtotles*,
I'll none of her.

Pulch. You are curious in your Choice, Sir,
And hard to pleaſe; yet, if that your Conſent
May give Authority to it, I'll preſent you
With one, that, if her Birth, and Fortunes anſwer
The Rarities of her Body, and her Mind,
Detraction durſt not tax her.

Theod. Let me ſee her,
Though wanting thoſe Additions, which we can
Supply from our own Store: it is in us
To make Men rich, and noble; but, to give
Legitimate Shapes and Virtues, does belong
To the Great Creator of 'em, to whoſe Bounties
Alone 'tis proper; and in this diſdains
An Emperor for his Rival.

Pulch. I'applaud
This fit Acknowledgment, ſince Princes then
Grow leſs than common Men, when they contend
With Him, by whom they are ſo.

Enter Paulinus, Cleon, Athenais *newly habited.*

Theod. I confeſs it.

Pulch. Not to hold you in Suſpence, Behold the Virgin

Rich in her natural Beauties, no War borrowing
Th' adulterate Aids of Art. Peruſe her better;
She's worth your ſerious View.
Phila. I am amaz'd too:
I never ſaw her Equal.
Grat. How his Eye
Is fix'd upon her!
Timan. And, as ſhe were a Fort,
He'd ſuddenly ſurprize, he meaſures her
From the Baſes to the Battlements.
Chryſ. Ha! now I view her better,
I know her; 'tis the Maid that, not long ſince,
Was a Petitioner; her Bravery
So alters her, I had forgot her Face.
Phila. So has the Emperor.
Paul. She holds out yet,
And yields not to th' Aſſault.
Cleon. She's ſtrongly guarded
In her Virgin Bluſhes.
Paul. When you know, fair Creature,
It is the Emperor that honours you
With ſuch a ſtrict Survey of your ſweet Parts,
In Thankfulneſs you cannot but return
Due Reverence for the Favour.
Athen. I was loſt
In my Aſtoniſhment at the glorious Object,
And yet reſt doubtful whether he expects,
Being more then Man, my Adoration
(Since ſure there is Divinity about him:)
Or will reſt ſatisfy'd, if my humble Knees
In Duty thus bow to him.
Theod. Ha! it ſpeaks.
Pulch. She is no Statue, Sir,
Theod. Suppoſe her one,
And that ſhe had nor Organs, Voice, nor Heat,
Moſt willingly I would reſign my Empire,
So it might be to After-times recorded
That I was her *Pygmalion*, though, like him,
I doated on my Workmanſhip, without Hope too

Of

Of having *Cytherea* ſo propitious
To my Vows, or Sacrifice, in her Compaſſion
To give it Life or Motion.
Pulch. Pray you, be not rap'd ſo,
Nor borrow from imaginary Fiction
Impoſſible Aids. She's Fleſh and Blood, I aſſure you;
And, if you pleaſe to honour her in the Trial,
And be your own Security, as you'll find
I fable not, ſhe comes in a noble Way
To be at your Devotion.
Chryſ. 'Tis the Maid
I offer'd to your Highneſs; her chang'd Shape
Conceal'd her from you:
Theod. At the firſt I knew her;
And a ſecond Firebrand *Cupid* brings, to kindle
My Flames almoſt put out: I am too cold,
And play with Opportunity.—May I taſte, then,
The Nectar of her Lip?—I do not give it
The Praiſe it merits: Antiquity is too poor
To help me with a Simile to expreſs her.
Let me drink often from this living Spring,
To nouriſh new Invention.
Pulch. Do not ſurfeit
In over-greedily devouring that
Which may without Satiety feaſt you often.
From the Moderation in receiving them,
The choiceſt Viands do continue pleaſing
To the moſt curious Palates. If you think her
Worth your Embraces, and the ſovereign Title
Of the *Grecian* Empreſs——
Theod. If? How much you ſin,
Only to doubt it; the Poſſeſſion of her
Makes all, that was before moſt precious to me,
Common, and cheap in this you've ſhown yourſelf
A provident Protectreſs. I already
Grow weary of the abſolute Command
Of my ſo numerous Subjects, and deſire
No Sov'reignty but here, and write down gladly
A Period to my Wiſhes.

Pulch. Yet, before
It be too late, conſider her Condition;
Her Father was a *Pagan*, ſhe herſelf
A new-converted Chriſtian.
Theod. Let me know
The Man to whoſe religious Means I owe
So great a Debt.
Paul. You are advanc'd too high, Sir,
To acknowledge a Beholdingneſs, 'tis diſcharg'd,
And I, beyond my Hopes, rewarded, if
My Service pleaſe your Majeſty.
Theod. Take this Pledge
Of our aſſured Love. Are there none here
Have Suits to prefer? On ſuch a Day as this
My Bounty's without Limit. O my deareſt,
I will not hear thee ſpeak; whatever in
Thy Thoughts is apprehended, I grant freely.
Thou would'ſt plead thy Unworthineſs; by thyſelf
The Magazine of Felicity, in thy Lowneſs
Our Eaſtern Queens, at their full Height, bow to thee,
And are, in their beſt Trim, thy Foils and Shadows.
Excuſe the Violence of my Love, which cannot
Admit the leaſt Delay. Command the Patriarch
With Speed to do his Holy Office for us,
That, when we are made one——
Pulch. You muſt forbear, Sir;
She is not yet baptiz'd.
Theod. In the ſame Hour
In which ſhe is confirmed in our Faith,
We mutually will give away each other,
And both be Gainers; we'll hear no Reply
That may divert us. On
Pulch. You may, hereafter,
'Pleaſe to remember to whoſe Furtherance
You owe this Height of Happineſs.
Athen. As I was
Your Creature when I firſt petition'd you,
I will continue ſo, and you ſhall find me,

Though

Though an Empreſs, ſtill your Servant.

[*All exit but* Philanax, Gratianus, *and* Timantus.

Grat. Here's a Marriage
Made up o' th' ſudden!

Phila. I repine not at
The fair Maid's Fortune—though I fear the Princeſs
Had ſome peculiar End in't.

Timan. Who's ſo ſimple
Only to doubt it?

Grat. It is too apparent,
She hath prefer'd a Creature of her own,
By whoſe Means ſhe may ſtill keep to herſelf
The Government of the Empire.

Timan. Whereas if
The Emperor had eſpous'd ſome Neighbour Queen,
Pulcheria, with all her Wiſdom, could not
Keep her Preheminence.

Phila. Be it as it will,
'Tis not now to be alter'd,—Heaven, I ſay,
Turn all to th' beſt!

Grat. Are we come to praying again?

Phil. Leave thy Prophaneneſs

Grat. Would it leave me.
I am ſure I thrive not by it.

Timan. Come to the Temple.

Grat. Ev'n where you will—I know not what to think on't.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Paulinus, Philanax.

Paul. NOR this, nor th' Age before us, ever look'd on
The like Solemnity.

Phila. A ſudden Fever
Kept me at home. Pray you, my Lord, acquaint me
With the Particulars.

Paul. You may preſume,
No Pomp, nor Ceremony could be wanting,
Where there was Privilege to command, and Means
To cheriſh rare Inventions.

Phila. I believe it;
But the Sum of all, in brief.

Paul. Pray you ſo take it;
Fair *Athenais*, not long ſince a Suitor,
And almoſt in her Hopes forſaken, firſt
Was chriſt'ned, and the Emperor's Mother's Name,
Eudoxia, as he will'd, impos'd upon her:
Pulcheria, the ever matchleſs Princeſs,
Aſſiſted by her reverend Aunt *Maria*,
Her God-mothers.

Phila. And who the Maſculine Witneſs?

Paul. At the new Empreſs' Suit I had the Honour;
—For which I muſt ever ſerve her.

Phila. 'Twas a Grace,
With Juſtice you may boaſt of.

Paul. The Marriage follow'd,
And, as 'tis ſaid, the Emperor made bold
To turn the Day to Night; for to Bed they went
As ſoon as they had din'd, and there are Wagers
Laid by ſome merry Lords, he hath already
Begot a Boy upon her.

Phila. That is yet
To be determin'd of; but I am certain,
A Prince, ſo ſoon in his Diſpoſition alter'd,
Was never heard nor read of.

Paul. But of late,
Frugal and ſparing, now nor Bounds, nor Limits
To his magnificent Bounties. He affirm'd,
Having receiv'd more Bleſſings by his Empreſs
Then he could hope, in Thankulneſs to Heaven
He cannot be too prodigal to others.

What-

Whatever's offer'd to his Royal Hand
He ſigns without peruſing it.
Phila. I am here
Injoin'd to free all ſuch as lie for Debt,
The Creditors to be paid out of his Coffers.
Paul. And I all Malefactors that are not
Convicted, or for Treaſon or foul Murther;
Such only are excepted;
Phila. 'Tis a rare Clemency!
Paul. Which we muſt not diſpute, but put in Practice.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Loud Muſick, Shouts within: Heaven preſerve the Emperor, Heaven bleſs the Empreſs. Then in State, Chryſapius, *Patriarch.* Paulinus, Theodoſius, Athenais, Pulcheria, *her two young Siſters bearing up* Athenais's *Train, followed by* Philanax, Gratianus, Timantus, *Suitors, preſenting Petitions, the Emperor ſealing them.* Pulcheria *appears troubled.*

Pulch. Sir, by your own Rules of Philoſophy
You know Things violent laſt not. Royal Bounties
Are great, and gracious while they are diſpens'd
With Moderation; but, when their Exceſs
In giving Giant-Bulks to others, take from
The Prince's juſt Proportion, they loſe
The Names of Virtues, and, their Natures chang'd,
Grow the moſt dangerous Vices
Theod. In this, Siſter,
Your Wiſdom is not circular; they that ſow
In narrow Bounds, cannot expect, in Reaſon,
A Crop beyond their Ventures, what I do
Diſperſe, I lend, and will with Uſury
Return unto my Heap. I only then
Am rich, and happy (though my Coffers ſound
With Emptineſs) when my glad Subjects feel,
Their Plenty and Felicity is my Gift;

And

And they will find, when they with Cheerfulneſs
Supply not my Defects, I being the Stomach
To th' politick Body of the State, the Limbs
Grow ſuddenly faint and feeble. I could urge
Proofs of more Fineneſs in their Shape and Language;
But none of greater Strength.—Diſſuade me not;
What we will, we will do; yet, to aſſure you
Your Care does not offend us, for an Hour,
Be happy in the Converſe of my beſt
And deareſt Comfort—May you pleaſe to licenſe
My Privacy ſome few Minutes? [*To* Athenais.

Athen. Licenſe, Sir?
I have no Will, but is deriv'd from yours,
And that ſtill waits upon you; nor can I
Be left with ſuch Security with any,
As with the gracious Princeſs, who receives
Addition, though ſhe be all Excellence,
In being ſtil'd your Siſter.

Theod. O ſweet Creature!
Let me be cenſur'd fond, and too indulgent,
Nay, though they ſay uxorious, I care not;
Her Love, and ſweet Humility exact
A Tribute far beyond my Power to pay
Her matchleſs Goodneſs. [*Aſide.*[Forward.
[*Exeunt* Theodoſius *and the Train.*

Pulch. Now you find
Your dying Father's Prophecy, that foretold
Your preſent Greatneſs, to the full accompliſh'd.
For the poor Aids, and Furtherance I lent you,
I willingly forget.

Athen. Ev'n that binds me
To a more ſtrict Remembrance of the Favour;
Nor ſhall you, from my ſoul Ingratitude,
In any Circumſtance, ever find Cauſe
T'upbraid me with your Benefit.

Pulch. I believe ſo.
Pray you give us Leave—What now I muſt deliver
Under the deepeſt Seal of Secrecy,

Though

Though it be for your Good, will give Aſſurance
Of what is look'd for, if you not alone
Hear, but obey my Counſels.
Athen. They muſt be
Of a ſtrange Nature, if with zealous Speed
I put 'em not in Practice.
Pulch. 'Twere Impertinence
To dwell on Circumſtances, ſince the Wound
Requires a ſudden Cure; eſpecially
Since you, that are the happy Inſtrument
Elected to it, though young in your Judgment
Write far above your Years, and may inſtruct
Such as are more experienc'd.
Athen. Good Madam,
In this I muſt oppoſe you, I am well
Acquainted with my Weakneſs, and it will not
Become your Wiſdom, by which I am rais'd
To this titulary Height, that ſhould correct
The Pride, and overweening of my Fortune,
To play the Paraſite to it, in aſcribing
That Merit to me, unto which I can
Pretend no Intereſt—Pray you, excuſe
My bold Simplicity, and to my Weight
Deſign me where you pleaſe, and you ſhall find
In my Obedience, I am ſtill your Creature.
Pulch. 'Tis nobly anſwer'd, and I glory in
The Building I have rais'd. Go on, ſweet Lady,
In this your virtuous Progreſs.—But to the Point;
You know, nor do I envy it, you have
Acquir'd that Power, which, not long ſince, was mine,
In governing the Emperor, and muſt uſe
The Strength you hold in the Heart of his Affections,
For his private, as the publick Preſervation,
To which there is no greater Enemy,
Than his exorbitant Prodigality,
Howe'er his Sycophants, and Flatterers call it,
Royal Magnificence; and, though he may
Urge what's done for your Honour, muſt not be

Curb'd

Curb'd, or be controul'd by you, you cannot in
Your Wiſdom but conceive, if that the Torrent
Of his violent Bounties be not ſtop'd, or leſſen'd,
It will prove moſt pernicious. Therefore, Madam,
Since 'tis your Duty, as you are his Wife,
To give him ſaving Counſels, and, in being
Almoſt his Idol, may command him to
Take any Shape you pleaſe, with a powerful Hand,
To ſtop him in his Precipice to Ruin.

Athen. Avert it, Heaven!

Pulch. Heaven is moſt gracious to you, Madam,
In chuſing you to be the Inſtrument
Of ſuch a pious Work. You ſee he ſigns
What Suit ſoever is preſer'd, not once
Enquiring what it is, yielding himſelf
A Prey to all. I would, therefore, have you, Lady,
As I know you will, to adviſe him, or command him,
As he would reap the Plenty of your Favours,
To uſe more Moderation in his Bounties;
And that, before he gives, he would conſider,
The what, to whom, and wherefore.

Athen. Do you think
Such Arrogance, or Uſurpation, rather,
Of what is proper, and peculiar
To ev'ry private Huſband, and much more
To him an Emperor, can rank with th' Obedience
And Duty of a Wife? Are we appointed
In our Creation (let me reaſon with you)
To rule, or to obey? Or, 'cauſe he loves me
With a kind Impotence; muſt I tyrannize
Over his Weakneſs? Or abuſe the Strength,
With which he arms me, to his Wrong? Or, like
A proſtituted Creature, merchandize
Our mutual Delight for Hire? Or to
Serve mine own ſordid Ends? In vulgar Nuptials
Priority is exploded, though there be
A Difference in the Parties; and ſhall I,
His Vaſſal, from Obſcurity, rais'd by him

To

To this ſo eminent Light, [a] preſume t' appoint him
To do, or not to do, this, or that? When Wives
Are well accommodated by their Huſbands
With all Things both for Uſe, and Ornament,
Let them fix there, and never dare to queſtion
Their Wills or Actions. For myſelf, I vow,
Though now my Lord would raſhly give away
His Scepter, and Imperial Diadem,
Or if there could be any Thing more precious,
I would not croſs it;—but I know this is
But a Trial of my Temper, and as ſuch
I do receive it; or, if't be otherwiſe,
You are ſo ſubtil in your Arguments,
I dare not ſtay to hear them.

Pulch. Is't ev'n ſo?
I've Power o'er theſe, yet, and command their Stay,
To hearken nearer to me.

1 *Siſter.* We are charg'd
By the Emperor, our Brother, to attend
The Empreſs' Service.

2 *Siſter.* You are too mortify'd, Siſter,
(With Reverence I ſpeak it) for young Ladies
To keep you Company. I am ſo tir'd
With your tedious Exhortations, Doctrines,
Uſes of your religious Morality,
That, for my Health-ſake, I muſt take the Freedom
To enjoy a little of thoſe pretty Pleaſures
That I was born to.

1 *Siſter.* When I come to your Years,
I'll do as you do; but, till then, with your Pardon,
I'll loſe no more Time. I have not learn'd to dance yet,
Nor ſing, but Holy Hymns, and thoſe to vile Tunes too;
Nor to diſcourſe, but of Schoolmens Opinions.
How ſhall I anſwer my Suitors? Since, I hope,
Ere long I ſhall have many, without Practice

[a] *To this ſo eminent Light.*

Thus we read in the old Copies, which I have here follow'd, tho' I think it ought to be

To this ſo eminent Height.

To

To write, and ſpeak ſomething that's not deriv'd
From the Fathers of Philoſophy.
2 *Siſter.* We ſhall ſhame
Our Breeding, Siſter, if we ſhould go on thus.
1 *Siſter.* 'Tis for your Credit, that we ſtudy
How to converſe with Men; Women with Women
Yields but a barren Argument.
2 *Siſter.* She frowns——
But you'll protect us, Madam?
Athen. Yes, and love
Your ſweet Simplicity.
1 *Siſter.* All young Girls are ſo,
'Till they know the Way of't.
2 *Siſter.* But, when we are enter'd,
We ſhall on a good round Pace.
Athen. I'll leave you, Madam.
1 *Siſter.* And we; our Duties with you.
[*Exeunt* Athenais *and the young Ladies.*
Pulch. On all Hands
Thus ſlighted? No Way left? Am I grown ſtupid
In my Invention? Can I make no Uſe
Of the Emperor's Bounties?—Now 'tis thought: within there.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam.
Pulch. It ſhall be ſo:—Nearer; your Ear
Draw a Petition to this End.
Serv. Beſides
The Danger to prefer it, I believe
'Twill ne'er be granted.
Pulch. How's this? Are you grown,
From a Servant, my Director? Let me hear
No more of this. Diſpatch, I'll maſter him
[*Exit Servant.*
At his own Weapon.

Enter

Enter Theodosius, Favorinus, Philanax, Timantus, Gratianus.

Theod. Let me understand it,
If yet there be ought wanting that may perfect
A general Happiness.
Favor. The People's Joy
In Seas of Acclamations flow in
To wait on yours.
Phila. Their Love with Bounty levied,
Is a sure Guard: Obedience, forc'd from Fear,
Paper Fortification, which in Danger
Will yield to the Impression of a Reed,
Or of itself fall off.
Theod. True, *Philanax.*
And by that certain Compass we resolve
To steer our Barque of Government.

Enter Servant with the Petition.

Pulch. 'Tis well.
Theod. My dearest, and my all-deserving Sister,
As a Petitioner kneel? It must not be.
Pray you, rise; although your Suit were half my Empire,
'Tis freely granted.
Pulch. Your Alacrity
To give hath made a Beggar; yet, before
My Suit is by your sacred Hand and Seal
Confirm'd, 'tis necessary you peruse
The Sum of my Request.
Theod. We will not wrong
Your Judgment, in conceiving what 'tis fit
For you to ask, and us to grant, so much,
As to proceed with Caution, give me my Signet;
With Confidence I sign it, and here vow
By my Father's Soul, but with your free Consent,
It is irrevocable.

Timantus.

Timan. What if ſhe now
Calling to Memory, how often we
Have croſs'd her Government, in Revenge hath made
Petition for our Heads?

Grat. They muſt even off, then;
No Ranſom can redeem us.

Theod. Let thoſe Jewels
So highly rated by the *Perſian* Merchants
Be bought, and as a Sacrifice from us
Preſented to *Eudoxia*, ſhe being only
Worthy to wear 'em. I am angry with
The unreſiſtable Neceſſity
Of my Occaſions, and important Cares,
That ſo long keep me from her.
[*Exeunt* Theodoſius *and the Train.*

Pulch. Go to the Empreſs,
And tell her on the ſudden, I am ſick,
And do deſire the Comfort of a Viſit,
If ſhe pleaſe to vouchſafe it. From me uſe
Your humbleſt Language.—But, when once I have her
[*Exit Servant.*
In my Poſſeſſion, I will riſe, and ſpeak
In a higher Strain: Say it raiſe Storms, no matter.
Fools judge by the Event, my Ends are honeſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Theodoſius, Timantus, Philanax.

Theod. What is become of her? Can ſhe that carries
Such glorious Excellence of Light about her,
Be any where conceal'd?

Phila. We have ſought her Lodgings,
And all we can learn from the Servants, is,
She by your Majeſty's Siſters waited on,
The Attendance of her other Officers,
By her expreſs Command, deny'd,——

Theod. Forbear
Impertinent Circumſtances,—whither went ſhe? Speak.

Phila.

Phila. As they gueſs, to the Laurel Grove.
Theod. So ſlightly guarded!
What an Earthquake I feel in me! and, but that
Religion aſſures the contrary,
The Poets Dreams of luſtful Fawns, and Satyrs,
Would make me fear I know not what.

Enter Favorinus.

Favor. I have found her,
And it pleaſe your Majeſty.
Theod. Yes, it doth pleaſe me.
But why return'd without her?
Favor. As ſhe made
Her ſpeedieſt Approaches to your Preſence,
A Servant of the Princeſs's, *Pulcheria*,
Encounter'd her. What 'twas he whiſper'd to her
I'm ignorant; but, hearing it, ſhe ſtarted,
And will'd me to excuſe her Abſence from you
The third Part of an Hour.
Theod. In this ſhe takes
So much of my Life from me; yet, I'll bear it
With what Patience I may; ſince 'tis her Pleaſure,
Go back, my *Favorinus*, and intreat her
Not to exceed a Minute.
Timant. Here's ſtrange Fondneſs! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Pulcheria. *Servants.*

Pulch. You're certain ſhe will come?
Serv. She is already
Enter'd your outward Lodgings.
Pulch. No Train with her?
Serv. Your Excellency's Siſters only.
Pulch. 'Tis the better.
See the Doors ſtrongly guarded, and deny
Acceſs to all, but with our ſpecial Licence:

Why doſt thou ſtay? Shew your Obedience;
Your Wiſdom now is uſeleſs. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Enter Athenais, Arcadia, Flaccilla.

Flac. She is ſick, ſure;
Or, in fit Reverence to your Majeſty,
She had waited you at the Door.
Arcad. 'Twould hardly be
[Pulcheria *walking by.*
Excus'd, in civil Manners, to her Equal:
But with more Difficulty to you, that are
So far above her.
Athen. Not in her Opinion;
She hath been too long accuſtom'd to Command
T' acknowledge a Superior.
Arcad. There ſhe walks.
Flac. If ſhe be not ſick of the Sullens, I ſee not
The leaſt Infirmity in her.
Athen. This is ſtrange!
Arcad. Open your Eyes: The Empreſs.——
Pulch. Reach that Chair:
Now, ſitting thus at Diſtance, I'll vouchſafe
To look upon her.
Arcad. How, Siſter? Pray you awake.
Are you in your Wits?
Flac. Grant, Heaven, your too much Learning
Does not conclude in Madneſs.
Athen. You intreated
A Viſit from me.
Pulch. True, my Servant us'd
Such Language: But now, as a Miſtreſs, I
Command your Service.
Athen. Service?
Arcad. She's ſtark mad, ſure.
Pulch. You'll find I can diſpoſe of what's mine own
Without a Guardian.
Athen. Follow me.—I will ſee you
When your frantick Fit is o'er. I do begin
To be of your Belief. *Pulch.*

Pulch. It will deceive you.
Thou ſhalt not ſtir from hence.—Thus, as mine own,
I ſeize upon thee.
Flac. Help, help! Violence
Offer'd to the Empreſs' Perſon!
Pulch. 'Tis in vain:
She was an Empreſs once; but, by my Gift:
Which, being abus'd, I do recall my Grant.
You are read in Story; call to Remembrance
What the great *Hector*'s Mother, *Hecuba*,
Was to *Ulyſſes*, *Ilium* ſack'd.
Athen. A Slave.
Pulch. To me thou art ſo.
Athen. Wonder and Amazement
Quite overwhelm me: How am I transform'd?
How have I loſt my Liberty?

[*Knocking without.*

Enter Servant.

Pulch. Thou ſhalt know
Too ſoon, no Doubt.—Who's that, with ſuch Rudeneſs
Beats at the Door?
Serv. The Prince *Paulinus*, Madam,
Sent from the Emperor to attend upon
The gracious Empreſs.
Arcad. And who is your Slave now?
Flac. Siſter, repent in Time, and beg Pardon
For your Preſumption.
Pulch. — It is reſolv'd:
From me return this Anſwer to *Paulinus*;
She ſhall not come; ſhe's mine; the Emperor hath
No Intereſt in her. [*Exit Servant.*
Athen. Whatſoe'er I am,
You take not from your Power o'er me, to yield
A Reaſon for this Uſage.
Pulch. Though my Will is
Sufficient to add to thy Affliction,
Know, Wretched Thing, 'tis not thy Fate, but Folly,
Hath made thee what thou art: 'Tis ſome Delight

To urge my Merits to one ſo ungrateful;
Therefore with Horror hear it. When thou wert
Thruſt as a Stranger from thy Father's Houſe,
Expos'd to all Calamities that Want
Could throw upon thee; thine own Brothers' Scorn,
And in thy Hopes, as by the World, forſaken,
My Pity, the laſt Altar that was left thee;
I heard thy *Syren* Charms, with Feeling heard them,
And my Compaſſion made mine Eyes vie Tears
With thine, diſſembling Crocodile! and when Queens
Were emulous for thy Imperial Bed,
The Garments of thy Sorrows caſt aſide,
I put thee in a Shape as would have forc'd
Envy from *Cleopatra*, had ſhe ſeen thee.
Then, when I knew my Brother's Blood was warm'd
With youthful Fires, I brought thee to his Preſence;
And how my deep Deſigns, for thy Good plotted,
Succeeded to my Wiſhes, is apparent,
And needs no Repetition.

Athen. I am conſcious
Of your ſo many, and unequal'd Favours,
But find not how I may accuſe myſelf
For any Facts committed, that with Juſtice
Can raiſe your Anger to this Height againſt me.

Pulch. Pride and Forgetfulneſs would not let thee ſee that,
Againſt which now thou canſt not cloſe thine Eyes.
What Injury could be equal to thy late
Contempt of my good Counſel, when I urg'd
The Emperor's prodigal Bounties, and intreated
That you would uſe your Power to give 'em Limits,
Or, at the leaſt, a due Conſideration
Of ſuch as ſu'd, and for what, ere he ſign'd it?
In Oppoſition, you brought againſt me
Th' Obedience of a Wife, that Ladies were not,
Being well accommodated by their Lords,
To queſtion, but much leſs to croſs, their Pleaſures;
Nor would you, though the Emperor were reſolv'd
To give away his Scepter, hinder it,

Since

Since 'twas done for your Honour, covering with
False Colours of Humility your Ambition.
Athen. And is this my Offence?
Pulch. As wicked Counsel
Is still most hurtful unto those that give it;
Such as deny to follow what is good,
In Reason, are the first that must repent it.
When I please, you shall hear more; in the mean Time,
Thank your own wilful Folly that hath chang'd you
From an Empress to a Bondwoman.
Theod. Force the Doors:
Kill those that dare resist.

Enter Theodosius, Paulinus, Philanax, Chrysapius, Gratianus.

Athen. Dear Sir, redeem me.
Flac. O suffer not, for your own Honour's sake,
The Empress, you so late lov'd, to be made
A Prisoner in the Court.
Arcad. Leap to his Lips,
You'll find them the best Sanctuary.
Flac. And try, then,
What Interest my reverend Sister hath
To force you from 'em.
Theod. What strange May game's this?
Though done in Sport, how ill this Levity
Becomes your Wisdom?
Pulch. I am serious, Sir,
And have done nothing but what you in Honour,
And as you are yourself an Emperor,
Stand bound to justify.
Theod. Take heed; put not these
Strange Trials on my Patience.
Pulch. Do not you, Sir,
Deny your own Act; as you are a Man,
And stand on your own Bottom, 'twill appear
A childish Weakness to make void a Grant,
Sign'd by your Sacred Hand and Seal, and strengthen'd

With a religious Oath, but with my Licence
Never to be recall'd. For ſome few Minutes
Let Reaſon rule your Paſſion, and in this,
[*Delivers the Deed.*
Be pleas'd to read my Intereſt. You will find, there,
What you in me call Violence, is Juſtice,
And that I may make Uſe of what's mine own,
According to my Will. 'Tis your own Gift, Sir;
And what an Emperor gives, ſhould ſtand as firm
As the Celeſtial Poles upon the Shoulders
Of *Atlas*, or his Succeſſor in that Office
The great *Alcides*.

Theod. Miſeries of more Weight,
Than 'tis feign'd they ſupported, fall upon me!
What hath my Raſhneſs done? In this Tranſaction
Drawn in expreſs and formal Terms, I have
Giv'n and conſign'd into your Hands, to uſe
And obſerve, as you pleaſe, my dear *Eudoxa*.
It is my Deed, I do confeſs it is,
And, as I am myſelf, not to be cancell'd:
But yet you may ſhew Mercy—and you will,
When you conſider that there is no Beauty
So perfect in a Creature, but is ſoil'd
With ſome unbeſeeming Blemiſh. You have labour'd
To build me up a complete Prince; 'tis granted:
Yet, as I am a Man, like other Monarchs,
I have Defects and Frailties; my Facility,
To ſend Petitioners with pleas'd Looks from me,
Is all I can be charg'd with, and it will
Become your Wiſdom, (ſince 'tis in your Power)
In Charity to provide, I fall no further
Or in my Oath, or Honour.

Pulch. Royal Sir,
This was the Mark I aim'd at, and I glory
At the length, you ſo conceive it: 'Twas a Weakneſs
To meaſure by your own Integrity
The Purpoſes of others. I have ſhewn you,
In a true Mirror, what Fruit grows upon
The Tree of hoodwink'd Bounty, and what Dangers
Preci-

Precipitation in the managing
Your great Affairs produceth.
Theod. I embrace it
As a grave Advertiſement, and vow hereafter
Never to ſign Petitions at this Rate.
Pulch. For mine, ſee, Sir, 'tis cancel'd; on my Knees
I re-deliver what I now begg'd from you.
[*Tears the Deed.*
She is my ſecond Gift.
Theod. Which if I part from
'Till Death divorce us —— [*Kiſſing* Athenais.
Athen. So, Sir ——
Theod. Nay, Sweet, chide not:
I am puniſh'd in thy Looks; defer the reſt,
'Till we're more private.
Pulch. I aſk Pardon too,
If, in my perſonated Paſſion, I
Appear'd too harſh and rough.
Athen. 'Twas gentle Language,
What I was then conſider'd.
Pulch. O dear Madam,
It was Decorum in the Scene.
Athen. This Trial,
When I was *Athenais*, might have paſs'd;
But, as I am the Empreſs ——
Theod. Nay, no Anger,
Since all Good was intended.
[*Exeunt* Theodoſius, Athenais, Arcadia, Flaccilla.
Pulch. Building on
That certain Baſe, I fear not what can follow.
[*Exit* Pulcheria.
Paul. Theſe are ſtrange Devices, *Philanax*.
Phila. True, my Lord.
May all turn to the beſt!
Grat. The Emperor's Looks
Promis'd a Calm.
Chryſ. But the vex'd Empreſs' Frowns
Preſag'd a ſecond Storm.
Paul. I am ſure I feel one

In my Leg already.

Phila. Your old Friend, the Gout?

Paul. My forc'd Companion, *Philanax.*

Chryſ. To your Reſt.

Paul. Reſt, and forbearing Wine, with a temperate Diet,
Though many Mountebanks pretend the Cure of't,
I've found my beſt Phyſicians.

Phila. Eaſe to your Lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Athenais, Chryſapius.

Athen. MAKE me her Property?

Chryſ. Your Majeſty
Hath juſt Cauſe of Diſtaſte; and your Reſentment
Of the Affront in the Point of Honour cannot
But meet a fair Conſtruction.

Athen. I have only
The Title of an Empreſs, but the Power
Is, by her, raviſh'd from me. She ſurveys
My Actions as a Governeſs, and calls
My not obſerving all that ſhe directs,
Folly, and Diſobedience.

Chryſ. Under Correction,
With Grief I've long obſerv'd it; and, if you
Stand pleas'd to ſign my Warrant, I'll deliver
In my unfeign'd Zeal, and Deſire to ſerve you,
(Howe'er I run the Hazard of my Head for't,
Should it arrive at the Knowledge of the Princeſs)
Not alone, the Reaſons why Things are thus carried,
But give into your Hands the Power to clip
The Wings of her Command.

Athen.

Athen. Your Service this Way
Cannot offend me.
Chryſ. Be you pleas'd to know, then,
(But ſtill with Pardon, if I am too bold)
Your too much Sufferance imps the broken Feathers
Which carry her to this proud Height, in which
She with Security ſoars, and ſtill tow'rs o'er you:
But, if you would employ the Strengths you hold
In the Emperor's Affections, and remember
The Orb you move in ſhould admit no Star elſe,
You never would confeſs the managing
Of State Affairs to her alone are proper,
And you ſit by a Looker on.
Athen. I would not,
If it were poſſible I could attempt
Her Diminution, without a Taint
Of foul Ingratitude in myſelf.
Chryſ. In this
The Sweetneſs of your Temper does abuſe you;
And you call that a Benefit to yourſelf
Which ſhe for her own Ends confer'd upon you.
'Tis yielded ſhe gave Way to your Advancement:
But for what Cauſe? that ſhe might ſtill continue
Her Abſolute Sway and Swing o'er the whole State;
And that ſhe might to her Admirers vaunt,
The Empreſs was her Creature, and the Giver
To be prefer'd before the Gift.
Athen. It may be.
Chryſ. Nay, 'tis moſt certain: Whereas, would you
pleaſe
In a true Glaſs to look upon yourſelf,
And view without Detraction your own Merits,
Which all Men wonder at, you would find that Fate,
Without a ſecond Cauſe, appointed you
To the ſupremeſt Honour. For the Princeſs,
She hath reign'd long enough, and her Remove
Will make your Entrance free to the Poſſeſſion
Of what you were born to; and, but once reſolve
To build upon her Ruins, leave the Engines

That

That muſt be us'd to undermine her Greatneſs
To my Proviſion.
Athen. I thank your Care:
But a Deſign of ſuch Weight muſt not be
Raſhly determin'd of; it will exact
A long and ſerious Conſultation from me,
In the mean Time, *Chryſapius*, reſt aſſur'd
I live your thankful Miſtreſs. [*Exit* Athenais.
Chryſ. Is this all?
Will the Phyſick that I miniſter'd work no further?
I've play'd the Fool; and, leaving a calm Port,
Embark'd myſelf on a rough Sea of Danger.
In her Silence lies my Safety, which how can I
Hope from a Woman?—But the Die is thrown,
And I muſt ſtand the Hazard.

Enter Theodoſius, Philanax, Timantus, Gratianus, *Huntſmen.*

Theod. Is *Paulinus*
So tortur'd with his Gout?
Phila. Moſt miſerably, Sir.
And it adds much to his Affliction, that
The Pain denies him Power to wait upon
Your Majeſty.
Theod. I pity him.——He is
A wond'rous honeſt Man, and what he ſuffers,
I know, will grive my Empreſs.
Timan. He, indeed, is
Much bound to her gracious Favour.
Theod. He deſerves it;
She cannot find a Subject upon whom
She better may confer it.—Is the Stag
Safe lodg'd?
Grat. Yes, Sir, and the Hounds and Huntſmen ready.
Phila. He will make you royal Sport. He is a Deer,
Of ten, at the leaſt.

Enter

Enter Countryman with an Apple.

Grat. Whither will this Clown?
Timan. Stand back.
Count. I would zee the Emperor. Why ſhould you Courtiers
Scorn a poor Countryman? We zweat at the Plough
To vill your Mouths, you and you Curs might ſtarve, elſe.
We prune the Orchards, and you cranch the Fruit;
Yet ſtill y'are ſnarling at us.
Theod. What's the matter?
Count. I would look on thy ſweet Face.
Timan. Unmannerly Swain!
Count. Zwain? Though I am a Zwain, I have a Heart, yet,
As ready to do Service for my Leg,
As any Princock, Peacock of you all.
Zookers!. had I one of you zingle, with this Twig
I would ſo veeze you.
Timan. Will your Majeſty
Hear this rude Language?
Theod. Yes, and hold it as
An Ornament, not a Blemiſh. O *Timantus!*
Since that dread Power by whom we are, diſdains not
With an open Ear to hear Petitions from us,
Eaſy Acceſs in us, his Deputies,
To the meaneſt of our Subjects, is a Debt
Which we ſtand bound to pay.
Count. By my Granam's Ghoſt
'Tis a wholeſome Zaying; our Vicar could not mend it
In the Pulpit on a Zunday.
Theod. What's their Suit Friend?
Count. Zute? I would laugh at that. Let the Court beg from thee,
What the poor Country gives. I bring a Preſent
To thy good Grace, which I can call mine own,
And look not, like theſe gay Volk, for a Return

Of

Of what they venture. Have I giv'nt you, ha!

Chryſ. A perilous Knave.

Count. Zee here a dainty Apple. [*Preſents the Apple.*

Of mine own grafting; zweet and zownd, I aſſure thee.

Theod. It is the faireſt Fruit I ever ſaw.
Thoſe golden Apples in the *Heſperian* Orchards
So ſtrangely guarded by the watchful Dragon,
As they requir'd great *Hercules* to get 'em;
Nor thoſe with which *Hippomenes* deceiv'd,
Swift-footed *Atalanta*, when I look
On this, deſerve no Wonder. You behold
The poor Man, and his Preſent, with Contempt:
I to their Value prize both; He, that could
So aid weak Nature, by his Care and Labour,
As to compel a Crabtree-ſtock to bear
A precious Fruit of this large Size and Beauty,
Would by his Induſtry change a petty Village
Into a populous City, and from that
Erect a flouriſhing Kingdom. Give the Fellow,
For an Encouragement to his future Labours,
Ten *Attick* Talents.

Count. I will weary heaven
With my Prayers for your Majeſty. [*Exit Countryman.*

Theod. Philanax,
From me preſent this Rarity to the rareſt
And beſt of Women. When I think upon
The boundleſs Happineſs that from her flows to me
In my Imagination I am rap'd
Beyond myſelf.—But I forget our Hunting,
To the Foreſt for the Exerciſe of my Body;
But for my Mind, 'tis wholly taken up
In the Contemplation of her matchleſs Virtues. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Athenais, Pulcheria, Arcadia, Flaccilla.

Athen. You ſhall know there's a Difference between us.

Pulch. There was, I'm certain, not long ſince, when you Kneel'd

Kneel'd a Petitioner to me; then you were happy
To be near my Feet; and do you hold it, now,
As a Diſparagement that I ſide you, Lady?

Athen. Since you reſpect me only as I was,
What I am ſhall be remember'd.

Pulch. Does the Means
I practis'd, to give good and ſaving Counſels
To th' Emperor, and your new ſtamp'd Majeſty
Still ſtick in your Stomach?

Athen. 'Tis not yet digeſted,
In troth it is not. Why, good Governeſs,
Though you are held for a grand Madam, and yourſelf
The firſt that overprize it, I ne'er took
Your Words for *Delphian* Oracles, nor your Actions
For ſuch Wonders as you make 'em,—there is one,
When ſhe ſhall ſee her Time, as fit and able
To be made Partner of the Emperor's Cares,
As your wiſe ſelf, and may with Juſtice challenge
A nearer Intereſt.—You have done your Viſit,
So, when you pleaſe, you may leave me.

Pulch. I'll not bandy
Words with your Mightineſs, proud one, only this,
You carry too much Sail for your ſmall Bark;
And that, when you leaſt think upon't, may ſink you,
[*Exit* Pulcheria.

Flac. I am glad ſhe's gone.

Arcad. I fear'd ſhe would have read
A tedious Lecture to us.

Enter Philanax *with the Apple.*

Phila. From the Emperor.
This rare Fruit to the rareſt.

Athen. How, my Lord?

Phila. I uſe his Language, Madam; and that Truſt,
Which he impos'd on me, diſcharg'd, his Pleaſure
Commands my preſent Service. [*Exit* Philanax.

Athen. Have you ſeen
So fair an Apple?

Flac.

Flac. Never.
Arcad. If the Taſte
Anſwer the Beauty.
Athen. Prettily beg'd;—you ſhould have it;
But that you eat too much cold Fruit, and that
Changes the freſh Red in your Cheeks to Paleneſs.

Enter Servant.

I've other Dainties for you; you come from
Paulinus; how is't with that truly noble,
And honeſt Lord? My Witneſs at the Fount;
In a Word, the Man to whoſe bleſs'd Charity
I owe my Greatneſs. How is't with him?
Serv. Spiritly,
In his Mind; but, by the raging of his Gout,
In his Body much diſtemper'd; that you pleas'd
To inquire his Health, took off much from his Pain;
His glad Looks did confirm it.
Athen. Do his Doctors
Give him no Hope?
Serv. Little; they rather fear,
By his continual burning, that he ſtands
In danger of a Fever.
Athen. To him again,
And tell him that I heartily wiſh it lay
In me to eaſe him, and from me deliver
This choice Fruit to him; you may ſay to that
I hope it will prove phyſical.
Serv. The good Lord
Will be o'erjoy'd with the Favour.
Athen. He deſerves more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Paulinus *brought in a Chair*, Chirurgeon.

Chirurg. I've done as much as Art can do, to ſtop
The violent Courſe of your Fit, and I hope you feel it.
How does your Honour? *Paul.*

Paul. At ſome Eaſe, I thank you:
I would you could aſſure Continuance of it,
For the Moiety of my Fortune.
Chirurg. If I could cure
The Gout, my Lord, without the Philoſopher's Stone
I ſhould ſoon purchaſe, it being a Diſeaſe,
In poor Men very rare, and in the rich
The Cure impoſſible, your many Bounties
Bid me prepare you for a certain Truth,
And to flatter you, were diſhoneſt.
Paul. Your plain dealing
Deſerves a Fee. Would there were many more ſuch
Of your Profeſſion. Happy are poor Men;
If ſick with the Exceſs of Heat or Cold,
Caus'd by neceſſitous Labour, not looſe Surfeits
They, when ſpare Diet, or kind Nature fail
To perfect their Recovery, ſoon arrive at
Their Reſt in Death; but, on the contrary,
The Great and Noble are expos'd as Preys
To the Rapine of Phyſicians; and they,
In ling'ring out what is remedileſs,
Aim at their Profit, not the Patients Health.
A thouſand Trials and Experiments
Have been put upon me, and I forc'd to pay dear
For my Vexation; but I am reſolv'd,
(I thank your honeſt Freedom) to be made
A Property no more for Knaves to work on.
—What have you there?

Enter Cleon *with a Parchment Roll.*

Cleon. The Triumphs of an Artſman
O'er all Infirmities, made authentical
With the Names of Princes, Kings and Emperors
That were his Patients.
Paul. Some Empirick.
Cleon. It may be ſo; but he ſwears, within three Days
He will grub up your Gout by th' Roots, and make you able

To

To march ten Leagues a Day in compleat Armour,

Paul. Impoſſible.

Cleon. Or, if you like not him——

Chirurg. Hear him, my Lord, for your Mirth; I will take Order,
They ſhall not wrong you.

Paul. Uſher in your Monſter.

Cleon. He is at hand, march up: Now ſpeak for yourſelf.

Enter Empirick.

Empir. I come not, Right Honourable, to your Preſence, with any baſe and ſordid End of Reward; the Immortality of my Fame is the White I ſhoot at, the Charge of my moſt curious and coſtly Ingredients defray'd, amounting to ſome ſeventeen thouſand Crowns—a Trifle in reſpect of Health—writing your noble Name in my Catalogue, I ſhall acknowledge myſelf amply ſatisfy'd.

Chirurg. I believe ſo.

Empir. For your own Sake, I moſt heartily wiſh, that you had now all the Diſeaſes, Maladies and Infirmities upon you, that were ever remember'd by old *Galen*, *Hippocrates*, or the later, and more admired *Paracelſus*.

Paul. For your good Wiſh, I thank you.

Empir. Take me with you, I beſeech your good Lordſhip. I urg'd it, that your Joy, in being certainly and ſuddenly free from them, may be the greater, and my not to be parallel'd Skill the more remarkable. The Cure of the Gout's a Toy, without Boaſt be it ſaid; my Cradle-practice, the Cancer, the Fiſtula, the Dropſy, Conſumption of Lungs and Kidneys, Hurts in the Brain, Heart, or Liver, are Things worthy my Oppoſition; but in the Recovery of my Patients I ever overcome them.—But to your Gout—

Paul. I, marry, Sir; that cur'd, I ſhall be apter
To give Credit to the reſt.

Empir.

Empir. Suppoſe it done, Sir.

Chirur. And the Means you uſe, I beſeech you.

Empir. I will do it in the plaineſt Language, and diſcover my Ingredients. Firſt, my *boteni Terebinthina*, of *Cypris*, my Manna, *ros cælo*, coagulated with *vetulos ovorum*, vulgarly Yolks of Eggs, with a little Cyath, or Quantity of my potable Elixir, with ſome few Scruples of Saſſafras and Guacum, ſo taken every Morning and Evening, in the Space of three Days, purgeth, cleanſeth, and diſſipateth the inward Cauſes of the virulent Tumor.

Paul. Why do you ſmile?

Chirur. When he hath done, I will reſolve you.

Empir. For my exterior Applications, I have theſe Balſumunguentulums, extracted from Herbs, Plants, Roots, Seeds, Gums, and a Million of other Vegetables, the principal of which are Uliſſipona, or Serpentaria, Sophia, or Herba Conſolidarum, Parthenion, or Commanilla Romana, Mumia tranſmarina, mixed with my plumbum Philoſophorum, and mater metallorum, *cum oſſa paraleli, eſt univerſale medicamentum in podagra.*

Cleon. A conjuring Balſamum,

Empir. This applied warm upon the pained Place, with a feather of Struthio cameli, or a Bird of Paradiſe, which is every where to be had, ſhall expulſe this tartarous, viſcous, anatheos, and malignant Dolor.

Chirur. An excellent Receipt! but does your Lordſhip Know what it is good for?

Paul. I would be inſtructed.

Chirur. For the Gonorrhœa, or, if you will hear it In a plainer Phraſe, the Pox.

Empir. If it cure his Lordſhip
Of that, by the Way, I hope, Sir, 'tis the better.
My Medicine ſerves for all Things, and the Pox, Sir,
Though falſely nam'd the Sciatica, or Gout,
Is the more Catholick Sickneſs.

Paul. Hence with the Raſcal!
Yet hurt him not; he makes me ſmile, and that

Frees him from Puniſhment.

[*They thruſt off the* Empirick.

Chirur. Such Slaves as this
Render our Art contemptible.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My good Lord——
Paul. So ſoon return'd?
Serv. And with this Preſent from
Your great, and gracious Miſtreſs, with her Wiſhes
It may prove phyſical to you.
Paul. In my Heart
I kneel, and thank her Bounty. Dear Friend *Cleon*,
Give him the Cup-board of Plate in the next Room
For a Reward. [*Exeunt* Cleon *and the Servant.*
Moſt glorious Fruit; but made
More precious by her Grace and Love that ſent it.
To touch it only, coming from her Hand,
Makes me forget all Pain. A Diamond
Of this large Size, though it would buy a Kingdom,
Hew'd from the Rock, and laid down at my Feet,
Nay, though a Monarch's Gift, will hold no Value,
Compar'd with this—And yet, ere I preſume
To taſte it, though, ſans Queſtion, it is
Some heavenly Reſtorative, I in Duty
Stand bound to weigh my own Unworthineſs.
Ambroſia is Food only for the Gods;
And not by human Lips to be prophan'd.
I may adore it as ſome holy Relique,
Deriv'd from thence, but impious to keep it
In my Poſſeſſion; the Emperor only
Is worthy to enjoy it.—Go, good *Cleon*,

Enter Cleon.

(And ceaſe this Admiration at this Object)
From me preſent this to my Royal Maſter,
I know it will amaze him, and excuſe me

That

That I am not myſelf the Bearer of it.
That I ſhould be lame now, when with Wings of Duty
I ſhould fly to the Service of this Empreſs!
Nay, no Delays, good *Cleon*.
Cleon. I am gone, Sir. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE IV.

Theodoſius, Chryſapius, Timantus, Gratianus.

Chryſ. Are you not tir'd, Sir?
Theod. Tir'd? I muſt not ſay ſo,
However, though I rode hard. To a Huntſman,
His Toil is his Delight, and to complain
Of Wearineſs, would ſhew as poorly in him,
As if a General ſhould grieve for a Wound,
Receiv'd upon his Forehead, or his Breaſt,
After a glorious Victory, lay by
Theſe Accoutrements for the Chaſe.

Enter Pulcheria.

Pulch. You are well return'd, Sir,
From your Princely Exerciſe.
Theod. Siſter, to you
I owe the Freedom, and the Uſe of all
The Pleaſures I enjoy. Your Care provides
For my Security, and the Burthen, which
I ſhould alone ſuſtain, you undergo,
And, by your painful Watchings, yield my Sleeps
Both ſound, and ſure. How happy am I in
Your Knowledge of the Art of Government!
And, credit me, I glory to behold you
Diſpoſe of great Deſigns, as if you were
A Partner, and no Subject of my Empire.
Pulch. My Vigilance, ſince it hath well ſucceeded,
I'm confident, you allow of—yet it is not
Approv'd by all.

Theod. Who dares repine at that
Which hath our Suffrage?
Pulch. One that too well knows
The Strength of her Abilities can better
My weak Endeavours.
Theod. In this you reflect
Upon my Empress?
Pulch. True; for, as she is
The Consort of your Bed, 'tis fit she share in
Your Cares, and absolute Power.
Theod. You touch a String
That sounds but harshly to me, and I must
In a Brother's Love advise you, that hereafter
You would forbear to move it. Since she is
In her pure self a Harmony of such Sweetness,
Compos'd of Duty, chaste Desires, her Beauty
(Though it might tempt a Hermit from his Beads)
The least of her Endowments. I am sorry
Her holding the first Place, since that the second
Is proper to yourself, calls on your Envy.
She err? It is impossible in a Thought,
And, much more, speak, or do what may offend me.
In other Things, I would believe you, Sister:
But, though the Tongues of Saints and Angels tax'd her
Of any Imperfection, I should be
Incredulous,
Pulch. She is, yet, a Woman, Sir.
Theod. The Abstract of what's excellent in the Sex:
But to their Mulcts, and Frailties a mere Stranger:
—I'll die in this Belief.

Enter Cleon *with the Apple.*

Cleon. Your humblest Servant,
The Lord *Paulinus*, as a Witness of
His Zeal and Duty to your Majesty,
Presents you with this Jewel.
Theod. Ha!
Cleon. It is
Preferr'd by him——

Theod.

Theod. Above his Honour?
Cleon. No, Sir;
I would have ſaid his Patrimony.
Theod. 'Tis the ſame.
Cleon. And he intreats, ſince Lameneſs may excuſe
His not preſenting it himſelf, from me
(Though far unworthy to ſupply his Place)
You would vouchſafe to accept it.
Theod. Farther off;
You've told your Tale: Stay you for a Reward?
—Take that. [*Strikes him.*
Pulch. How's this?
Chryſ. I never ſaw him mov'd thus.
Theod. We muſt not part ſo, Sir—A Guard upon him.

Enter Guard.

Theod. May I not vent my Sorrows in the Air,
Without Diſcovery? Forbear the Room!
[*They all go aſide.*
Yet be within Call—What an Earthquake I feel in me![1]
And on the ſudden my whole Fabrick totters.
My Blood within me turns, and through my Veins
Parting with natural Redneſs I diſcern it,
Chang'd to a fatal Yellow. What an Army
Of helliſh Furies in the horrid Shapes
Of Doubts, and Fears, charge on me! Riſe to my Reſcue,
Thou ſtout Maintainer of a chaſte Wife's Honour,
The Confidence of her Virtues; be not ſhaken
With the Wind of vain Surmiſes; much leſs ſuffer
The Devil Jealouſy to whiſper to me
My curious Obſervation of that

[1] —— *What an Earthquake I feel in me*
And on the ſudden, &c.

Though *Shakeſpear* is peculiar excellent in the Paſſion of Jealouſy, yet in my Opinion there are ſome Flights of a *Maſſinger* ſo truly Original, that if he does not equal that immortal Bard, he comes the neareſt to him of all our other dramatic Writers.

I muſt no more remember.—Will it not be?
Thou uninvited Gueſt, ill-manner'd Monſter,
I charge thee, leave me! wilt thou force me to
Give Fuel to that Fire I would put out?
The Goodneſs of my Memory proves my Miſchief,
And I would ſell my Empire, could it purchaſe
The dull Art of Forgetfulneſs.—Who waits there?
Timan. Moſt Sacred Sir.
Theod. Sacred, as 'tis accurs'd,
Is proper to me. Sirrah, upon your Life,
Without a Word concerning this, command
[*Exit* Timantus.
Eudoxia to come to me.—Would I had
Ne'er known her by that Name, my Mother's Name!
Or that, for her own Sake, ſhe had continued
Poor *Athenais* ſtill!—No Intermiſſion?
Wilt thou ſo ſoon torment me? Muſt I read
Writ in the Table of my Memory,
To warrant my Suſpicion, how *Paulinus*
(Though ever thought a Man averſe to Women)
Firſt gave her Entertainment? Made her Way
For Audience to my Siſter; then I did
Myſelf obſerve how he was raviſh'd with
The gracious Delivery of her Story,
(Which was, I grant, the Bait that firſt took me, too)
She was his Convert; what the Rhetorick was
He us'd, I know not, and, ſince ſhe was mine,
In private, as in publick, what a Maſs
Of Grace and Favours hath ſhe heap'd upon him!
And but to-day this fatal Fruit—She's come.

Enter Timantus, Athenais, Flaccilla, Arcadia.

Can ſhe be guilty?
Athen. You ſeem troubl'd, Sir;
My Innocence makes me bold to aſk the Cauſe,
That I may eaſe you of it.—No ſalute
After four long Hours Abſence?
Theod. Prythee, forgive me. [*Kiſſes her.*
Methinks

Methinks I find *Paulinus* on her Lips,
And the freſh *Nectar* that I drew from thence
Is on the ſudden pal'd [*Aſide.*] How have you ſpent
Your Hours ſince I laſt ſaw you?
Athen. In the Converſe
Of your ſweet Siſters.
Theod. Did not *Philanax*,
From me, deliver you an Apple?
Athen. Yes, Sir;
Heaven! how you frown! Pray you, talk of ſomething elſe:
Think not of ſuch a Trifle.
Theod. How! a Trifle?
Does any Toy from me preſented to you,
Deſerve to be ſo ſlighted? Do you value
What's ſent, and not the Sender?—From a Peaſant
It had deſerv'd your Thanks.
Athen. And meets from you, Sir
All poſſible Reſpect.
Theod. I priz'd it, Lady,
At a higher Rate than you believe, and would not
Have parted with it, but to one I did
Prefer before myſelf.
Athen. It was, indeed,
The faireſt that I ever ſaw.
Theod. It was?
And it had Virtues in it, my *Eudoxia*,
Not viſible to the Eye.
Athen. It may be ſo, Sir,
Theod. What did you with it,—tell me punctually;
I look for a ſtrict Accompt.
Athen. What ſhall I anſwer?
Theod. Do you ſtagger? Ha!
Athen. No, Sir, I have eaten it.
It had the pleaſant Taſte. I wonder that
You found it not in my Breath.
Theod. I'faith I did not,
And it was wond'rous ſtrange.
Athen. Pray you, try again.

Theod. I find no Scent of't here. You play with me,
You have it ſtill?

Athen. By your ſacred Life, and Fortune,
An Oath I dare not break, I've eaten it.

Theod. Do you know how this Oath binds?

Athen. Too well, to break it.

Theod. That ever Man to pleaſe his brutiſh Senſe
Should ſlave his Underſtanding to his Paſſions,
And, taken with ſoon fading White and Red
Deliver up his credulous Ears to hear
The Magick of a *Syren*, and from theſe
Believe there ever was, is, or can be
More than a ſeeming Honeſty in bad Woman.

Athen. This is ſtrange Language, Sir.

Theod. Who waits? Come all.
—Nay, Siſter not ſo near; being of the Sex,
I fear you are infected to,

Pulch. What mean you?

Theod. To ſhow you a Miracle, a Prodigy
Which *Afric* never equal'd:—Can you think[4]
This Maſter-piece of Heaven, this precious Vellam,
Of ſuch a Purity, and Virgin Whiteneſs,
Could be deſign'd to have Perjury, and Whoredom
In Capital Letters writ upon't?

Pulch. Dear Sir,

Theod. Nay, add to this, an Impudence beyond
All proſtituted Boldneſs. Art not dead, yet?
Will not the Tempeſts in thy Conſcience rend thee
As ſmall as Atoms? That there may no Sign
Be left, thou ever wert ſo? Wilt thou live
'Till thou art blaſted with the dreadful Lightning
Of pregnant and unanſwerable Proofs,

[4] ——— *Can you think*
This Maſter-piece of Heaven, &c.
Thus in *Othello*.
Was this fair Paper, this moſt goodly Book
Made to write Whore upon?
Act 4. Scene 9.

Of

Of thy adulterous twines? Die yet, that I
With my Honour may conceal it.
Athen. Would, long ſince,
The *Gorgon* of your Rage had turn'd me Marble.
Or, if I have offended——
Theod. If!—good Angels!—
But I am tame. Look on this dumb Accuſer.
[*Shewing the Apple.*
Athen. Oh, I am loſt! [*Aſide.*
Theod. Did ever Cormorant
Swallow his Prey and then digeſt it whole,
As ſhe hath done this Apple? *Philanax*,
As 'tis, from me preſented it. The good Lady
Swore ſhe had eaten it; yet, I know not how,
It came intire unto *Paulinus'* Hands,
And I from him receiv'd it; ſent in Scorn
Upon my Life, to give me a cloſe Touch,
That he was weary of thee. Was there nothing
Left thee to ſee him, to give Satisfaction
To thy inſatiate Luſt, but what was ſent
As a dear Favour from me? How have I ſin'd
In my Dotage on this Creature? But to her
I've liv'd, as I was born, a perfect Virgin.
Nay, more, I thought it not enough to be
True to her Bed, but that I muſt feed high,
To ſtrengthen my Abilities to cloy
Her rav'nous Appetite, little ſuſpecting
She would deſire a Change.
Athen. I never did, Sir.
Theod. Be dumb; I will not waſte my Breath in taxing
Thy baſe Ingratitude. How I have rais'd thee,
Will by the World be, to thy Shame, ſpoke often.
But for that Ribawd, who held in my Empire
The next Place to myſelf, ſo bound unto me
By all the Ties of Duty, and Allegiance
He ſhall pay dear for't, and feel what it is
In a Wrong of ſuch high Conſequence to pull down,
His Lord's ſlow Anger on him. *Philanax*,
He's troubl'd with the Gout; let him be cur'd

With

With a violent Death, and in the other World,
Thank his Phyſician.
Phila. His Cauſe unheard, Sir?
Pulch. Take Heed of Raſhneſs.
Theod. Is what I command,
To be diſputed?
Phila. Your Will ſhall be done, Sir:
But that I am the Inſtrument——
Theod. Do you murmur?
[*Exit* Philanax *with the Guard.*
What couldſt thou ſay, if that my Licence ſhould
Give Liberty to thy Tongue? Thou would'ſt die? I am
not [Athenais *kneeling, points to* Theodoſius *Sword.*
So to be reconcil'd.—See me no more:
The Sting of Conſcience ever gnawing on thee,
A long Life be thy Puniſhment. [*Exit* Theodoſius.
Flac. O ſweet Lady.
How I could weep for her!
Arcad. Speak, dear Madam, ſpeak.
Your Tongue, as you are a Woman, while you live,
Should be ever moving; at the leaſt, the laſt Part
That ſtirs about you.
Pulch. Though I ſhould, ſad Lady,
In Policy rejoice, you as a Rival
Of my Greatneſs are remov'd, Compaſſion,
Since I believe you innocent, commands me
To mourn your Fortune; credit me I will urge
All Arguments I can alledge that may
Appeaſe the Emperor's Fury.
Arcad. I will grow too,
Unto my Knees, unleſs he bid me riſe,
And ſwear he will forgive you.
Flac. And repent too:
All this Pother for an Apple?
[*Exeunt* Pulcheria, Arcadia, Flaccilla.
Chryſ. Hope, dear Madam,
And yield not to Deſpair. I'm ſtill your Servant,
And never will forſake you; though a while
You leave the Court, and City, and give Way

To

To th' violent Paſſions of the Emperor.
Repentance in his Want of you will ſoon find him.
In the mean Time I'll diſpoſe of you, and omit
No Opportunity that may invite him
To ſee his Error.
Athen. Oh! [*Wringing her Hands.*
Chryſ. Forbear, for Heav'n's Sake:

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Philanax, Paulinus, *Guard*, *Executioners.*

Paul. THis is moſt barbarous! how have you loſt
All Feeling of Humanity, as Honour,
In your Conſent alone, to have me us'd thus?
But to be, as you are a Looker on,
Nay, more, a principal Actor in't (the Softneſs
Of your former Life conſider'd) almoſt turns me
Into a ſenſeleſs Statue.
Phila. Would, long ſince,
Death, by ſome other Means, had made you one,
That you might be leſs ſenſible of what
You have, or are to ſuffer.
Paul. Am to ſuffer?
Let ſuch, whoſe Happineſs, and Heaven, depend
Upon their preſent Being, fear to part with
A Fort, they cannot long hold; mine to me is
A Charge that I am weary of, all Defences
By Pain, and Sickneſs batter'd;—yet, take heed,
Take heed, Lord *Philanax*, that, for private Spleen,
Or any falſe conceived Grudge againſt me,
(Since in one Thought of Wrong to you, I am
Sincerely innocent) you do not that
My Royal Maſter muſt in Juſtice puniſh,

If

If you paſs to your own Heart thorough mine,
The Murther, as it will come out, diſcover'd.
Phila. I murther you, my Lord? Heav'n witneſs for me
With the reſtoring of your Health, I wiſh you
Long Life, and Happineſs: For myſelf, I am
Compell'd to put in Execution that
Which I would fly from; 'tis the Emperor,
The high incenſed Emperor's Will commands
What I muſt ſee perform'd.
Paul. The Emperor?
Goodneſs, and Innocence guard me! Wheels, nor Racks
Can force into my Memory, the Remembrance
Of the leaſt Shadow of Offence, with which
I ever did provoke him; though belov'd,
(And yet the People's Love is ſhort, and fatal)
I never courted popular Applauſe;
Feaſted the Men of Action, or labour'd
By prodigal Gifts to draw the needy Soldier,
The Tribunes, or Centurions to a Faction,
Of which I would riſe up the Head againſt him.
I hold no Place of Strength, Fortreſs or Caſtle
In my Command, that can give Sanctuary
To Mal-contents, or countenance Rebellion.
I've built no Palaces to face the Court,
Nor do my Follower's Bravery ſhame his Train;
And, though I cannot blame my Fate for Want,
My competent Means of Life deſerves no Envy.
In what, then, am I dangerous?
Phila. His Diſpleaſure
Reflects on none of thoſe Particulars
Which you have mention'd, though ſome jealous Princes
In a Subject cannot brook 'em.
Paul. None of theſe?
In what, then, am I worthy his Suſpicion?
But it may, nay it muſt be, ſome Informer,
To whom my Innocence appear'd a Crime,
Hath poiſon'd his late good Opinion of me.
'Tis not to die, but, in the Cenſure of
So good a Maſter, guilty, that afflicts me.

Phila.

Phila. There is no Remedy.
Paul. No?—I have a Friend, yet,
Could the Strictneſs of your Warrant give way to it,
To whom the State I ſtand in now deliver'd,
That by fair Interceſſion for me would
So far prevail, that, my Defence unheard,
I ſhould not, innocent or guilty, ſuffer,
Without a fit Diſtinction.
Phila. Theſe falſe Hopes,
My Lord, abuſe you. What Man, when condemn'd,
Did ever find a Friend? or who dares lend
An Eye of Pity to that Star-croſs'd Subject
On whom his Sovereign frowns?
Paul. She that dares plead
For Innocence without a Fee; the Empreſs,
My great and gracious Miſtreſs.
Phila. There's your Error.
Her many Favours, which you hop'd ſhould make you
Prove your Undoing. She, poor Lady, is
Baniſh'd for ever from the Emperor's Preſence,
And his confirm'd Suſpicion, to his Wrong,
That you have been over-familiar with her,
Dooms you to Death. I know you underſtand me.
Paul. Over-familiar?
Phila. In ſharing with him
Thoſe ſweet and ſecret Pleaſures of his Bed,
Which can admit no Partner.
Paul. And is that
The Crime for which I am to die? Of all
My num'rous Sins, was there not one of Weight
Enough to ſink me, if he borrow'd not
The Colour of a Guilt I never ſaw,
To paint my Innocence in a deform'd
And monſtrous Shape? But that it were prophane
To argue Heav'n of Ignorance, or Injuſtice,
I now ſhould tax it. Had the Stars that reign'd
At my Nativity ſuch curſed Influence,
As not alone to make me miſerable,
But, in the Neighbourhood of her Goodneſs to me,

To

To force Contagion upon a Lady,
Whoſe purer Flames were not inferior
To theirs, when they ſhine brighteſt? To die for her,
Compar'd with what ſhe ſuffers, is a Trifle.
By her Example warn'd, let all great Women
Hereafter throw Pride and Contempt on ſuch
As truly ſerve 'em, ſince a Retribution
In lawful Courteſies, is now ſtil'd Luſt,
And to be thankful to a Servant's Merits
Is grown a Vice, no Virtue.
Phila. Theſe Complaints
Are to no Purpoſe: Think on the long Flight
Your better Part muſt make.
Paul. She is prepar'd:
Nor can the freeing of an Innocent
From the Emperor's furious Jealouſy hinder her.
It ſhall out, 'tis reſolv'd, but to be whiſper'd
To you alone. What a ſolemn Preparation
Is made here to put forth an Inch of Taper
In itſelf almoſt extinguiſh'd? Mortal Poiſon?
The Hangman's Sword, the Haltar?
Phila. 'Tis left to you
To make Choice of which you pleaſe.
Paul. Any will ſerve
To take away my Gout and Life together.
I would not have the Emperor imitate
Rome's Monſter, *Nero*, in that cruel Mercy
He ſhew'd to *Seneca*. When you have diſcharg'd
What you are truſted with, and I have giv'n you
Reaſons beyond all Doubt or Diſputation,
Of the Empreſs's and my Innocence; when I am dead,
(Since 'tis my Maſter's Pleaſure, and High Treaſon
In you not to obey it) I conjure you,
By the Hopes you have of Happineſs hereafter,
Since mine in this World are now parting from me,
That you would win the young Man to Repentance
Of the Wrong done to his chaſte Wife *Eudoxia*;
And if perchance he ſhed a Tear for what

In

In his Raſhneſs he impos'd on his true Servant,
So it cure him of future Jealouſy,
'Twill prove a precious Balſam, and find me
When I am in my Grave.—Now, when you pleaſe,
For I am ready.

Phila. His Words work ſtrangely on me,
And I would do — but I know not what to think on't.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Pulcheria, Flaccilla, Arcadia, Timantus, Gratianus, Chryſapius.

Pulch. Still in his ſullen Mood? No Intermiſſion
Of his melancholy Fit?

Timan. It rather, Madam,
Increaſes, than grows leſs.

Grat. In the next Room
To his Bed-Chamber, we watch'd; for he by Signs
Gave us to underſtand, he would admit
Nor Company, nor Conference.

Pulch. Did he take
No Reſt, as you could gueſs?

Chryſ. Not any, Madam;
Like a *Numidian* Lion, by the Cunning
Of the deſp'rate Huntſman taken in a Toil,
And forc'd into a ſpacious Cage, he walks
About his Chamber, we might hear him gnaſh
His Teeth in Rage; which open'd, hollow Groans
And Murmurs iſſu'd from his Lips, like Winds
Impriſon'd in the Caverns of the Earth
Striving for Liberty; and ſometimes throwing
His Body on his Bed, then on the Ground,
And with ſuch Violence, that we more than fear'd
And ſtill do, if the Tempeſt of his Paſſions
By your Wiſdom be not laid, he will commit
Some Outrage on himſelf.

Pulch. His better Angel,

I hope,

I hope, will ſtay him from ſo foul a Miſchief;
Nor ſhall my Care be wanting.
Timan. Twice I heard him
Say, Falſe *Eudoxia!* how much art thou
Unworthy of theſe Tears! Then ſigh'd, and ſtraight
Roard out, *Paulinus!* was his gouty Age
To be prefer'd before my Strength and Youth?
Then groan'd again, ſo many Ways expreſſing
Th' Afflictions of a tortur'd Soul, that we,
Who wept in vain for what we could not help,
Were Sharers in his Suff'rings.
Pulch. Though your Sorrow
Is not to be condemn'd, it takes not from
The Burthen of his Miſeries. We muſt practiſe
With ſome freſh Object to divert his Thoughts
From that they're wholly fix'd on.
Chryſ. Could I gain
The Freedom of Acceſs, I would preſent him
[*A Paper deliver'd.*
With this Petition. Will your Highneſs pleaſe
To look upon it: You will ſoon find there
What my Intents and Hopes are.

Enter Theodoſius.

Grat. Ha! 'tis he.
Pulch. Stand cloſe,
And give way to his Paſſions: 'tis not ſafe
To ſtop them in their violent Courſe, before
They've ſpent themſelves.
Theod. I play the Fool, and am
Unequal to myſelf; Delinquents are
To ſuffer, not the Innocent. I have done
Nothing, which will not hold Weight in the Scale
Of my impartial Juſtice; neither feel
The Worm of Conſcience upbraiding me
With one black Deed of Tyranny; wherefore, then,
Should I torment myſelf? Great *Julius* would not

Reſt

Reſt ſatisfy'd that his Wife was free from Fact,
But, only for Suſpicion of a Crime,
Su'd a Divorce; nor was this *Roman* Rigour
Cenſur'd as cruel: And ſtill the wife *Italian*,
That knows the Honour of his Family
Depends upon the Purity of his Bed
For a Kiſs, nay, wanton Look, will plough up Miſchief,
And ſow the Seeds of his Revenge in Blood.
And ſhall I, to whoſe Power the Law's a Servant,
That ſtands accomptable to none, for what
My Will calls an Offence, being compell'd,
And on ſuch Grounds to raiſe an Altar to
My Anger; though, I grant, 'tis cemented
With a looſe Strumpet's and Adulterer's Gore,
Repent the Juſtice of my Fury? No,
I ſhould not: Yet ſtill my Exceſs of Love,
Fed high in the Remembrance of her choice
And ſweet Embraces, would perſuade me that
Connivance, or Remiſſion of her Fault,
Made warrantable by her true Submiſſion
For her Offence, might be excuſable,
Did not the Cruelty of my wounded Honour
With an open Mouth deny it.

Pulch. I approve of
Your good Intention, and I hope 'twill proſper.
[*To* Chryſapius.
—He now ſeems calm. Let us upon our Knees
Encompaſs him. Moſt Royal Sir——

Flac. Sweet Brother——

Arcad. As you're our Sovereign, by the Ties of Nature
You're bound to be a Father in your Care
To us poor Orphans.

Timant. Shew Compaſſion, Sir,
Unto yourſelf.

Grat. The Majeſty of your Fortune
Should fly above the Reach of Grief.

Chryſ. And 'tis
Impair'd, if you yield to it.

Theod. Wherefore pay you [a]
This Adoration to a ſinful Creature?
I'm Fleſh and Blood, as you are; ſenſible
Of Heat and Cold; as much a Slave unto
The Tyranny of my Paſſions, as the meaneſt
Of my poor Subjects. The proud Attributes
(By oil-tongu'd Flattery impos'd upon us)
As Sacred, Glorious, High, Invincible,
The Deputy of Heaven, and in that
Omnipotent, with all falſe Titles elſe
Coin'd to abuſe our Frailty, though compounded,
And by the Breath of Sycophants apply'd,
Cure not the leaſt Fit of an Ague in us.
We may give poor Men Riches; confer Honours
On Undeſervers; raiſe, or ruin ſuch
As are beneath us, and, with this puff'd up,
Ambition would perſuade us to forget
That we are Men: But He that ſits above us,

[a] *Wherefore pay you*
This Adoration to a ſinful Creature?

Theſe Reflections are very beautiful and juſt. In *Shakeſpear* we have many of the like Kind, thus in *Richard* II. the unfortunate King ſays,

——— Within the hollow Crown
That rounds the mortal Temples of a King,
Keeps Death his Court. And there the Antic ſits,
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pomp;
Allowing him a Breath, a little Scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with Looks:
Infuſing him with ſelf and vain Conceit,
As if this Fleſh which walls about our Life,
Were Braſs impregnable: And humour'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little Pin
Bores through his Caſtle Walls, and farewel King!
Cover your Heads, and mock not Fleſh and Blood
With ſolemn Rev'rence: Throw away Reſpect,
Tradition, Form, and ceremonious Duty;
For you have but miſtook me all this while:
I live on Bread like you; feel Want like you;
Taſte Grief, want Friends like you: Subjected thus,
How can you ſay to me, I am a King?

Act IV. Scene 4.

And

And to whom, at our utmoſt Rate, we are
But Pageant Properties, derides our Weakneſs.
In me, to whom you kneel, 'tis moſt apparent.
Can I call back Yeſterday, with all their Aids
That bow unto my Scepter? Or reſtore
My Mind to that Tranquillity and Peace
It then enjoy'd?—Can it make *Eudoxia* chaſte?
Or vile *Paulinus* honeſt?
Pulch. If I might,
Without Offence, deliver my Opinion ——
Theod. What would you ſay?
Pulch. That, on my Soul, the Empreſs
Is innocent.
Chryſ. The good *Paulinus* guiltleſs.
Grat. And this ſhould yield you Comfort.
Theod. In being guilty
Of an Offence, far, far tranſcending that
They ſtand condemn'd for. Call you this a Comfort,
Suppoſe it could be true? A Corroſive rather;
Not to eat our dead Fleſh, but putrify
What yet is ſound. Was Murther ever held
A Cure for Jealouſy? or the crying Blood
Of Innocence, a Balm to take away
Her feſt'ring Anguiſh?—As you do deſire
I ſhould not do a Juſtice on myſelf,
Add to the Proofs by which *Paulinus* fell,
And not take from 'em; in your Charity
Sooner believe that they were falſe, than I
Unrighteous in my Judgment? Subjects Lives
Are not their Prince's Tennis-Balls to be bandy'd
In Sport away. All that I can endure
For them, if they were Guilty, is an Atom
To the Mountain of Affliction I pull'd on me,
Should they prove innocent.
Chryſ. For your Majeſty's Peace
I more than hope they were not. The falſe Oath
Took by the Empreſs, and for which ſhe can
Plead no Excuſe, convicted her, and yields
A ſure Defence for your Suſpicion of her.

And yet, to be reſolv'd, ſince ſtrong Doubts are
More grievous, for the moſt Part, than to know
A certain Loſs.——
Theod. 'Tis true, *Chryſapius*;
Were there a poſſible Means.
Chryſ. 'Tis offer'd to you,
If you pleaſe to embrace it. Some few Minutes
Make Truce with Paſſion; and but read, and follow
What's there projected, you ſhall find a Key
Will make your Entrance eaſy to diſcover
Her ſecret Thoughts; and then, as in your Wiſdom
You ſhall think fit, you may determine of her,
And reſt confirm'd, whether *Paulinus* died
A Villain, or a Martyr.
Theod. It may do;
Nay, ſure it muſt: Yet, howſoever it fall,
I am moſt wretched; which Way in my Wiſhes
I ſhould faſhion the Event, I'm ſo diſtracted
I cannot yet reſolve of.—Follow me;
Though in my Name, all Names are comprehended,
I muſt have Witneſſes, in what Degree
I have done Wrong, or ſuffer'd.
Pulch. Hope the beſt, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A ſad Song. Athenais *in Sack-cloth*; *her Hair looſe.*

Athen. *WHY art thou ſlow, thou Reſt of Trouble,*
Death,
To ſtop a Wretch's Breath,
That calls on thee, and offers her ſad Heart
A Prey unto thy Dart?
I am nor young, nor fair; be, therefore, bold.
Sorrow hath made me old,
Deform'd, and wrinkled; all that I can crave,
Is Quiet in my Grave.
Such as live happy, hold Long Life a Jewel;
But to me thou art cruel;

If

If thou end not my tedious Misery,
And I soon cease to be.
Strike, and strike home, then; Pity unto me,
In one short Hour's Delay is Tyranny.

Thus, like a dying Swan, to a sad Tune
I sing my own Dirge; would a Requiem follow,
Which in my Penitence I despair not of,
(This brittle Glass of Life already broken
With Misery) the long and quiet Sleep
Of Death would be most welcome.—Yet, before
We end our Pilgrimage, 'tis fit that we
Should leave Corruption, and foul Sins behind us.
But with wash'd Feet, and Hands, the Heathens dare not
Enter their prophane Temples; and for me
To hope my Passage to Eternity
Can be made easy, 'till I have shook off
The Burthen of my Sins in free Confession,
Aided with Sorrow, and Repentance for 'em,
Is against Reason. 'Tis not laying by
My royal Ornaments, or putting on
This Garment of Humility and Contrition;
The throwing Dust and Ashes on my Head;
Long Fasts to tame my proud Flesh, that can make
Attonement for my Soul; that must be humbled,
All outward Signs of Penitence, else, are useless.
Chrysapius did assure me, he would bring me
A holy Man, from whom (having discover'd
My secret, crying Sins) I might receive
Full Absolution.—And he keeps his Word.

Enter Theodosius, *like a Friar, with* Chrysapius.

Welcome, most Reverend Sir! upon my Knees
I entertain you.
Theod. Noble Sir, forbear
The Place; The sacred Office that I come for
[*Exit* Chrysapius.
Commands all Privacy.—My penitent Daughter,

Be careful, as you wiſh Remiſſion from me,
That, in Confeſſion of your Sins, you hide not
One Crime, whoſe pond'rous Weight, when you would make
Your Flights above the Firmament, may ſink you.
A fooliſh Modeſty in concealing aught
Is now far worſe than Impudence to profeſs,
And juſtify your Guilt; be, therefore, free:
So may the Gates of Mercy open to you.

Athen. Firſt then, I aſk a Pardon, for my being
Ingrateful to Heav'n's Bounty.

Theod. A good Entrance.

Athen. Greatneſs comes from Above; and I, rais'd to it
From a low Condition, ſinfully forgot
From whence it came, and, looking on myſelf
In the falſe Glaſs of Flattery, I receiv'd it
As a Debt due to my Beauty, not a Gift
Or Favour from the Emperor.

Theod. 'Twas not well.

Athen. Pride waited on Unthankfulneſs, and no more
Rememb'ring the Compaſſion of the Princeſs,
And the Means ſhe us'd to make me what I was,
Conteſted with her, and with ſore Eyes ſeeing
Her greater Light, as it dimm'd mine, I practis'd
To have it quite put out.

Theod. A great Offence;
But, on Repentance, not unpardonable.
Forward.

Athen. O Father!—what I now muſt utter,
I fear, in the Delivery will deſtroy me,
Before you have abſolv'd me.

Theod. Heav'n is gracious,
Out with it.

Athen. Heav'n commands us to tell Truth.
Yet I, moſt ſinful Wretch — forſwore myſelf.

Theod. On what Occaſion?

Athen. Quite forgetting that
An innocent Truth can never ſtand in need

Of

Of a guilty Lie, being on the ſudden aſk'd
By the Emperor, my Huſband, for an Apple
Preſented by him, I ſwore I had eaten it;
When my griev'd Conſcience too well knows, I ſent it
To comfort ſick *Paulinus*, being a Man,
I truly lov'd and favour'd.

Theod. A cold Sweat,
Like the Juice of Hemlock, bathes me. [*Aſide.*

Athen. And from this
A furious Jealouſy getting Poſſeſſion
Of the good Emperor's Heart, in his Rage he doom'd
The innocent Lord to die, my Perjury
The fatal Cauſe of Murder.

Theod. Take heed, Daughter,
You niggle not with your Conſcience, and Religion,[7]
In ſtiling him an Innocent from your Fear,
And Shame to accuſe yourſelf. The Emperor
Had many Spies upon you, ſaw ſuch Graces,
Which Virtue could not warrant, ſhowr'd upon him;
Glances in publick, and more liberal Favours
In your private Chamber-meetings, making Way
For foul Adultery; nor could he be
But ſenſible of the Compact paſs'd between you,
To the Ruin of his Honour.

Athen. Hear me, Father;
I look'd for Comfort; but, in this, you come
To add to my Afflictions.

Theod. Cauſe not you
Your own Damnation, in concealing that
Which may, in your Diſcovery, find Forgiveneſs.
Open your Eyes; ſet Heaven, or Hell, before you,
In the revealing of the Truth, you ſhall
Prepare a Palace for your Soul to dwell in,
Stor'd with Celeſtial Bleſſings; whereas, if

[7] Theod. *Take Heed, Daughter,*
You niggle *not with your Conſcience, and Religion.*

The Word *niggle* I cannot find in any Dictionary, I am apt to think it ought to be *Niſle*, which ſignifies a Triſle, a Thing of little or no Value.

You palliate your Crime, and dare beyond,
Playing with Lightning, in concealing it,
Expect a dreadful Dungeon, fill'd with Horror,
And never-ending Torments.

Athen. May they fall
Eternally upon me, and increaſe,
When that which we call Time hath loſt its Name!
May Lightning cleave the Centre of the Earth,
And I ſink quick, before you have abſolv'd me,
Into the bottomleſs Abyſs, if ever
In one unchaſte Deſire, nay, in a Thought
I wrong'd the Honour of the Emperor's Bed.
I do deſerve, I grant more, than I ſuffer,
In that, my Fervor and Deſire to pleaſe him,
In my holy Meditations, preſs'd upon me,
And would not be kept out, now to diſſemble
(When I ſhall ſuddenly be inſenſible
Of what the World ſpeaks of me) were mere Madneſs:
And, though you are incredulous, I preſume,
If, as I kneel now; my Eyes ſwol'n with Tears,
My Hands heav'd up thus, my ſtretch'd Heart-ſtrings ready
To break aſunder, my incenſed Lord
(His Storm of Jealouſy blown o'er) ſhould hear me,
He would believe I lied not.

Theod. Riſe, and ſee him, [*Diſcovers himſelf.*
On his Knees, with Joy affirm it.

Athen. Can this be?

Theod. My Siſters, and the reſt there,—all bear Witneſs.

Enter Pulcheria, Arcadia, Flaccilla, Chryſapius, Gratianus, Timantus, Philanax.

In freeing this incomparable Lady
From the Suſpicion of Guilt, I do
Accuſe myſelf, and willingly ſubmit
To any Penance, ſhe in Juſtice ſhall
Pleaſe to impoſe upon me.

Athen.

Athen. Royal Sir,
Your ill Opinion of me's ſoon forgiven.
Pulch. But how you can make Satisfaction to
The poor *Paulinus*, he being dead, in Reaſon
You muſt conclude impoſſible.
Theod. And in that
I am moſt miſerable: The Ocean
Of Joy, which in your Innocence flow'd high to me,
Ebbs in the Thought of my unjuſt Command,
By which he died. O *Philanax* (as thy Name
Interpreted ſpeaks thee) thou haſt ever been
A Lover of the King, and thy whole Life
Can witneſs thy Obedience to my Will,
In putting that in Execution, which
Was truſted to thee; ſay but, yet, this once,
Thou haſt not done what raſhly I commanded,
And that *Paulinus* lives, and thy Reward,
For not performing that which I enjoin'd thee,
Shall centuple whatever yet thy Duty,
Or Merit, challeng'd from me.
Phila. 'Tis too late, Sir.
He's dead; and, when you know he was unable
To wrong you, in the Way that you ſuſpected,
You'll wiſh it had been otherwiſe.
Theod. Unable?
Phila. I am ſure he was an Eunuch, and might ſafely
Lie by a Virgin's Side; at four Years made one;
Though, to hold Grace with Ladies, he conceal'd it.
—The Circumſtances, and the Manner how,
You may hear at better Leiſure.
Theod. How! an Eunuch?
The more the Proofs are, that are brought to clear thee,
My beſt *Eudoxia*, the more my Sorrows.
Athen. That I am innocent?
Theod. That I am guilty
Of Murther, my *Eudoxia*. I will build
A glorious Monument to his Memory;
And, for my Puniſhment, live and die upon it,
And never more converſe with Men.

Enter

Enter Paulinus.

Paul. Live long, Sir!
May I do ſo to ſerve you! and, if that
I live does not diſpleaſe you, you owe for it
To this good Lord.
Theod. Myſelf, and all that's mine.——
Phila. Your Pardon is a Payment.
Theod. I am rap'd
With Joy beyond myſelf. Now, my *Eudoxia*,
My Jealouſy puff'd away thus, in this Breath
I ſcent the natural Sweetneſs. [*Kiſſes her.*
Arcad. Sacred Sir,
I'm happy to behold this, and preſume,
Now you are pleas'd, to move a Suit, in which
My Siſter is join'd with me.
Theod. Pr'ythee, ſpeak it;
For I have vow'd to hear before I grant;
I thank your good Inſtructions. [*To* Pulcheria.
Arcad. 'Tis but this, Sir.
We have obſerv'd the falling out, and in,
Between the Huſband and the Wife ſhews rarely;
Their Jars and Reconcilements ſtrangely take us.
Flac. Anger and Jealouſy that conclude in Kiſſes
Is a ſweet War, in ſooth.
Arcad. We therefore, Brother,
Moſt humbly beg you would provide us Huſbands,
That we may taſte the Pleaſure of't.
Flac. And with Speed, Sir;
For ſo your Favour's doubled.
Theod. Take my Word,
I will with all Convenience; and not bluſh
Hereafter to be guided by your Counſels:
I will deſerve your Pardon. *Philanax*
Shall be remember'd, and magnificent Bounties
Fall on *Chryſapius*: My Grace on all.

Let

Let *Cleon* be deliver'd and rewarded.
My Grace on all, which as I lend to you,
Return your Vows to Heaven, that it may pleaſe
(As it is gracious) to quench in me
All future Sparks of burning Jealouſy.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

WE've Reaſon to be doubtful, whether he,
On whom (forc'd to it by Neceſſity)
The Maker did confer his Emperor's Part,
Hath giv'n you Satisfaction, in his Art
Of Action and Delivery; 'tis ſure Truth
The Burden was too heavy for his Youth [a]
To undergo.—But in his Will, we know,
He was not wanting, and ſhall ever owe,
With his, our Service, if your Favours deign
To give him Strength, hereafter to ſuſtain
A greater Weight. It is your Grace that can
In your Allowance of this, write him Man
Before his Time: which if you pleaſe to do,
You make the Player and the Poet too.

[a] *The Burden was too heavy for his Youth.*

The Intent of this Epilogue is to apologize for ſome young Actor who performed the Part of the *Emperor*, and of whoſe Abilities they were ſomething doubtful.

THE
MAID of HONOUR.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

As it hath been often presented with good Allowance at the *Phœnix* in *Drury-Lane*, by the Queen's Majesty's Servants. 1632.

WRITTEN

By PHILIP MASSINGER.

To my moſt honour'd Friends, Sir FRANCIS FOLIAMBE, Knt. and Bart. and to Sir THOMAS BLAND, Knt.

THAT you have been and continued ſo for many Years, ſince you vouchſafed to own me Patrons to me and my deſpiſed Studies, I cannot but with all humble Thankfulneſs acknowledge: And living, as you have done, inſeparable in your Friendſhip (notwithſtanding all Differences, and Suits in Law ariſing between you) I held it as impertinent, as abſurd, in the Preſentment of my Service in this Kind, to divide you. A free Confeſſion of a Debt in a meaner Man, is the ampleſt Satisfaction to his Superiors, and I heartily Wiſh, that the World may take Notice, and from myſelf, that I had not to this Time ſubſiſted, but that I was ſupported by your frequent Courteſies, and Favours. When your more ſerious Occaſions will give you Leave, you may pleaſe to peruſe this Trifle, and peradventure find ſomething in it that may appear worthy of your Protection. Receive it, I beſeech you, as a Teſtimony of his Duty, who, while he lives, reſolves to be

Truly and ſincerely devoted to your Service,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ROBERTO, King of *Sicily.*
FERDINAND, Duke of *Urbin.*
BERTOLDO, the King's natural Brother, a Knight of *Malta.*
GONZAGA, a Knight of *Malta*, General to the Dutcheſs of *Siena.*
ASTUTIO, a Counſellor of State.
FULGENTIO, the Minion of *Roberto.*
ADORNI, a Follower of *Camiola*'s Father.
AMBASSADOR, from the Duke of *Urbin.*
SIGNIOR SYLLI, a fooliſh Self-lover.
ANTHONIO, GASPARO, } Two rich Heirs, City-bred.
PIERIO, a Colonel to *Gonzaga.*
RODERIGO, IACOMO, } Captains to *Gonzaga.*
DRUSO, LIVIO, } Captains to Duke *Ferdinand.*
PAULO, a Prieſt, *Camiola*'s Confeſſor.

AURELIA, Dutcheſs of *Siena.*
CAMIOLA, the Maid of Honour.
CLARINDA, her Woman.
Scout, Soldiers, Servants, Gaoler, Dwarf, Mutes.

THE

THE MAID of HONOUR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Presence Chamber.

Astutio, Adorni.

Adorni.

GOOD Day to your Lordship!

Astutio. Thanks, *Adorni.*

Adorni. May I presume to ask if the Ambassador
Employ'd by *Ferdinand*, the Duke of *Urbin*,
Hath Audience this Morning?

Enter Fulgentio.

Astutio. 'Tis uncertain,
For, though a Counsellor of State, I am not
Of the Cabinet Counsel. But there's one, if he please,
That may resolve you.

Adorni. I will move him Sir.

Fulgen. If you've a Suit, shew Water, I am blind, else.

Adorni. A Suit, yet of a Nature, not to prove
The Quarry that you hawk for: If your Words
Are not like *Indian* Wares, and every Scruple,
To be weigh'd and rated, one poor Syllable,
Vouchsaf'd in Answer of a fair Demand,
Cannot deserve a Fee.

Fulgen. It ſeems you're ignorant;
I neither ſpeak, nor hold my Peace, for nothing:
And yet, for once, I care not if I anſwer
One ſingle Queſtion, *gratis.*

Adorni. I much thank you;
Hath the Ambaſſador Audience, Sir, To-day?

Fulgen. Yes.

Adorni. At what Hour?

Fulgen. I promis'd not ſo much.
A Syllable you begg'd, my Charity gave it.
Move me no further. [*Exit* Fulgentio.

Aſtutio. This you wonder at?
With me, 'tis uſual.

Adorni. Pray you, Sir, what is he?

Aſtutio. A Gentleman, yet no Lord. He hath ſome Drops
Of the King's Blood running in his Veins, deriv'd
Some ten Degrees off. His Revenue lies
In a narrow Compaſs, the King's Ear, and yields him
Every Hour a fruitful Harveſt: Men may talk
Of three Crops in a Year in the *Fortunate Iſlands*,
Or Profit made by Wool: But, while there are Suitors,
His Sheep-ſheering, nay, ſhaving to the quick
Is in every Quarter of the Moon, and conſtant;
In the Time of truſſing a Point, he can undo,
Or make a Man. His Play or Recreation
Is to raiſe this up, or pull down that; and, though
He never yet took Orders, makes more Biſhops
In *Sicily*, than the Pope himſelf.

Enter Bertoldo, Gaſparo, Anthonio, *a Servant.*

Adorni. Moſt ſtrange!

Aſtutio. The Preſence fills. He in the *Malta* Habit,
Is the natural Brother of the King—a By-blow.

Adorni. I underſtand you.

Gaſp. 'Morrow to my Uncle.

Anth. And my late Guardian. But at length I have
The Reigns in my own Hands.

Aſtutio.

Aſtutio. Pray you uſe 'em well,
Or you'll too late repent it.
Bert. With this Jewel
Preſented to *Camiola*, prepare
This Night a Viſit for me. I ſhall have [*Exit Servant.*
Your Company, Gallants, I perceive, if that
The King will hear of War.
Anth. Sir, I have Horſes
Of the beſt Breed in *Naples*, fitter far
To break a Rank, then crack a Lance, and are
In their Career of ſuch incredible Swiftneſs.
They out-ſtrip Swallows.
Bert. And ſuch may be uſeful
To run away with, ſhould we be defeated.
You're well provided, Signior?
Anth. Sir, excuſe me.
All of their Race by Inſtinct know a Coward,
And ſcorn the Burthen. They come on like Lightning;
Founder'd in a Retreat.
Bert. By no means back 'em;
Unleſs you know your Courage ſympathize
With the daring of your Horſe.
Anth. My Lord, this is bitter.
Gaſp. I will raiſe me a Company of Foot;
And, when at puſh of Pike I am to enter
A Breach, to ſhew my Valour, I have brought me
An Armour Cannon-proof.
Bert. You will not leap, then,
O'er an Out-work in your Shirt?
Gaſp. I do not like
Activity that Way.
Bert. You had rather ſtand
A Mark to try their Muſkets on?
Gaſp. If I do
No Good, I'll do no Hurt.
Bert. 'Tis in you, Signior,
A Chriſtian Reſolution, and becomes you;
But I will not diſcourage you.

Anth. You are, Sir,
A Knight of *Malta*, and, as I have heard,
Have ſerv'd againſt the *Turk*.
Bert. 'Tis true.
Anth. Pray you, ſhow us
The Difference between the City-Valour,
And Service in the Field.
Bert. 'Tis ſomewhat more
Then roaring in a Tavern, or a Brothel,
Or to ſteal a Lanthorn from a ſleeping Watch;
Then burn their Halberts; or, ſafe-guarded by
Your Tenant's Son's, to carry away a Maypole
From a Neighbour-Village. You will not find, there,
Your Maſters of Dependencies to take up
A drunken Brawl, or, to get you the Names
Of valiant Chevaliers, Fellows that will be,
For a Cloak with thrice-dy'd Velvet, and a caſt Suit,
Kick'd down the Stairs. A Knave with half a Breech,
there,
And no Shirt (being a Thing ſuperfluous,
And worn out of his Memory) if you bear not
Yourſelves both in, and upright with a provant Sword,
Will ſlaſh your Scarlets, and your Pluſh a new Way;
Or with the Hilts thunder about your Ears
Such Muſick, as will make your Worſhips dance
To the doleful Tune of *Lachryma*.
Gaſp. I muſt tell you,
In private, as you are my princely Friend,
I do not like ſuch Fidlers.
Bert. No? They are uſeful
For your Imitation; I remember you,
When you came firſt to the Court, and talk'd of nothing
But your Rents, and your Entradas, [1] ever chiming

The

[1] *Your Rents and your Entradas.*
Thus it ſtands in the old Copies, the Senſe of which I take to be
Your Rents and your *Comings in.*

The

The Golden Bells in your Pockets, you believ'd
The taking of the Wall, as a Tribute due to
Your gaudy Cloaths; and could not walk at Midnight
Without a cauſeleſs Quarrel, as if Men
Of coarſer Outſides were in Duty bound
To ſuffer your Affronts: But, when you had been
Cudgel'd well, twice or thrice, and from the Doctrine
Made profitable Uſes, you concluded
The Sov'reign Means to teach irregular Heirs
Civility, with Conformity of Manners,
Were, two or three ſound Beatings.
Anth. I confeſs
They did much Good upon me.
Gaſp. And on me;—the Principles that they read were ſound
Bert. You'll find
The like Inſtructions in the Camp.
Aſtutio. The King——

A Flouriſh.

Enter Roberto, Fulgentio, Ambaſſador, *Attendants.*

Rober. We ſit prepared to hear.
Ambaſſ. Your Majeſty
Hath been long ſince familiar, I doubt not,
With th' deſp'rate Fortunes of my Lord; and Pity
O' th' much that your Confederate hath ſuffer'd
(You being his laſt Refuge) may perſuade you
Not alone to compaſſionate, but to lend
Your Royal Aids, to ſtay him in his Fall
To certain Ruin. He, too late, is conſcious
That his Ambition to encroach upon
His Neighbour's Territories, with the Danger of

The Word *Entradas* I am apt to think is falſe, and that it ought to be *Intrado* from the *Spaniſh*, which ſignifies the coming-in, *i. e.* into any Place.

Thus *Shakeſpear* in *Henry* 5th.

What are thy Rents? What are thy Comings in?

His Liberty, nay, his Life, hath brought in Queſtion
His own Inheritance: But Youth and Heat
Of Blood, in your Interpretation, may
Both plead, and meditate for him. I muſt grant it
An Error in him, being deny'd the Favours
Of the fair Princeſs of *Siena* (though
He ſought her in a noble Way) t' endeavour
To force Affection, by Surpriſal of
Her principal Seat, *Siena*.

Rober. Which now proves
The Seat of his Captivity, not Triumph.
Heav'n is ſtill juſt.[a]

Ambaſſ. And yet that Juſtice is
To be with Mercy temper'd, which Heav'n's Deputies

[a] Rober. *Heav'n is ſtill juſt*
Ambaſſ. *And yet that Juſtice is*
To be with Mercy temper'd.

This is a very beautiful Paſſage, and not leſs ſo for being borrowed from Religion. After the Ambaſſador of the Duke of *Urbin* had repreſented the Misfortunes of his Maſter, *Roberto* ſays, that *Heaven is ſtill juſt*——"juſt in puniſhing the Ambitious." The Ambaſſador anſwers, that "the Juſtice of Heaven is tempered with Mercy, which he, as Heaven's Deputy, ſtands bound to miniſter." This is a fine Addreſs to the King's Paſſions. He would repreſent the Mercy of Heaven as infinite, and extended to all in Diſtreſs: And how then can the King refuſe Mercy, when the Deity has ſhewed his to all Men, even to the King himſelf? If this could not raiſe in him Sentiments of Compaſſion, yet ſurely the Thoughts of his being Heaven's Deputy ſhould. He was obliged by his Office to ſhew Mercy as the Deity had done, and to relieve as many of the Miſerable as he could, becauſe Heaven had relieved all Men. *Shakeſpear* has very happily expreſs'd this Thought in his *Meaſure* for *Meaſure*. *Angelo* ſays to *Iſabella*

Your Brother is a Forfeit of the Law,
And you but waſte your Words.

Iſab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the Souls that are, were forfeit once,
And he that might the 'Vantage beſt have took,
Found out the Remedy. How would you be,
If he which is the top of Judgment, ſhould
But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that;
And Mercy then will breathe within your Lips,
Like Man new made.

Act 2. Scene 7.

Stand

Stand bound to miniſter. The injur'd Dutcheſs
By Reaſon taught, as Nature, could not, with
The Reparation of her Wrongs, but aim at
A brave Revenge; and my Lord feels too late
That Innocence will find Friends. The great *Gonzaga*,
The Honour of his Order—(I muſt praiſe
Virtue, though in an Enemy) He whoſe Fights
And Conqueſts hold one Number, rallying up
Her ſcatter'd Troops, before we could get Time
To victual, or to man the conquer'd City,
Sat down before it; and, preſuming that
'Tis not to be reliev'd, admits no Parley,
Our Flags of Truce hung out in vain: Nor will he
Lend an Ear to Compoſition, but exacts
With th' rend'ring up the Town, the Goods, and Lives
Of all within the Walls, and of all Sexes
To be at his Diſcretion.

Rober. Since Injuſtice
In your Duke meets this Correction, can you preſs us,
With any ſeeming Argument of Reaſon,
In fooliſh Pity to decline his Dangers,
To draw 'em on Our Self? Shall We not be
Warn'd by his Harms? The League, proclaim'd between us,
Bound neither of us farther than to aid
Each other, if by foreign Force invaded;
And ſo far in my Honour I was ty'd.
But, ſince, without our Counſel, or Allowance,
He hath took Arms, with his good Leave, he muſt
Excuſe us, if we ſteer not on a Rock
We ſee, and may avoid. Let other Monarchs
Contend to be made glorious by proud War,
And with the Blood of their poor Subjects purchaſe
Increaſe of Empire, and augment their Cares
In keeping that which was by Wrongs extorted,
Gilding unjuſt Invaſions with the trim
Of glorious Conqueſts; We, that would be known
The Father of our People in our Study
And Vigilance for their Safety, muſt not change

Their Plough-ſhares into Swords, and force them from
The ſecure Shade of their own Vines to be
Scorch'd with the Flames of War, or, for our Sport,
Expoſe their Lives to Ruin.
Ambaſſ. Will you, then,
In his Extremity forſake your Friend?
Rober. No; but preſerve Our Self.
Bert. Cannot the Beams
Of Honour thaw your icy Fears?
Rober. Who's that?
Bert. A kind of Brother, Sir; howe'er, your Subject,
Your Father's Son, and one who bluſhes that
You are not Heir to his brave Spirit, and Vigour,
As to his Kingdom.
Rober. How's this?
Bert. Sir, to be
His living Chronicle, and to ſpeak his Praiſe,
Cannot deſerve your Anger.
Rober. Where's your Warrant
For this Preſumption?
Bert. Here, Sir, in my Heart.
Let Sycophants, that feed upon your Favours,
Stile Coldneſs in you Caution, and prefer
Your Eaſe before your Honour; and conclude
To eat and ſleep ſupinely, is the End
Of Human Bleſſings: I muſt tell you, Sir,
Virtue, if not in Action, is a Vice,[1]
And, when we move not forward, we go backward;

[1] —— *I muſt tell you, Sir,*
Virtue, if not in Action, is a Vice.

The Poets have many Paſſages ſimilar to this. Thus *Shakeſpear*

—— If our Virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.
Meaſure for *Meaſure*, Act 1. Scene 2.

And *Horace* tells us, Virtue concealed is of little Conſequence.

Paulum ſepultæ diſtat inertiæ
Celata virtus.

Nor

Nor is this Peace (the Nurſe of Drones, and Cowards)
Our Health, but a Diſeaſe.
Gaſp. Well urg'd, my Lord.
Anth. Perfect what is ſo well begun.
Ambaſſ. And bind
My Lord your Servant.
Rober. Hare-brain'd Fool! What Reaſon
Canſt thou inſer to make this Good?
Bert. A thouſand,
Not to be contradicted. But conſider
Where your Command lies? 'Tis not, Sir, in *France*, *Spain*, *Germany*, *Portugal*, but in *Sicily*;
An Iſland, Sir. Here are no Mines of Gold
Or Silver to enrich you; No Worm ſpins
Silk in her Womb, to make Diſtinction
Between you and a Peaſant, in your Habits.
No Fiſh lives near our Shores, whoſe Blood can dye
Scarlet, or Purple; all that we poſſeſs,
With Beaſts we have in common: Nature did
Deſign us to be Warriors, and to break through
Our Ring the Sea, by which we are environ'd;
And we by Force muſt fetch in what is wanting,
Or precious to us. Add to this, we are
A populous Nation, and increaſe ſo faſt,
That, if we by our Providence are not ſent
Abroad in Colonies, or fall by the Sword,
Not *Sicily* (though now it were more fruitful
Than when 'twas ſtil'd the Granary of great *Rome*)
Can yield our num'rous Fry Bread: We muſt ſtarve,
Or eat up one another.
Adorni. The King hears
With much Attention. [*Aſide.*
Aſtutio. And ſeems mov'd with what
Bertoldo hath deliver'd. [*Aſide.*
Bert. May you live long, Sir,
The King of Peace, ſo you deny not us
The Glory of the War; let not our Nerves
Shrink up with Sloth, nor, for want of Employment,
Make younger Brothers Thieves: 'Tis their Sword, Sir,

Muſt

Muſt ſow and reap their Harveſt. If Examples
May move you more than Arguments, look on *England*,[4]
The Empreſs of the *European* Iſles,
And unto whom alone ours yields Precedence,
When did ſhe flouriſh ſo, as when ſhe was
The Miſtreſs of the Ocean? Her Navies
Putting a Girdle round about the World,
When the *Iberian* quak'd, her Worthies nam'd;
And the fair *Fleur de Lis* grew pale, ſet by
The Red Roſe and the White. Let not our Armour
Hung up, or our unrigg'd *Armada* make us
Ridiculous to the late poor Snakes our Neighbours
Warm'd in our Boſoms, and to whom again
We may be terrible; while we ſpend our Hours
Without Variety, confin'd to Drink,
Dice, Cards, or Whores. Rouze us, Sir, from the Sleep
Of Idleneſs, and redeem our mortgag'd Honours.
Your Birth, and juſtly, claims my Father's Kingdom;
But his heroic Mind deſcends to me:
—I will confirm ſo much.

Adorni. In his Looks he ſeems
To break ope *Janus'* Temple.

Aſtutio. How theſe Younglings
Take Fire from him!

Ador. It works an Alteration
Upon the King.

Anth. I can forbear no longer:
War, War, my Sovereign!

Fulgen. The King appears
Reſolv'd, and does prepare to ſpeak.

[4] ——— *Look on* England,
The Empreſs of European *Iſles.*

All our old Poets have celebrated their Country, neither is *Meſſinger* wanting: As the Paſſages ſimilar to this are well known, I ſhall forbear ſetting them down here. *Rober.*

Rober. Think not
Our Counſel's built upon ſo weak a Baſe,
As to be overturn'd, or ſhaken with
Tempeſtuous Winds of Words. As I, my Lord,
Before reſolv'd you, I will not engage
My Perſon in this Quarrel; neither preſs
My Subjects to maintain it: Yet, to ſhew
My Rule is gentle, and that I've Feeling of
Your Maſter's Sufferings, ſince theſe Gallants, weary
Of the Happineſs of Peace, deſire to taſte
The bitter Sweets of War, we do conſent
That, as Adventurers, and Volunteers
(No Way compell'd by us) they may make Trial
Of their boaſted Valours.

Bert. We deſire no more.

Rober. 'Tis well; and, but my Grant in this, expect not
Aſſiſtance from me. Govern as you pleaſe
The Province you make Choice of; for, I vow
By all Things ſacred, if that thou miſcarry
In this raſh Undertaking, I will hear it
No otherwiſe than as a ſad Diſaſter,
Fall'n on a Stranger; nor will I eſteem
That Man my Subject, who, in thy Extremes,
In Purſe or Perſon aids thee. Take your Fortune:
You know me; I have ſaid it. So, my Lord,
You have my whole Anſwer.

Ambaſſ. My Prince pays
In me his Duty.

Rober. Follow me, *Fulgentio*,
And you, *Aſtutio*. [*Exeunt* Roberto, Fulgentio, Aſtutio, *Attendants*.

Gaſp. What a Frown he threw,
At his Departure, on you.

Bert. Let him keep
His Smiles for his State-Catamite; I care not.

Anth. Shall we aboard To-night?

Ambaſſ. Your Speed, my Lord,
Doubles the Benefit.

Bert.

Bert. I have a Buſineſs
Requires Diſpatch. — Some two Hours hence I'll meet you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Camiola's *Houſe.*

Signior Sylli, *walking fantaſtically before, followed by* Camiola *and* Clarinda.

Camiola. Nay, Signior, this is too much Ceremony
In my own Houſe.
Sylli. What's gracious abroad,
Muſt be in Private practis'd.
Clar. For your Mirth-ſake
Let him alone, he has been all this Morning
In Practice with a peruk'd Gentleman-Uſher,
To teach him his true Amble and his Poſtures,
[Sylli *walking by, and practiſing his Poſtures.*
When he walks before a Lady.
Sylli. You may, Madam,
Perhaps, believe that I in this uſe Art,
To make you doat upon me by expoſing
My more-than moſt rare Features to your View.
But I, as I have ever done, deal ſimply;
A Mark of ſweet Simplicity, ever noted
I' th' Family of the *Syllies.* Therefore, Lady,
Look not with too much Contemplation on me;
If you do, you are i' th' Suds.
Camiola. You are no Barber?
Sylli. Fie! no, not I; but my good Parts have drawn
More loving Hearts out of fair Ladies Bellies,
Than the whole Trade have done Teeth.
Camiola. Is't poſſible?
Sylli. Yes, and they live too; marry, much condoling
The Scorn of their *Narciſſus*, as they call me,
Becauſe I love myſelf.
Camiola. Without a Rival.
What Philtres or Love-powders do you uſe

To

To force Affection? I ſee nothing in
Your Perſon; but I dare look on, yet keep
My own poor Heart ſtill.
Sylli. You are warn'd — be arm'd;
And do not loſe the Hope of ſuch a Huſband,
In being too ſoon enamour'd.
Clar. Hold in your Head,
Or you muſt have a Martingale.
Sylli. I have ſworn,
Never to take a Wife, but ſuch a one
(O may your Ladyſhip prove ſo ſtrong!) as can
Hold out a Month againſt me.
Camiola. Never fear it;
Tho' your beſt taking Part, your Wealth, were trebled,
I would not woo you. But, ſince in your Pity
You pleaſe to give me Caution, tell me what
Temptations I muſt fly from.
Sylli. The firſt is,
That your ne'er hear me ſing; for I'm a Syren.
If you obſerve, when I warble, the Dogs howl,
As raviſh'd with my Ditties, and you will
Run mad to hear me.
Camiola. I will ſtop my Ears,
And keep my little Wits.
Sylli. Next, when I dance,
And come aloft, thus, caſt not a Sheep's Eye
Upon the Quiv'ring of my Calf.
Camiola. Proceed, Sir.
Sylli. But on no Terms (for 'tis a main Point) dream not
O' th' Strength of my Back, though 'twill bear a Burthen
With any Porter.
Camiola. I mean not to ride you.
Sylli. Nor I your little Ladyſhip, 'till you have
Perform'd the Covenant.—Be not taken with
My pretty Spider-Fingers; nor my Eyes,
That twinkle on both Sides.
Camiola. Was there ever ſuch [*One knocks.*
A Piece of Motley heard of! —Who's that; you may ſpare The

The Catalogue of my Dangers. [*Exit* Clarinda.

Sylli. No, good Madam;
I have not told you half.

Camiola. Enough, good Signior;
If I eat more of ſuch Sweet-meats, I ſhall ſurfeit.

Enter Clarinda.

Who is't?

Clar. The Brother of the King.

Sylli. Nay, ſtart not.
The Brother of the King! Is he no more?
Were it the King himſelf, I'd give him Leave
To ſpeak his Mind to you, for I'm not jealous;
And, to aſſure your Ladyſhip of ſo much,
I'll uſher him in, and, that done—hide myſelf. [*Exit* Sylli.

Camiola. Camiola, if ever, now be conſtant:
This is, indeed, a Suitor, whoſe ſweet Preſence,
Courtſhip, and loving Language, would have ſtagger'd
The chaſte *Penelope*; and, to increaſe
The Wonder, did not Modeſty forbid it,
I ſhould aſk that from him, he ſues to me for.
And yet my Reaſon, like a Tyrant, tells me
I muſt nor give, nor take it.

Enter Sylli *and* Bertoldo.

Sylli. I muſt tell you,
You loſe your Labour. 'Tis enough to prove it,
Signior *Sylli* came before you; and you know,
Firſt come, firſt ſerv'd: Yet, you ſhall have my Countenance
To parley with her; and I'll take ſpecial Care
That none ſhall interrupt you.

Bert. You are courteous.

Sylli. Come, Wench, wilt thou hear Wiſdom? [*Steps aſide.*

Clar. Yes, from you, Sir.

Bert.

Bert. If forcing this ſweet Favour from your Lips,
[*Kiſſeth her.*
Fair Madam, argue me of too much Boldneſs
When you are pleas'd to underſtand, I take
A parting Kiſs, if not excuſe, at leaſt
'Twill qualify th' Offence.

Camiola. A parting Kiſs, Sir?
What Nation, envious of the Happineſs
Which *Sicily* enjoys in your ſweet Preſence,
Can buy you from her? or what Climate yield
Pleaſures tranſcending thoſe which you enjoy here,
Being both belov'd and honour'd? the North-Star
And Guider of all Hearts, and, to ſum up
Your full Accompt of Happineſs in a Word,
The Brother of the King.

Bert. Do you, alone,
And with an unexampled Cruelty,
Enforce my Abſence, and deprive me of
Thoſe Bleſſings, which you with a poliſh'd Phraſe
Seem to inſinuate that I do poſſeſs,
And yet tax me as being guilty of
My wilful Exile? What are Titles to me?
Or Popular Suffrage? or my Nearneſs to
The King in Blood? or fruitful *Sicily*,
Though it confeſs'd no Sovereign but myſelf;
When you, that are the Eſſence of my Being,
The Anchor of my Hopes, the real Subſtance
Of my Felicity, in your Diſdain,
Turn all to fading and deceiving Shadows?

Camiola. You tax me without Cauſe.

Bert. You muſt confeſs it.
But, anſwer Love with Love, and ſeal the Contract
In the uniting of our Souls, how gladly
(Though now I were in Action, and aſſur'd,
Following my Fortune, that plum'd Victory
Would make her glorious Stand upon my Tent)
Would I put off my Armour, in my Heat
Of Conqueſt, and, like *Anthony*, purſue
My *Cleopatra!* Will you yet look on me

With

With an Eye of Favour?

Camiola. Truth bear Witneſs for me,
That, in the Judgment of my Soul, you are
A Man ſo abſolute, and circular
In all thoſe wiſh'd-for Rarities, that may take
A Virgin captive, that, though at this Inſtant
All ſcepter'd Monarchs of our Weſtern World
Were Rivals with you, and *Camiola* worthy
Of ſuch a Competition, you alone
Should wear the Garland.

Bert. If ſo, what diverts
Your Favour from me?

Camiola. No Mulct in yourſelf;
Or in your Perſon, Mind, or Fortune.

Bert. What then?

Camiola. The Conſciouſneſs of mine own Wants.—
Alas! Sir,
We are not Parallels; but, like Lines divided,
Can ne'er meet in one Center. Your Birth, Sir,
(Without Addition) were an ample Dowry
For one of fairer Fortunes; and this Shape,
Were you ignoble, far above all Value:
To this ſo clear a Mind, ſo furniſh'd with
Harmonious Faculties, moulded from Heaven,
That, though you were *Therſites* in your Features,
Of no Deſcent, and *Irus* in your Fortunes,
Ulyſſes like, you'd force all Eyes and Ears
To love, but ſeen; and, when heard, wonder at
Your matchleſs Story. But, all theſe bound up
Together in one Volume, give me Leave
With Admiration to look upon 'em;
But not preſume, in my own flatt'ring Hopes,
I may, or can, enjoy 'em.

§ ——— *Alas! Sir,*
We are not Parallels; but, like Lines divided,
Can ne'er meet in one Center.

This ſeems badly expreſſed. Parallels are the only Lines that cannot meet in a Center; for all Lines divided with any Angle towards each other, muſt meet ſomewhere, if continued both Ways.

Bert.

Bert. How you ruin
What you would ſeem to build up! I know no
Diſparity between us; you're an Heir
Sprung from a noble Family; fair, rich, young,
And ev'ry Way my Equal.

Camiola. Sir, excuſe me,[6]
One airy with Proportion, ne'er diſcloſes
The Eagle and the Wren: Tiſſue and Frize,
In the ſame Garment, monſtrous: But, ſuppoſe
That what's in you exceſſive, were diminiſh'd,
And my Deſert ſupply'd, the ſtrongeſt Bar,
Religion, ſtops our Entrance. You are, Sir,
A Knight of *Malta*, by your Order bound
To a ſingle Life: You cannot marry me;
And, I aſſure myſelf, you are too noble
To ſeek me (though my Frailty ſhould conſent)
In a baſe Path.

Bert. A Diſpenſation, Lady,
Will eaſily abſolve me.

Camiola. O take heed, Sir!
When what is vow'd to Heav'n is diſpens'd with,
To ſerve our Ends on Earth, a Curſe muſt follow,
And not a Bleſſing.

Bert. Is there no Hope left me?

Camiola. Nor to myſelf, but is a Neighbour to
Impoſſibility. True Love ſhould walk
On equal Feet; in us it does not, Sir.
But reſt aſſur'd, excepting this, I ſhall be
Devoted to your Service.

[6] ——— *Sir, excuſe me,*
One airy with Proportion ne'er diſcloſes
The Eagle and the Wren.

This Paſſage is ſomewhat difficult. *Camiola* is ſhewing how unlikely it was, that *Bertoldo* ſhould condeſcend to marry her, becauſe of the Diſparity of their Birth; and ſhe ſays, "One who is puffed up with an high Opinion of his own Birth, and the Equality there ought to be in Marriages: *One airy with Proportion* will never ſtoop ſo low, as *Bertoldo* muſt to marry her: The Eagle might as well vouchſafe to court the Wren."

Bert. And this is your
Determinate Sentence?

Camiola. Not to be revok'd.

Bert. Farewel, then, faireſt Cruel! All Thoughts in me
Of Women periſh! Let the glorious Light
Of noble War extinguiſh Love's divine Taper,
That only lends me Light to ſee my Folly!
Honour, be thou my ever living Miſtreſs,
And fond Affection as thy Bond-ſlave ſerve thee!

[*Exit* Bertoldo.

Camiola. How ſoon my Sun is ſet! He being abſent,
Never to riſe again! What a fierce Battle
Is fought between my Paſſions!—Methinks
We ſhould have kiſs'd at Parting.

Sylli. I perceive
He has his Anſwer.—Now muſt I ſtep in
To comfort her. You have found, I hope, ſweet Lady,
Some Difference between a Youth of my Pitch,
And this Bug-bear *Bertoldo.* Men are Men,
The King's Brother is no more: Good Parts will do it,
When Titles fail.—Deſpair not; I may be
In Time entreated.

Camiola. Be ſo now, to leave me.
Lights for my Chamber.—O my Heart!

[*Exeunt* Camiola *and* Clarinda.

Sylli. She now,
I know, is going to Bed to ruminate
Which Way to glut herſelf upon my Perſon;
But, for my Oath-ſake, I will keep her hungry;
And, to grow full myſelf, I'll ſtrait to Supper.

[*Exit.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Palace at Palermo.

Roberto, Fulgentio, Aſtutio.

Rober. EMbarq'd To-night, do you ſay?
Fulgen. I ſaw him aboard, Sir.
Rober. And without taking of his Leave?
Aſtutio. 'Twas ſtrange!
Rober. Are we grown ſo contemptible?
Fulgen. 'Tis far from me, Sir, to add Fuel to your Anger,
That in your ill Opinion of him burns
Too hot already; elſe, I ſhould affirm
It was a groſs Neglect.
Rober. A wilful Scorn
Of Duty and Allegiance; you give it
Too fair a Name.—But we ſhall think on't. Can you
Gueſs what the Numbers were that follow'd him
In his deſperate Action?
Fulgen. More than you think, Sir.
All ill-affected Spirits in *Palermo*,
Or to your Government, or Perſon, with
The turbulent Sword-men; ſuch, whoſe Poverty forc'd
To wiſh a Change, are gone along with him; [*'em*
Creatures devoted to his Undrtakings,
In Right or Wrong, and, to expreſs their Zeal,
And Readineſs to ſerve him, ere they went,
Prophanely took the Sacrament on their Knees,
To live and die with him.
Rober. O moſt impious!
Their Loyalty to us forgot?
Fulgen. I fear ſo.
Aſtutio. Unthankful as they are!
Fulgen. Yet this deſerves not

One troubled Thought in you, Sir; with your Pardon
I hold that their Remove from hence makes more
For your Security, than Danger.
Rober. True;
And, as I'll faſhion it, they ſhall feel it too.
Aſtutio, you ſhall preſently be diſpatch'd
With Letters writ, and ſign'd with our own Hand,
To the Dutcheſs of *Siena*, in Excuſe
Of theſe Forces ſent againſt her. If you ſpare
An Oath to give it Credit, that we never
Conſented to it, ſwearing for the King,
Though falſe, it is no Perjury.
Aſtutio. I know it.
They are not fit to be State Agents, Sir,
That, without Scruple of their Conſcience cannot
Be prodigal in ſuch Trifles.
Fulgen. Right, *Aſtutio.*
Rober. You muſt, beſide, from us take ſome Inſtructions,
To be imparted, as you judge 'em uſeful,
To the General *Gonzaga.* Inſtantly
Prepare you for your Journey.
Aſtutio. With the Wings
Of Loyalty and Duty [*Exit* Aſtutio.
Fulgen. I am bold to put your Majeſty in Mind—
Rober. Of my Promiſe,
And Aids, to further you in your am'rous Project
To the fair and rich *Camiola:* There's my Ring;
Whatever you ſhall ſay that I intreat,
Or can command by Pow'r, I will make good.
Fulgen. Ever your Majeſty's Creature.
Rober. Venus prove propitious to you!
[*Exit* Roberto.
Fulgen. All ſorts to my Wiſhes.
Bertoldo was my Hindrance. He remov'd,
I now will court her in the Conqu'ror's Stile;
"Come, ſee, and overcome."——Boy!

Enter

Enter Page.

Page. Sir, your Pleaſure!
Fulgen. Haſte to *Camiola*; bid her prepare
An Entertainment ſuitable to a Fortune
She could not hope for. Tell her, I vouchſafe
To honour her with a Viſit.
Page. 'Tis a Favour
Will make her proud.
Fulgen. I know it.
Page. I am gone, Sir. [*Exit Page.*
Fulgen. Entreaties ſit not me; a Man in Grace
May challenge Awe, and Privilege, by his Place.
[*Exit* Fulgentio.

SCENE II.

Camiola's *Houſe.*

Sylli, Adorni, Clarinda.

Adorni. So melancholick, ſay you?
Clar. Never given
To ſuch Retirement.
Adorni. Can you gueſs the Cauſe?
Clar. If it hath not its Birth, and Being, from
The brave *Bertoldo*'s Abſence, I confeſs
'Tis paſt my Apprehenſion.
Sylli. You are wide;
The whole Field wide. I, in my Underſtanding,
Pity your Ignorance.—Yet, if you will
Swear to conceal it, I will let you know
Where her Shoe wrings her.
Clar. I vow, Signior,
By my Virginity.
Sylli. A perilous Oath,
In a Waiting-Woman of Fifteen! and is, indeed,
A Kind of Nothing.
Adorni. I'll take one of Something,

If you pleaſe to miniſter it.

Sylli. Nay, you ſhall not ſwear:
I had rather take your Word; for, ſhould you vow,
Damn me, I'll do this, you are ſure to break.

Adorni. I thank you, Signior; but reſolve us ——

Sylli. Know, then,
Here walks the Cauſe. She dares not look upon me;
My Beauties are ſo terrible, and enchanting,
She can't endure my Sight.

Adorni. There I believe you.

Sylli. But the Time will come (be comforted) when I will
Put off this Vizor of Unkindneſs to her,
And ſhew an amorous and yielding Face:
And, until then, though *Hercules* himſelf
Deſire to ſee her, he had better eat
His Club than paſs her Threſhold; for I'll be
Her *Cerberus* to guard her,

Adorni. A good Dog!

Clar. Worth twenty Porters.

Enter Page.

Page. Keep you Open Houſe, here's
No Groom t' attend a Gentleman? O, I ſpy one.

Sylli. He means not me, I am ſure.

Page. You, Sirrah! Sheep's-head,
With a Face cut on a Cat-ſtick, Do you hear?
You Yeoman-Phewterer,[7] conduct me to
The Lady of the Manſion; or my Poignard
Shall diſembogue thy Soul.

Sylli. O terrible!
Diſembogue? I talk'd of *Hercules*, and here is one
Bound up in *decimo-ſexto*.

Page. Anſwer, Wretch.

[7] *You, Yeoman-Phewterer*, i. e. You Journeyman.—In the *Picture*, Act 5. Scene 1. we find the ſame Expreſſion varied: It is there *Yeoman Phenterer*.

Sylli.

Sylli. Pray you, little Gentleman, be not ſo furious;
The Lady keeps her Chamber.
Page. And we preſent?
Sent in an Embaſſy to her? But here is
Her Gentlewoman, Sirrah! hold my Cloak,
While I take a Leap at her Lips. Do it and neatly;
Or having firſt tripp'd up thy Heels, I'll make
Thy Back my Footſtool. [*Page kiſſes* Clarinda.
Sylli. Tamerlane in little!
Am I turn'd *Turk?* What an Office am I put to!
Clar. My Lady, gentle Youth, is indiſpos'd.
Page. Though ſhe were dead and buried, only tell her,
The great Man in the Court, the brave *Fulgentio*,
Deſcends to viſit her, and it will raiſe her
Out of the Grave for Joy.

Enter Fulgentio.

Sylli. Here comes another!
The Devil, I fear in his Holiday Cloaths.
Page. So ſoon!
My Part is at an End then. Cover my Shoulders;
When I grow great, thou ſhalt ſerve me.
Fulgen. Are you, Sirrah,
An Implement of the Houſe?
Sylli. Sure he will make
A Joint-ſtool of me!
Fulgen. Or, if you belong
To the Lady of the Place, command her hither.
Adorni. I do not wear her Livery; yet acknowledge
A Duty to her. And as little bound
To ſerve your peremptory Will, as ſhe is
To obey your Summons. 'Twill become you, Sir,
To wait her Leiſure; then, her Pleaſure known,
You may preſent your Duty.
Fulgen. Duty, Slave?
I'll teach you Manners.
Adorni. I'm paſt Learning; make not
A Tumult in the Houſe.

Fulgen. Shall I be brav'd thus? [*They draw.*
Sylli. O I am dead! and now I ſwoon.
Clar. Help! Murther! [*Falls on his Face.*
Page. Recover, Sirrah! the Lady's here.

Enter Camiola.

Sylli. Nay, then
I am alive again, and I'll be valiant.
Camiola. What Inſolence is this? *Adorni* Hold,
Hold, I command you.
Fulgen. Saucy Groom!
Camiola. Not ſo, Sir;
However, in his Life, he had Dependance
Upon my Father; he is a Gentleman
As well born as yourſelf. Put on your Hat.
Fulgen. In my Preſence, without Leave?
Sylli. He has mine, Madam?
Camiola. And I muſt tell you, Sir, and in plain Language,
Howe'er your glitt'ring Outſide promiſe Gentry,
The Rudeneſs of your Carriage and Behaviour
Speaks you a coarſer Thing.
Sylli. She means a Clown, Sir:
I am her Interpreter, for want of a better.
Camiola. I am a Queen in mine own Houſe; nor muſt you
Expect an Empire here.
Sylli. Sure, I muſt love her
Before the Day, the pretty Soul's ſo valiant.
Camiola. What are you? And what would you with me?
Fulgen. Proud one,
When you know what I am, and what I came for,
And may, on your Submiſſion, proceed ſo,
You in your Reaſon muſt repent the Coarſeneſs
Of my Entertainment.
Camiola. Why, fine Man, what are you?

Fulgen.

Fulgen. A Kinſman of the King's.
Camiola. I cry you Mercy!
For his Sake, not your own. But, grant you are ſo,
'Tis not impoſſible, but a King may have
A Fool to's Kinſman,—no Way meaning you, Sir.
Fulgen. You have heard of *Fulgentio*.
Camiola. Long ſince, Sir;
A Suit-broker in Court. He has the worſt
Report, among good Men, I ever heard of,
For Bribery and Extortion: In their Prayers
Widows and Orphans curſe him for a Canker
And Caterpiller in the State. I hope, Sir,
You're not the Man; much leſs employ'd by him
As a Smock-agent to me.
Fulgen. I reply not
As you deſerve, being aſſur'd you know me,
Pretending Ignorance of my Perſon, only
To give me a Taſte of your Wit: 'Tis well and courtly;
I like a ſharp Wit well.
Sylli. I can't endure it!
Nor any of the *Syllies*.
Fulgen. More I know too,
This harſh Induction muſt ſerve as a Foil
To the well-tun'd Obſervance and Reſpect
You will hereafter pay me, being made
Familiar with my Credit with the King,
And that contain your Joy I deign to love you.
Camiola. Love me? I am not rap'd with't.
Fulgen. Hear't again.
I love you honeſtly—Now you admire me.
Camiola. I do, indeeed, it being a Word ſo ſeldom
Heard from a Courtier's Mouth, But, pray you, deal plainly,
Since you find me ſimple, what might be the Motives
Inducing you to leave the Freedom of
A Batchelor's Life, on your ſoft Neck to wear,
The ſtubborn Yoke of Marriage? And, of all
The Beauties in *Palermo*, to chooſe me,
Poor me? That is the main Point you muſt treat of.

Fulgen.

Fulgen. Why, I will tell you. Of a little Thing
You are a pretty Piece, indifferently fair too;
And like a new rigg'd Ship both tight, and y'are
Well truſs'd to bear. Virgins of Giant Size
Are Sluggards at the Sport: But, for my Pleaſure,
Give me a neat well-timber'd Gameſter like you;
Such need no Spurs,—the Quickneſs of your Eye
Aſſures an active Spirit.

Camiola. You're pleaſant, Sir;
Yet I preſume that there was one Thing in me
Unmention'd yet, that took you more than all
Thoſe Parts you have remember'd.

Fulgen. What?

Camiola. My Wealth, Sir.

Fulgen. You are i'th' right; without that, Beauty is[8]
A Flower worn in the Morning, at Night trod on:
But, Beauty, Youth, and Fortune meeting in you,
I will vouchſafe to marry you.

Camiola. You ſpeak well;
And, in Return, excuſe me, Sir, if I
Deliver Reaſons why, upon no Terms,
I'll marry you; I fable not.

Sylli. I'm glad
To hear this; I began to have an Ague. [*Aſide.*

Fulgen. Come, your wiſe Reaſons.

Camiola. Such as they are, pray you, take them.
Firſt, I am doubtful whether you are a Man,
Since, for your Shape trim'd up in a Lady's Dreſſing,
You might paſs for a Woman: Now I love
To deal on Certainties. And, for the Fairneſs
Of your Complexion, which you think will take me,
The Colour, I muſt tell you, in a Man
Is weak and faint, and never will hold out
If put to Labour. Give me the lovely brown.

[8] ——— *Beauty is*
A Flower worn in the Morning, at Night trod on.

This Thought is happily expreſs'd by Mr. *Gay* in the ſixth Air of the *Beggar's Opera.*

Act 1. Scene 7.

A thick curl'd Hair of the ſame Dye; broad Shoulders;
A brawny Arm full of Veins; a Leg without
An artificial Calf;—I ſuſpect yours;
But let that paſs.

Sylli. She means me, all this while,
For I have every one of thoſe good Parts,
O *Sylli!* fortunate *Sylli!*

Camiola. You are mov'd, Sir.

Fulgen. Fie! no; go on.

Camiola. Then, as you are a Courtier,
A grac'd one too, I fear you have been too forward:
And ſo much for your Perſon. Rich you are,
Deviliſh rich, as 'tis reported, and ſure have
The Aids of *Satan*'s little Fiends to get it;
And what is got upon his Back, muſt be
Spent you know where; the Proverb's ſtale. One Word more,
And I have done.

Fulgen. I'll eaſe you of the Trouble,
Coy, and diſdainful.

Camiola. Save me, or elſe he'll beat me.

Fulgen. No, your own Folly ſhall; and, ſince you put me
To my laſt Charm, look upon this, and tremble.
[*Shews the King's Ring.*

Camiola. At the Sight of a fair Ring? The King's, I take it:
I have ſeen him wear the like: If he hath ſent it
As a Favour to me——

Fulgen. Yes, 'tis very likely;
His dying Mother's Gift, priz'd at his Crown.
By this he does command you to be mine;
By his Gift you are ſo:—You may, yet, redeem all.

Camiola. You are in a wrong Account ſtill. Though the King may
Diſpoſe of my Life and Goods, my Mind's mine own,
And never ſhall be your's. The King (Heav'n bleſs him!)
Is good and gracious, and, being in himſelf
Abſtemious from baſe and goatiſh Looſeneſs,

Will

Will not compel, againſt their Wills, chaſte Maidens,
To dance in his Minion's Circles. I believe,
Forgetting it, when he waſh'd his Hands, you ſtole it
With an Intent to awe me. But you are cozen'd;
I'm ſtill myſelf, and will be.

Fulgen. A proud Haggard,
And not to be reclaim'd! Which of your Grooms,
Your Coachman, Fool, or Footman, Miniſters
Night-phyſick to you?

Camiola. You're foul-mouth'd,

Fulgen. Much fairer
Than thy black Soul; and ſo I will proclaim thee.——

Camiola. Were I a Man, thou durſt not ſpeak this.

Fulgen. Heaven
So proſper me, as I reſolve to do it
To all Men, and in every Place,—ſcorn'd by
A Tit of Ten-pence? [*Exit* Fulgentio *and his Page.*

Sylli. Now I begin to be valiant:
Nay, I will draw my Sword. O for a Butcher! [9]
Do a Friend's Part; 'Pray you, carry him the Length of't.
I give him three Years and a Day, to match my Toledo;
And then we'll fight like Dragons.

Adorni. Pray, have Patience.

Camiola. I may live to have Vengeance: My *Bertoldo*
Would not have heard this.

Adorni. Madam.——

Camiola. 'Pray you, ſpare
Your Language; Pr'thee Fool, make me merry:

Sylli. That is my Office, ever.

[9] ——— *O for a Butcher!*
Do a Friends Part, &c.

This is a true Picture of a Fop. He is here drawn in his proper Features—A Coward. Nothing could be more abjectly fearful, than this our Bravado, when in Danger: But, now his Enemy is gone, he ſwaggers about moſt courageouſly. *Now I begin to be valiant; nay, I will draw my Sword. O for a Butcher!* The bloody cruel Temper of one: He wiſhes he could act like one of them. Then turning to *Adorni* with the ſame intrepid Reſolution, he ſays, *Do a Friend's Part; pray you, carry him the Length of't,* &c.

Adorni.

Adorni. I muſt do,
Not talk; this glorious Gallant ſhall hear from me. [10]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Caſtle at Siena.

The Chambers diſcharg'd. A Flouriſh, as to an Aſſault.
Gonzaga, Pierio, Roderigo, Jacomo, *Soldiers.*

Gonz. IS the Breach made aſſaultable?
Pierio. Yes, and the Moat
Fill'd up; the Cannoneer hath done his Parts,
We may enter ſix a-breaſt.
Roder. There's not a Man
Dares ſhew himſelf upon the Wall.
Jacomo. Defeat not
The Soldiers hoped-for Spoil.
Pierio. If you, Sir,
Delay the Aſſault, and the City be given up
To your Diſcretion, you in Honour cannot
Uſe the Extremity of War, but, in
Compaſſion to 'em, you to us prove cruel.
Jacomo. And an Enemy to yourſelf.
Roder. A Hindrance to
The brave Revenge you've vow'd.
Gonz. Temper your Heat,
And loſe not, by too ſudden Raſhneſs, that
Which, be but Patient, will be offer'd to you.
Security uſhers Ruin; proud Contempt
Of an Enemy, three Parts vanquiſh'd, with Deſire

[10] The foregoing Scene we ſtill find is a perfect Repreſentation of *the Inſolence of Office.* Power inebriates: But few have Strength to bear it. It turns the Heads of the *many*, and makes them think their Station is a Protection for whatever they ſay or do. They have a certain Self-ſufficiency that bears them out in every Thing; even like *Fulgentio* againſt good Manners and Virtue: They think like him that whatever their Soul lufteth after they can attain it; that *there is no Man they cannot bribe—and no Woman they cannot lie with.*

And

And Greedineſs of Spoil, hath often wreſted
A certain Victory from the Conqu'ror's Gripe.
Diſcretion is the Tutor of the War,
Valour the Pupil; and, when we command
With Lenity, and our Direction's follow'd
With Chearfulneſs, a proſp'rous End muſt crown
Our Works well undertaken.
Roder. Ours are finiſh'd.
Pierio. If we make Uſe of Fortune.
Gonz. Her falſe Smiles
Deprive you of your Judgments. The Condition
Of our Affairs exacts a double Care,
And like bifronted *Janus*, we muſt look
Backward, as forward. Though a flatt'ring Calm
Bids us urge on, a ſudden Tempeſt rais'd,
Not fear'd, much leſs expected, in our Rear
May foully fall upon us, and diſtract us
To our Confuſion.

Enter Scout.

Our Scout! what brings
Thy ghaſtly Looks, and ſudden Speed?
Scout. Th' Aſſurance
Of a new Enemy.
Gonz. This I fore-ſaw, and fear'd.
What are they? Know'ſt thou?
Scout. They are, by their Colours,
Sicilians, bravely mounted, and the Brightneſs
Of their rich Armours doubly gilded with
Reflection of the Sun.
Gonz. From *Sicily?*
The King in League! No War proclaim! 'Tis foul:
But this muſt be prevented, nor diſputed.
Ha! how is this? Your Oſtrich plumes, that, but
E'n now, like Quills of Porcupines ſeem'd to threaten
The Stars, drop at the Rumour of a Shower?
And like to captive Colours ſweep the Earth?
Bear up; but, in great Dangers, greater Minds

Are

Are never proud. Shall a few looſe Troops, untrain'd
But in a cuſtomary Oſtentation
Preſented as a Sacrifice to your Valours,
Cauſe a Dejection in you?

Pierio. No Dejection.

Roder. However ſtartl'd, where you lead, we'll follow.

Gonz. 'Tis bravely ſaid. We will not ſtay their Charge,
But meet 'em Man to Man, and Horſe to Horſe.
Pierio, in our Abſence hold our Place,
And with our Footmen, and thoſe ſickly Troops,
Prevent a Sally. I in mine own Perſon,
With part of the Cavalry, will bid
Theſe Hunters welcome to a bloody Breakfaſt:
But I loſe Time.

Pierio. I'll to my Charge. [*Exit* Pierio.

Gonz. And we
To ours: I'll bring you on.

Jacomo. If we come off,
It's not amiſs; if not, my 'State is ſettl'd.

[*Exeunt, Alarm.*

SCENE IV.

Siena.

Ferdinand, Druſo, Livio *above.*

Ferd. No Aids from *Sicily?* Hath Hope forſook us?
And that vain Comfort to Affliction, Pity,
By our vow'd Friend, deny'd us? We can nor live,
Nor die, with Honour: Like Beaſts in a Toil
We wait the Leiſure of the bloody Hunter,
Who is not ſo far reconcil'd unto us,
As in one Death to give a Period
To our Calamities; but, in delaying
The Fate we cannot fly from, ſtarv'd with Wants,
We die this Night, to live again To-morrow,
And ſuffer greater Torments.

Druſo. There is not
Three Day's Proviſion for every Soldier,
At an Ounce of Bread a Day, left in the City.

Liv.

Liv. To die the Beggar's Death, with Hunger made
Anatomies while we live, cannot but crack
Our Heart-ſtrings with Vexation.
Ferd. Would they would break,
Break altogether! How willingly, like *Cato*, "
Could I tear out my Bowels, rather than
Look on the Conqueror's inſulting Face;
But that Religion, and the horrid Dream
To be ſuffer'd in th' other World, denies it.
What News with thee?

Enter Soldier.

Sold. From the Turret of the Fort,
By the riſing Clouds of Duſt, through which, like Lightning
The Splendour of bright Arms ſometimes break through,
I did deſcry ſome Forces making towards us;
And, from the Camp, as emulous of their Glory,
The General, (for I know him by his Horſe)
And bravely ſeconded, encounter'd 'em.
Their Greetings were too rough for Friends; their Swords,
And not their Tongues, exchanging Courteſies.
By this the main Battalias are join'd;
And, if you pleaſe to be Spectators of
The horrid Iſſue, I will bring you where,
As in a Theatre, you may ſee their Fates
In purple Gore preſented.

" ——— *How willingly, like* Cato,
Could I, &c.

Ferdinand in the midſt of his Misfortunes, could willingly murder himſelf like *Cato*; but that he was reſtrained by Religion. *Shakeſpear* makes *Hamlet* reaſon in the ſame Manner: And, indeed, nothing can ſupport a reſolute Mind labouring under Afflictions without any Hope of Relief, and make him bear them rather than put an End to them, but the Thoughts of an *hereafter*—The Thoughts of running into greater and more laſting Miſeries, to avoid leſſer. Pity but *Cato* could have reaſoned and acted like *Ferdinand* and *Hamlet*: He would have been not leſs a Patriot—the more a Hero; and would then have better deſerved to be preſented upon an *Engliſh* Stage.

Ferd.

Ferd. Heav'n, if yet
Tho art appeas'd for my Wrong done to *Aurelia*,
Take Pity of my Miſeries!—Lead the Way, Friend.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Before the Caſtle of Siena.

A long Charge, after a Flouriſh for Victory.

Gonzaga, Jacomo, Roderigo *wounded.* Bertoldo, Gaſparo, Anthonio, *Priſoners.*

Gonz. We have 'em yet, though they coſt us dear. This was
Charg'd home, and bravely follow'd. Be to yourſelves
True Mirrors to each other's Worth; and, looking
With noble Emulation on his Wounds
(The glorious Liv'ry of triumphant war)
[*To* Jacomo *and* Roderigo.
Imagine theſe with equal Grace appear
Upon yourſelf. The bloody Sweat you've ſuffer'd
In this laborious, nay, toilſome Harveſt,
Yields a rich Crop of Conqueſt, and the Spoil,
Moſt precious Balſam to a Soldier's Hurts,
Will eaſe and cure 'em. Let me look upon
[*To* Gaſparo *and* Anthonio.
The Priſoners Faces. Oh, how much transform'd
From what they were! O *Mars!* were theſe Toys faſhion'd
To undergo the Burthen of thy Service?
The Weight of their defenſive Armour bruis'd
Their weak, effem'nate Limbs, and would have forc'd 'em
In a hot day without a Blow to yield.

Anth. This Inſultation ſhews not manly in you.

Gonz. To men I had forborn it; you are Women,
Or, at the beſt, looſe Carpet-knights. What Fury
Seduc'd you to exchange your Eaſe in Court
For Labour in the Field? Perhaps, you thought

To charge, through Duſt and Blood, an armed Foe,
Was but like graceful running at the Ring
For a wanton Miſtreſs' Glove, and the Encounter
A ſoft Impreſſion on her Lips. But you
Are gaudy Butterflies, and I wrong myſelf
In parl'ing with you.
Gaſp. Væ victis! now we prove it.
Roder. But here's one faſhion'd in another Mould,
And made of tougher Metal.
Gonz. True; I owe him
For this Wound bravely given.
Bert. O that Mountains
Were heap'd upon me, that I might expire
A Wretch no more remember'd!
Gonz. Look up, Sir.
To be o'ercome deſerves no Shame. If you
Had fal'n inglorioufly, or could accuſe
Your want of Courage in Reſiſtance, 'twere
To be lamented: But, ſince you perform'd
As much as could be hop'd for from a Man,
(Fortune his Enemy) you wrong yourſelf
In this Dejection. I am honour'd in
My Victory o'er you; but to have theſe
My Priſoners, is, in my true Judgment, rather
Captivity than a triumph. You ſhall find
Fair Quarter from me, and your many Wounds
(Which I hope are not mortal) with ſuch Care
Look'd to, and cur'd, as if your neareſt Friend
Attended on you.
Bert. When you know me better,
You will make void this Promiſe: Can you call me
Into your Memory?
Gonz. The brave *Bertoldo!*
A Brother of our Order! by St. *John*,
(Our holy Patron) I am more amaz'd,
Nay, thunderſtruck, with thy Apoſtacy,
And *Præcipice* from the moſt ſolemn Vows
Made unto Heaven, when this, the glorious Badge
Of our Redeemer was conferr'd upon thee

By

By the great Maſter, then if I had ſeen
A reprobate *Jew*, an Atheiſt, *Turk*, or *Tartar*
Baptiz'd in our Religion.
Bert. This I look'd for,
And am reſolv'd to ſuffer.
Gonz. Fellow-Soldiers,
Behold this Man, and, taught by his Example,
Know that, 'tis ſafer far to play with Lightning,
Than trifle in Things ſacred.—In my Rage. [*Weeps.*
I ſhed theſe at the Funeral of his Virtue,
Faith and Religion—why, I will tell you;
He was a Gentleman, ſo train'd up, and faſhion'd
For noble Uſes, and his Youth did Promiſe
Such Certainties, more than Hopes, of great Atchievements,
As, if the Chriſtian World had ſtood oppos'd
Againſt the *Ottoman* Race to try the Fortune
Of one Encounter, this *Bertoldo* had been,
For his Knowledge to direct, and matchleſs Courage
To execute, without a Rival, by
The Votes of good Men choſen General,
As the prime Soldier, and moſt deſerving,
Of all that wear the Croſs; which now, in Juſtice,
I thus tear from him,
Bert. Let me die with it
Upon my Breaſt.
Gonz. No; by this, thou wert ſworn
On all Occaſions, as a Knight, to guard
Weak Ladies from Oppreſſion, and never
To draw thy Sword againſt 'em; whereas thou,
In Hope of Gain or Glory, when a Princeſs,
And ſuch a Princeſs as *Aurelia* is,
Was diſpoſſeſs'd by Violence, of what was
Her true Inheritance, againſt thine Oath,
Haſte to thy uttermoſt labour'd to uphold
Her falling Enemy. But thou ſhalt pay
A heavy Forfeiture, and learn too late,

Valour, employ'd in an ill Quarrel, turns [11]
To Cowardice, and Virtue then puts on
Foul Vice's Vizard. This is that which cancels
All Friendſhip's Bands between us,—Bear 'em off;
(I will hear no Reply) and let the Ranſom
Of theſe, for they are yours, be highly rated.
In this I do but right, and let it be
Stil'd Juſtice, and not wilful Cruelty. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before the Walls of Siena.

Gonzaga, Aſtutio, Roderigo, Jacomo.

Gonz. WHAT I have done, Sir, by the Law of Arms
I can, and will, make good.

Aſtutio. I've no Commiſſion.
To expoſtulate the Act. Theſe Letters ſpeak
The King my Maſter's Love to you, and his
Vow'd Service to the Dutcheſs, on whoſe Perſon
I am to give Attendance.

Gonz. At this Inſtant,
She's at *Pienza:* You may ſpare the Trouble
Of riding thither; I have advertized her
Of our Succeſs, and on what humble Terms
Siena ſtands: Though, preſently, I can
Poſſeſs it, I defer it, that ſhe may

[11] *Valour, employ'd in an ill Quarrel, turns*
To Cowardice, &c.

The *Greeks* and *Romans* were ſo fond of this Thought, that they have adopted it into their Languages, and made the ſame Word ſtand for Valour and the right Uſe of it. Ἀρετὴ is Courage and Virtue. So *Virtus* in *Latin*.—But the *Greeks* and *Romans* are no longer imitated!

Enter

Enter her own, and, as ſhe pleaſe, diſpoſe of
The Priſoners and the Spoil.
Aſtutio. I thank you, Sir.
I' the mean Time, if I may have your Licence,
I have a Nephew, and one once my Ward;
For whoſe Liberties and Ranſoms, I would gladly
Make Compoſition.
Gonz. They are, as I take it,
Call'd *Gaſparo* and *Anthonio*,
Aſtutio. The ſame, Sir.
Gonz. For them you muſt treat with theſe: But, for *Betoldo*,
He is mine own: If the King will ranſom him,
He pays down fifty thouſand Crowns; if not,
He lives and dies my Slave,
Aſtutio. Pray you a Word——
The King will rather thank you to detain him,
Than give one crown to free him.
Gonz. At his Pleaſure.
I'll ſend the Priſoners under Guard: My Buſineſs
Calls me another Way. [*Exit* Gonzaga.
Aſtutio. My Service waits you.
Now, Gentlemen, do not deal like Merchants with me,
But noble Captains; you know, in great Minds,
Poſſe, & nolle, nobile.
Roder. Pray you, ſpeak
Our Language.
Jacomo. I find not, in my Commiſſion,
An Officer's bound to ſpeak or underſtand
More than his Mother-tongue.
Roder. If he ſpeak that
After Midnight, 'tis remarkable.
Aſtutio. In plain Terms, then.
Anthonio is your Priſoner; *Gaſpard*, yours.
Jacomo. You are i' the right.
Aſtutio. At what Sum do you rate
Their ſeveral Ranſoms.
Roder. I muſt make my Market
As the Commodity coſt me.

Aſtutio. As it coſt you?
You did not buy your Captainſhip? Your Deſert,
I hope, advanc'd you.
Roder. How? It well appears
You are no Soldier. Deſert in theſe Days?
Deſert may make a Serjeant to a Colonel,
And it may hinder him from riſing higher;
But, if it ever get a Company
(A Company; pray you, mark me) without Money,
Or private Service done for the General's Miſtreſs,
With a Commendatory Epiſtle from her,
I will turn Lancepeſade.
Jacomo. Pray you, obſerve, Sir:
I ſerv'd two 'Prenticeſhips, juſt fourteen Year,
Trailing the puiſſant Pike; and half ſo long
Had the Right-hand File; and I fought well, 'twas ſaid, too:
But I might have ſerv'd, and fought, and ſerv'd till Doomſday,
And ne'er have carried a Flag, but for the Legacy
A buckſome widow, of threeſcore, bequeath'd me,
And that too, my Back knows, I labour hard for,
But was better paid.
Aſtutio. Y're merry with yourſelves;
But this is from the Purpoſe.
Roder. To the Point then.
Pris'ners are not ta'en every Day; and, when
We have 'em, we muſt make the beſt Uſe of 'em.
Our Pay is little to the Part we ſhould bear,
And that ſo long a coming, that 'tis ſpent
Before we have it, and hardly wipes off Scores
At the Tavern, and th' Ordinary,
Jacomo. You may add too,
Our Sport took up on Truſt.
Roder. Peace, thou Smock-vermin!
Diſcover Commanders Secrets? In a Word, Sir,
We have enquir'd, and find our Pris'ners rich:
Two thouſand Crowns a-piece, our Companies coſt us;
And ſo much each of us will have, and that
In preſent Pay.

Jacomo.

Jacomo. It is too little: Yet,
Since you have ſaid the Word, I am content;
But will not go a Gazet leſs. [11]

Aſtutio. Since you are not
To be brought lower, there is no evading:
I'll be your Pay-maſter.

Roder. We deſire no better.

Aſtutio. But not a Word of what's agreed between us,
'Till I have ſchool'd my Gallants.

Jacomo. I am dumb, Sir.

Enter a Guard: Bertoldo, Anthonio, Gaſparo, *in Irons.*

Bert. And where remov'd now? Hath the Tyrant found out
Worſe Uſage for us?

Anth. Worſe it cannot be.
My Greyhound has freſh Straw, and ſcrapes in his Kennel;
But we have neither.

Gaſp. Did I ever think
To wear ſuch Garters on ſilk Stockings? Or
That my too curious Appetite, that turn'd
At the Sight of Godwits, Pheaſant, Partridge, Quails
Larks, Wood-cocks, collar'd Salmon, as coarſe Diet,
Would leap at a mouldy Cruſt?

Anth. And go without it;
So oft as I do? Oh! how have I jeer'd
The City Entertainment. A huge Shoulder
Of glorious Ram Mutton, ſeconded
With a Pair of tame Cats, or Conies, a Crab-tart
With a worthy Loin of Veal, and valiant Capon,
Mortify'd to grow tender.—Theſe I ſcorn'd
From their plentiful Horn of Abundance, though invited:

[11] *But will not go a* Gazet *leſs.*

From the Word *Gazetta*, a Farthing, *Maſſinger* makes Uſe of the ſame Word, and to the ſame Purpoſe, in the firſt Scene of the *Guardian.*

But now I could carry my own Stool to a Tripe,*
And call their Chitterlings Charity, and bleſs the Founder.

Bert. O that I were no farther ſenſible
Of my Miſeries than you are! You, like Beaſts,
Feel only Stings of Hunger, and complain not
But when you're empty: But your narrow Souls
(If you have any) cannot comprehend
How inſupportable the Torments are,
Which a free and noble Soul, made Captive, ſuffers:
Moſt miſerable Men! and what am I, then,
That envy you? Fetters, though made of Gold,
Expreſs baſe Thraldom, and all Delicates
Prepar'd by *Median* Cooks for Epicures,
When not our own, are bitter; Quilts, fill'd high
With Goſſemore and Roſes, cannot yield
The Body ſoft Repoſe, the Mind kept waking
With Anguiſh and Affliction.

Aſtutio. My good Lord——

Bert. This is no Time, nor Place for Flatt'ry, Sir:
Pray you, ſtile me, as I am, a Wretch, forſaken
Of the World, as myſelf.

Aſtutio. I would it were
In me to help you.

Bert. If that you want Power, Sir,
Lip-Comfort cannot cure me.—Pray you, leave me
To mine own private Thoughts.

Aſtutio. My valiant Nephew! [*Walks by.*
And my more than warlike Ward! I am glad to ſee you
After your glorious Conqueſts. Are theſe Chains
Rewards for your good Service? If they are,
You ſhould wear 'em on your Necks (ſince they are maſſey)
Like Aldermen of the Ward.

Anth. You jeer us too.

Gaſp. Good Uncle, name not (as you are a Man of Honour)

* A Miſtake of the Proverb, Bring your Cheer.

That

That fatal Word of War; the very Sound of't
Is more dreadful than a Cannon.
Anth. But redeem us
From this Captivity, and I'll vow hereafter
Never to wear a Sword, or cut my Meat
With a Knife that has an Edge or Point. I'll ſtarve firſt.
Gaſp. I will cry Brooms or Cat's Meat in *Palermo*;
Turn Porter, carry Burthens; any Thing,
Rather than live a Soldier.
Aſtutio. This ſhould have
Been thought upon before. At what Price, think you,
Your two wiſe Heads are rated?
Anth. A Calve's Head is
More worth than mine; I'm ſure it had more Brains in't,
Or I had ne'er come here.
Roder. And I will eat it
With Bacon, if I have not ſpeedy Ranſom.
Anth. And a little Garlick too, for your own Sake,
'Twill boil in your Stomach, elſe. [Sir:
Gaſp. Beware of mine,
Or th' Horns may choak you. I am marry'd, Sir.
Anth. You ſhall have my Row of Houſes near the Palace.
Gaſp. And my Villa.—All——
Anth. All that we have. [*To* Aſtutio.
Aſtutio. Well, have more Wit hereafter: For this
You're ranſom'd. [Time
Jacomo. Off with their Irons.
Roder. Do, do:
If you are ours again, you know your Price.
Anth. Pray you, diſpatch us: I ſhall ne'er believe
I am a Freeman, 'till I ſet my Foot
In *Sicily* again, and drink *Palermo*,
And in *Palermo* too.
Aſtutio. The Wind ſits fair,
You ſhall aboard To-night: With the riſing Sun
You may touch upon the Coaſt. But take your Leaves
Of the late General, firſt.
Gaſp. I will be brief.

Anth.

Anth. And I.—My Lord, Heaven keep you.

Gaſp. Yours, to uſe
In the Way of Peace; but, as your Soldiers, never.

Anth. A Pox of War! No more of War!

Bert. Have you

[*Exeunt* Roderigo, Jacomo, Anthonio, Gaſparo.

Authority to looſe their Bonds, yet leave
The Brother of your King, whoſe Worth diſdains
Compariſon with ſuch as theſe, in Irons?
If Ranſom may redeem them, I have Lands,
A Patrimony of mine own aſſign'd me
By my deceaſed Sire, to ſatisfy
Whate'er can be demanded for my Freedom.

Aſtutio. I wiſh you had, Sir; but the King, who yields
No Reaſon for his Will, in his Diſpleaſure
Hath ſeiz'd on all you had; nor will *Gonzaga*,
Whoſe Pris'ner now you are, accept of leſs
Than fifty thouſand Crowns.

Bert. I find it now,
That Miſery ne'er comes alone. But, grant
The King is yet inexorable, Time
May work him to a Feeling of my Suff'rings.
I've Friends, that ſwore their Lives and Fortunes were
At my Devotion, and among the reſt
Yourſelf, my Lord, when, forfeited to the Law
For a foul Murther, and in cold Blood done,
I made your Life my Gift, and reconcil'd you
To this incenſed King, and got your Pardon.
—Beware Ingratitude. I know you're rich,
And may pay down the Sum.

Aſtutio. I might, my Lord;
But, pardon me.

Bert. And will *Aſtutio* prove, then, [14]
To pleaſe a paſſionate Man, the King's no more,
Falſe

[14] Bert. *And will* Aſtutio *prove, then,*
To pleaſe a paſſionate Man, &c.

Bertoldo's Reaſoning is ſtrong, though, at firſt Sight, not very clear: "Will *Aſtutio* break through all his Obligations to me, to pleaſe

Falſe to his Maker and his Reaſon, which
Commands more than I aſk? O Summer-Friendſhip,
Whoſe flatt'ring Leaves that ſhadow'd us in
Our Proſperity, with the leaſt Guſt drop off
In th' Autumn of Adverſity! How like
A Priſon is to a Grave! When dead, we are
With ſolemn Pomp brought thither; and our Heirs,
(Maſking their Joy in falſe, diſſembled Tears)
Weep o'er the Hearſe; but Earth no ſooner covers
The Earth brought thither, but they turn away
With inward Smiles, the Dead no more remember'd.
So, enter'd in a Priſon.——

Aſtutio. My Occaſions
Command me hence, my Lord.

Bert. Pray you, leave me, do;
And tell the cruel King, that I will wear
Theſe Fetters 'till my Fleſh and they are one
Incorporated Subſtance. In myſelf,
As in a Glaſs, I'll look on human Frailty,
And curſe the Height of Royal Blood: ſince I,
In being born near to *Jove*, am near his Thunder.

[*Exit* Aſtutio.

Cedars once ſhaken with a Storm, their own
Weight grubs their Roots out.—Lead me where you pleaſe;
I am his, not Fortune's Martyr, and will die
The great Example of his Cruelty

[*Exit with the Guard.*

pleaſe a paſſionate Mad man, for the King is no more, he is one? Will *Aſtutio* prove falſe to his Maker, and deaf to his own Reaſon, which commands, in Return for the Benefits received of me, more than I aſk? ſurely he cannot." But, ſeeing the courtly *Aſtutio* unmoved with theſe generous Sentiments, *Bertoldo* breaks out into that beautiful Deſcription which follows:

——— *O Summer-Friendſhip*, &c.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Grove near the Palace at Palermo.

Adorni. He undergoes my Challenge, and contemns
And threatens me with the late Edict made [it,
'Gainſt Duelliſts, that Altar Cowards fly to. [15]
But I, that am engag'd, and nouriſh in me
A higher Aim than fair *Camiola* dreams of,
Muſt not ſit down thus. In the Court I dare not
Attempt him; and in Publick, he's ſo guarded
With a Herd of Paraſites, Clients, Fools and Suitors,
That a Muſket cannot reach him.—My Deſigns
Admit of no Delay. This is her Birth-day,
Which with a fit and due Solemnity
Camiola celebrates; and on it, all ſuch
As love or ſerve her, uſually preſent
A tributary Duty. I'll have ſomething
To give, if my Intelligence prove true,
Shall find Acceptance. I'm told, near this Grove
Fulgentio every Morning makes his Markets
With his Petitioners. I may preſent him
With a ſharp Petition.——Ha! 'tis he: my Fate
Be ever bleſs'd for't

Enter Fulgentio.

Fulgen. Command ſuch as wait me,
Not to preſume, at the leaſt for half an Hour,
To preſs on my Retirements.
Page. I will ſay, Sir, you are at your Prayers,

[15] *'Gainſt Duelliſts, then,* &c.

Fulgentio put up his Challenge, and, inſtead of accepting it, threatened him with the Law againſt Duels. This *Adorni* would repreſent as baſe Treatment. A Man of Courage he ſuppoſes would not have taken the Advantage of ſuch a Law. *That Altar*, that was a Sanctuary Cowards only would fly to. The Senſe here plainly requires the Alteration I have made of *that* for *then*, which in the former Reading was ſcarce intelligible.

Fulgen.

Fulgen. That will not find Belief;
Courtiers have ſomething elſe to do.—Be gone, Sir.
Challeng'd! 'tis well. And by a Groom! ſtill better.
Was this Shape made to fight? I have a Tongue, yet,
Howe'er no Sword, to kill him; and what Way,
This Morning I'll reſolve of. [*Exit* Fulgentio.
Adorni. I ſhall croſs
Your Reſolution, or ſuffer for you. [*Exit* Adorni.

SCENE III.

Camiola's *Houſe.*

Camiola: *divers Servants with Preſents.*

Sylli, Clarinda.

Sylli. What are all theſe?
Clar. Servants with ſeveral Preſents,
And rich ones too.
1 *Serv.* With her beſt Wiſhes, Madam,
Of many ſuch Days to you, the Lady *Petula*
Preſents you with this Fan.
2 *Serv.* This Diamond
From your Aunt *Honoria.*
3 *Serv.* This Piece of Plate
From your Uncle, old *Vincentio*, with your Arms
Graven upon it.
Camiola. Good Friends, they are too
Munificent in their Love, and Favour to me.
Out of my Cabinet return ſuch Jewels
As this directs you, for your Pains;—and yours;—
Nor muſt you be forgotten. Honour me
With the drinking of a Health.
1 *Serv.* Gold, on my Life!
2 *Serv.* She ſcorns to give baſe Silver.
3 *Serv.* Would ſhe had been
Born every Month in the Year!
1 *Serv.* Month? every Day.
2 *Serv.* Shew ſuch another Maid.

3 *Serv.*

3 *Serv.* All Happineſs wait you.

Sylli. I'll ſee your Will done.

[*Exeunt* Sylli, Clarinda, *Servants.*

Enter Adorni *wounded.*

Camiola. How! *Adorni* wounded?

Adorni. A Scratch got in your Service, elſe not worth
Your Obſervation; I bring not, Madam,
In Honour of your Birth-day, antique Plate,
Or Pearl, for which the ſavage *Indian* dives
Into the Bottom of the Sea; nor Diamonds
Hewn from ſteep Rocks with Danger: Such as give
To thoſe that have what they themſelves want, aim at
A glad Return with Profit: Yet, deſpiſe not
My Off'ring at the Altar of your Favour;
Nor let the Lowneſs of the Giver leſſen
The Height of what's preſented. Since it is
A precious Jewel, almoſt forfeited,
And, dim'd with Clouds of Infamy, redeem'd,
And, in its natural Splendor, with Addition,
Reſtor'd to the true Owner.

Camiola. How is this?

Adorni. Not to hold you in Suſpenſe, I bring you, Madam,
Your wounded Reputation cur'd, the Sting
Of virulent Malice, feſt'ring your fair Name,
Pluck'd out and trod on. That proud Man, that was
Deny'd the Honour of your Bed, yet durſt
With his untrue Reports ſtrumpet your Fame,
Compell'd by me, hath giv'n himſelf the Lye,
And in his own Blood wrote it.—You may read
Fulgentio ſubſcrib'd.

Camiola. I am amaz'd!

Adorni. It does deſerve it, Madam. Common Service
Is fit for Hinds, and the Reward proportion'd
To their Conditions. Therefore, look not on me
As a Follower of your Father's Fortunes, or
One that ſubſiſts on yours.—You frown! my Service

Merits

Merits not this Aſpect.

Camiola. Which of my Favours,
I might ſay Bounties, hath begot, and nouriſh'd
This more then rude Preſumption? Since you had
An Itch to try your deſp'rate Valour, wherefore
Went you not to the War? Couldſt thou ſuppoſe
My Innocence could ever fall ſo low
As to have Need of thy raſh Sword to guard it
Againſt malicious Slander? O how much
Thoſe Ladies are deceiv'd and cheated, when
The Clearneſs and Integrity of their Actions
Do not defend themſelves, and ſtand ſecure
On their own Baſes? Such as in a Colour
Of ſeeming Service give Protection to 'em,
Betray their own Strengths. Malice, ſcorn'd, puts out
Itſelf; but argu'd, gives a kind of Credit
To a falſe Accuſation. In this,
This your moſt memorable Service, you believ'd
You did me right; but you have wrong'd me more
In your Defence of my undoubted Honour,
Than falſe *Fulgentio* could.

Adorni. I am ſorry, what
Was ſo well intended, is ſo ill receiv'd.

Enter Clarinda.

Yet, under your Correction, you wiſh'd
Bertoldo had been preſent.

Camiola. True, I did:
But he and you, Sir, are not Parallels,
Nor muſt you think yourſelf ſo.

Adorni. I am what
You'll pleaſe to have me.

Camiola. If *Bertoldo* had
Puniſh'd *Fulgentio*'s Inſolence, it had ſhown
His Love to her, whom in his Judgment he
Vouchſafe to make his Wife; a Height, I hope,
Which you dare not aſpire to. The ſame Actions
Suit not all Men alike:—But I perceive

Repentance

Repentance in your Looks. For this Time, leave me
I may forgive, perhaps forget, your Folly,
Conceal yourſelf till this Storm be blown over.
You will be ſought for; yet, for my Eſtate
[*Gives him her Hand to kiſs.*
Can hinder it, ſhall not ſuffer in my Service.

Adorni. This is ſomething, yet, though I miſs'd the Mark I ſhot at. [*Exit* Adorni.

Camiola. This Gentleman is of a noble Temper;
And I too harſh, perhaps, in my Reproof:
Was I not, *Clarinda?*

Clar. I am not to cenſure
Your Actions, Madam: but there are a thouſand
Ladies, and of good Fame, in ſuch a Cauſe,
Would be proud of ſuch a Servant.

Camiola. It may be;

Enter a Servant.

Let me offend in this Kind.
Why uncall'd for?

Serv. The Signiors, Madam, *Gaſparo* and *Anthonio*,
(Selected Friends of the renown'd *Bertoldo*)
Put aſhore this Morning.

Camiola. Without him?

Serv. I think ſo.

Camiola. Never think more, then.

Serv. They have been at Court.
Kiſs'd the King's Hand; and, their firſt Duties done
To him, appear ambitious to tender
To you their ſecond Service.

Camiola. Wait 'em hither. [*Exeunt Servant.*
Fear, do not rack me! Reaſon, now, if ever,
Haſte with thy Aids, and tell me, ſuch a Wonder
As my *Bertoldo* is, with ſuch Care faſhion'd,
Muſt not, nay, cannot, in Heav'ns Providence

Enter

Enter Anthonio, Gaſparo, *Servant.*

So ſoon miſcarry; pray you, forbear; e'er you
Take the Privilege, as Strangers, to ſalute me,
(Excuſe my Manners) make me firſt underſtand,
How it is with *Bertoldo?*
Gaſp. The Relation
Will not, I fear, deſerve your Thanks.
Anth. I wiſh
Some other ſhould inform you.
Camiola. Is he dead?
You ſee, though with ſome Fear, I dare enquire it.
Gaſp. Dead? Would that were the worſt, a Debt were paid then,
Kings in their Birth owe Nature.
Camiola. Is their aught
More terrible than Death?
Anth. Yes, to a Spirit
Like his; cruel Impriſonment, and that
Without the Hope of Freedom.
Camiola. You abuſe me:
The Royal King cannot, in Love to Virtue
(Though all Springs of Affection were dry'd up)
But pay his Ranſom.
Gaſp. When you know what 'tis,
You will think otherwiſe—No leſs will do it
Then fifty thouſand Crowns.
Camiola. A petty Sum;
The Price weigh'd with the Purchaſe; fifty thouſand?
To the King 'tis nothing. He, that can ſpare more
To his Minion for a Maſque, cannot but ranſom
Such a Brother at a Million—You wrong
The King's Magnificence.
Anth. In your Opinion;
But 'tis moſt certain. He does not alone
In himſelf refuſe to pay it; but forbids
All other Men.
Camiola. Are you ſure of this?

Gaſp. You may read
The Edict to that Purpoſe, publiſh'd by him:
That will reſolve you.

Camiola. Poſſible? Pray you, ſtand off;
If I do not mutter Treaſon to myſelf,
My Heart will break: Yet I will not curſe him; [*Aſide.*
He is my King—The News you have deliver'd,
Makes me weary of your Company: we'll ſalute
When we meet next. I'll bring you to the Door.
—Nay, pray you, no more Compliments.

Gaſp. One Thing more,
And that's ſubſtantial: Let your *Adorni*
Look to himſelf.

Anth. The King is much incens'd
Againſt him, for *Fulgentio.*

Camiola. As I am
For your Slowneſs to depart.

Both. Farewel, ſweet Lady!
[*Exeunt* Gaſparo, Anthonio.

Camiola. O more then impious Times! when not alone
Subordinate Miniſters of Juſtice are
Corrupted and ſeduc'd, but Kings themſelves
(The greater Wheels by which the leſſer move)
Are broken or disjointed! could it be, elſe,
A King, to ſooth his politick Ends, ſhould ſo far
Forſake his Honour, as at once to break
Th' Adamant Chains of Nature and Religion,
To bind up Atheiſm, as a Defence [16]
To his dark Counſels? Will it ever be?
That to deſerve too much is dangerous,
And Virtue, when too eminent, a Crime?
Muſt She ſerve Fortune ſtill? Or, when ſtripp'd of
Her gay, and glorious Favours, loſe the Beauties
Of her own natural Shape? O my *Bertoldo!*
Thou only Sun in Honours Sphere, how ſoon
Art thou eclips'd and darken'd! not the Nearneſs

[16] *To bind up Atheiſm,* &c.
This appears to me to be falſe; I would read,
To *bring* up Atheiſm, &c.

Art

Of Blood prevailing on the King; nor all
The Benefits to the gen'ral Good diſpens'd
Gaining a Retribution! but that
To owe a Courteſy to a ſimple Virgin
Would take from the deſerving, I find in me
Some Sparks of Fire, which, fann'd with Honours Breath,
Might riſe into a Flame, and in Men darken
Their uſurp'd Splendor. Ha! my Aim is high,
And, for the Honour of my Sex, to fall ſo,
Can never prove inglorious.—'Tis reſolv'd:
Call in *Adorni*.

Clar. I am happy in
Such Employment, Madam. [*Exit* Clarinda.

Camiola. He's a Man,
I know, that at a reverend Diſtance loves me,
And ſuch are ever faithful. What a Sea
Of melting Ice I walk on! what ſtrange Cenſures
Am I to undergo! but good Intents
Deride all future Rumours.

Enter Clarinda *and* Adorni.

Adorni. I obey
Your Summons, Madam.

Camiola. Leave the Place, *Clarinda*:
One Woman, in a Secret of ſuch Weight,
Wiſe Men may think too much. Nearer, *Adorni*.
[*Exit* Clarinda.
I warrant it with a Smile.

Adorni. I cannot aſk
Safer Protection, what's your Will?

Camiola. To doubt
Your ready Deſire to ſerve me, or prepare you
With the Repetition of former Merits,
Would in my Diffidence, wrong you: But I will,
And without Circumſtance, in the Truſt that I
Impoſe upon you, free you from Suſpicion.

Adorni. I foſter none of you.

Camiola. I know you do not,
You are *Adorni*, by the Love you owe me.——

Adorni. The ſureſt Conjuration.

Camiola. Take me with you.——
Love born of Duty; but advance no further.
You are, Sir, as I ſaid, to do me Service,
To undertake a Taſk, in which your Faith,
Judgment, Diſcretion—in a Word, your all
That's good, muſt be engag'd; nor muſt you ſtudy,
In the Execution, but what may make
For th' Ends I aim at.

Adorni. They admit no Rivals.

Camiola. You anſwer well.—You have heard of *Bertoldo's*
Captivity? and the King's Neglect? the Greatneſs
Of his Ranſom, fifty thouſand Crowns, *Adorni*;
Two Parts of my Eſtate.

Adorni. To what tends this?

Camiola. Yet I ſo love the Gentleman (for to you
I will confeſs my Weakneſs) that I purpoſe,
Now, when he is forſaken by the King,
And his own Hopes, to ranſom, and receive him
Into my Boſom as my lawful Huſband,
[Adorni *ſtarts, and ſeems troubled.*
Why change you Colour?

Adorni. 'Tis in Wonder of
Your Virtue, Madam.

Camiola. You muſt, therefore, to *Siena* for me, and pay to *Gonzaga*
This Ranſom for his Liberty; you ſhall
Have Bills of Exchange along with you. Let him ſwear
A ſolemn Contract to me, for you muſt be
My principal Witneſs, if he ſhould—But why
Do I entertain theſe Jealouſies? You will do this?

Adorni. Faithfully, Madam.—But not live long after.
[*Aſide.*

Camiola. One Thing I had forgot.—Beſides his Free-
He may want Accommodations; furniſh him [dom,
According to his Birth. And from *Camiola*
Deliver this Kiſs, printed on your Lips [*Kiſſes him.*
Seal'd on his Hand.—You ſhall not ſee my Bluſhes;
I'll

I'll inſtantly diſpatch you. [*Exit* Camiola.
Adorni. I'm half-hang'd
Out of the Way, already.—Was there ever
Poor Lover ſo employ'd againſt himſelf
To make Way for his Rival? I muſt do it:
Nay, more, I will. If Loyalty can find
Recompence beyond Hope, or Imagination,
Let it fall on me in the other World,
As a Reward; for, in this, I dare not hope it. [*Exit.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Camp.

Gonzaga, Pierio, Roderigo, Jacomo.

Gonz. YOu've ſeiz'd upon the Citadel, and diſarm'd
All that could make Reſiſtance?
Pierio. Hunger had
Done that, before we came; nor was the Soldier
Compell'd to ſeek for Prey; the famiſh'd Wretches,
In Hope of Mercy, as a Sacrifice offer'd
All that was worth the taking.
Gonz. You proclaim'd,
On Pain of Death, no Violence ſhould be offer'd
To any Woman?
Roder. But it needed not;
For Famine had ſo humbled 'em, and took off
The Care of their Sex's Honour, that there was not
So coy a Beauty in the Town, but would
For half a mouldy Biſket ſell herſelf
To a poor Beſognion, and without ſhrieking.
Gonz. Where is the Duke of *Urbin?*
Jacomo. Under Guard,
As you directed.

Gonz. See the Soldiers ſet
In Rank, and File; and, as the Dutcheſs paſſes,
Bid 'em vail their Enſigns; and charge 'em, on their Lives,
Not to cry Whores.

Jacomo. The Devil cannot fright 'em
From their military Licence; though they know
They are her Subjects, and will part with Being,
To do her Service; yet, ſince ſhe's a Woman,
They will touch at her Breech with their Tongues — and that is all
That they can hope for. [*A Shout, and a general Cry within,* Whores! Whores!

Gonz. O the Devil! they are at it.
Hell ſtop their bawling Throats.—Again! make up
And cudgel them into Jelly.

Roder. To no Purpoſe,
Though their Mothers were there,
They would have the ſame Name for 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Walls of Siena.

Roderigo, Jacomo, Pierio, Gonzaga, Aurelia *(under a Canopy)*. Aſtutio *preſents her with Letters. Loud Muſick. She reads the Letters.*

Gonz. I do beſeech your Highneſs not to aſcribe
To th' Want of Diſcipline, the barbarous Rudeneſs
Of the Soldier, in his Prophanation of
Your ſacred Name and Virtues.

Aurelia. No, Lord General,
I've heard my Father ſay oft, 'twas a Cuſtom,
Uſual i' th' Camp; nor are they to be puniſh'd
For Words, that have in Fact deſerv'd ſo well.
Let the one excuſe the other.

All. Excellent Princeſs!

Aurelia. But for theſe Aids from *Sicily* ſent againſt us
To blaſt our Spring of Conqueſt in the Bud:

I can-

I cannot find, my Lord Ambaſſador,
How we ſhould entertain't but as a Wrong,
With Purpoſe to detain us from our own;
Howe'er the King endeavours, in his Letters,
To mitigate th' Affront.
Aſtutio. Your Grace, hereafter,
May hear from me ſuch ſtrong Aſſurances
Of his unlimited Deſires to ſerve you,
As will, I hope, drown in Forgetfulneſs
The Mem'ry of what's paſt.
Aurelia. We ſhall take Time
To ſearch the Depth of't further, and proceed
As our Council ſhall direct us.
Gonz. We preſent you
With the Keys of the City; all Lets are remov'd;
Your Way is ſmooth and eaſy; at your Feet
Your proudeſt Enemy falls.
Aurelia. We thank your Valours:
A Victory without Blood is twice atchiev'd,
And the Diſpoſure of it, to us tender'd,
The greateſt Honour. Worthy Captains, Thanks!
My Love extends itſelf to All. [*A Guard made.*
Aurelia *paſſes through 'em.* *Loud Muſick.*
Gonz. Make Way, there. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Priſon.

Bertoldo, *with a ſmall Book, in Fetters.* *Jailor.*

Bert. 'Tis here determin'd [17] (great Examples, arm'd
With Arguments, produc'd to make it good)
That

[17] *'Tis here determin'd,* &c.

This Soliloquy of *Bertoldo*'s is a very true Account of the Inconſiſtency of the Stoicks. It was one of their favourite Maxims, that Pain was not an Evil. Their wiſe Man was to be inſenſible; and yet no one bore Pain worſe than he. They could argue, with great Appearance of Reaſon, againſt ſuffering from Affliction; but, when they felt it, it was intolerable. They were mighty Heroes in Theory, but,

That neither Tyrants, nor the wrèſted Laws;
The People's frantick Rage, ſad Exile, Want,
Nor, that which I endure, Captivity,
Can do a wiſe Man any Injury.
Thus *Seneca*, when he wrote it, thought.—But then
Felicity courted him; his Wealth exceeding
A private Man's; happy in the Embraces
Of his chaſte Wife *Paulina*; his Houſe full
Of Children, Clients, Servants, flatt'ring Friends,
Soothing his Lip-Poſitions, and created
Prince of the Senate, by the general Voice,
As his Pupil news Suffrage: Then, no Doubt,
He held, and did believe, this. But no ſooner
The Prince's Frowns, and Jealouſies had thrown him
Out of Security's Lap, and a Centurion
Had offer'd him what Choice of Death he pleas'd;
But told him, Die he muſt: when ſtraight the Armour
Of his ſo boaſted Fortitude, fell off,
[*Throws away the Book.*
Complaining of his Frailty. Can it, then,
Be cenſur'd womaniſh Weakneſs in me, if,
Thus clogg'd with Irons, and the Period
To cloſe up all Calamities deny'd me,
(Which was preſented *Seneca*) I wiſh
I ne'er had Being; at leaſt, never knew
What Happineſs was; or argue with Heav'ns Juſtice,
Tearing my Locks, and in Defiance throwing
Duſt in the Air? or, falling on the Ground, thus
With my Nails and Teeth to dig a Grave, or rend
The Bowels of the Earth, my Step-mother,
And not a natural Parent? or thus practiſe
To die, and, as I were inſenſible,
Believe I had no Motion? [*Lies on his Face.*

but, in Practice, Cowards. The great *Cleanthes* ſtarved himſelf to Death, becauſe of a little Inflammation in his Gums. The Prince of Patriots, *Cato*, choſe to die, becauſe he could not bear to ſee *Cæſar*: And *Seneca* puled and whined at Death with the moſt womaniſh Fear imaginable: Theſe were the Men who could demonſtrate that Pain was not an Evil!

Enter

Enter Gonzaga, Adorni, *Jailor.*

Gonz. There he is:
I'll not enquire by whom his Ranſom's paid,
I'm ſatisfy'd that I have it; nor allege
One Reaſon to excuſe his cruel Uſage,
As you may interpret it; let it ſuffice
It was my Will to have it ſo.—He is yours, now,
Diſpoſe of him as you pleaſe [*Exit* Gonzaga.
Adorni. Howe'er I hate him,
As one preferr'd before me, being a Man,
He does deſerve my Pity. Sir,—he ſleeps,
Or is he dead?—Would he were a Saint in Heaven;
'Tis all the Hurt I wiſh him. But, I was not
[*Kneels by him.*
Born to ſuch Happineſs.—No, he breathes—Come near,
And, if't be poſſible, without his Feeling,
Take off his Irons.—So, now leave us private.
[*His Irons taken off.*
He does begin to ſtir, and as tranſported [*Exit Jailor.*
With a joyful Dream.—How he ſtares! and feels his
As yet uncertain, whether it can be [Legs,
True or phantaſtical.
Bert. Miniſters of Mercy,
Mock not Calamity.—Ha! 'tis no Viſion!
Or, if it be, the happieſt that ever
Appear'd to ſinful Fleſh!—Who's here? His Face
Speaks him *Adorni!* but ſome glorious Angel,
Concealing its Divinity in his Shape,
Hath done this Miracle, it being not an Act
For wolviſh Man. Reſolve me, if thou look'ſt for
Bent Knees in Adoration?——.
Adorni. O forbear, Sir!
I am *Adorni*, and the Inſtrument
Of your Deliverance; but the Benefit
You owe another.
Bert. If he has a Name,
As ſoon as ſpoken, 'tis writ on my Heart,
I am his Bondman. *Adorni.*

Adorni. To the Shame of Men,
This great Act is a Woman's.
Bert. The whole Sex
For her ſake muſt be deify'd. How I wander
In my Imagination, yet cannot
Gueſs who this Phœnix ſhould be!
Adorni. 'Tis *Camiola.*
Bert. Pray you ſpeak't again! there's Muſick in her
Name!
Once more, I pray you, Sir!
Adorni. Camiola,
The Maid of Honour.
Bert. Curs'd Atheiſt that I was,
Only to doubt it could be any other;
Since ſhe alone, in th' Abſtract of herſelf,
That ſmall, but raviſhing Subſtance, comprehends
Whatever is, or can be wiſh'd, in the
Idea of a Woman. O what Service,
Or Sacrifice of Duty, can I pay her,
If not to live, and die, her Charity's Slave?
Which is reſolv'd already.
Adorni. She expects not
Such a Dominion o'er you: Yet, ere I
Deliver her Demands, give me your Hand:
On this, as ſhe enjoin'd me, with my Lips
I print her Love and Service, by me ſent you,
Bert. I am o'erwhelm'd with Wonder!
Adorni. You muſt now
(Which is the Sum of all that ſhe deſires)
By a ſolemn Contract bind yourſelf, when ſhe
Requires it, as a Debt due for your Freedom,
To marry her.
Bert. This does engage me further,
A Payment! an Increaſe of Obligation!
To marry her!—'twas my *nil ultra*, ever!
The End of my Ambition! O that now
The Holy Man, ſhe preſent, were prepar'd
To join our Hands, but with that Speed, my Heart
Wiſhes mine Eyes might ſee her.

Adoani,

Adorni. You muſt ſwear this.

Bert. Swear it? Collect all Oaths and Imprecations,
Whoſe leaſt Breach is Damnation; and thoſe
Miniſter'd to me in a Form more dreadful;
Set Heav'n and Hell before me, I will take 'em:
Falſe to *Camiola?* Never.—Shall I now
Begin my Vows to you?

Adorni. I am no Churchman;
Such a one muſt file it on Record. You are free;
And, that you may appear like to yourſelf
(For ſo ſhe wiſh'd) there's Gold with which you may
Redeem your Trunks and Servants, and whatever
Of late you loſt. I have found out the Captain
Whoſe Spoil they were.—His Name is *Roderigo.*

Bert. I know him.

Adorni. I have done my Part.

Bert. So much, Sir,
As I am ever yours for't. Now, methinks,
I walk in Air!—Divine *Camiola!*——
But Words cannot expreſs thee. I'll build to thee
An Altar in my Soul, on which I'll offer
A ſtill increaſing Sacrifice of Duty. [*Exit* Bertoldo.

Adorni. What will become of me now is apparent!
Whether a Poniard, or a Halter be
The neareſt Way to Hell (for I muſt thither,
After I've kill'd myſelf) is ſomewhat doubtful.
This *Roman* Reſolution of Self-Murther,
Will not hold Water, at the high Tribunal,
When it comes to be argu'd; my good Genius
Prompts me to this Conſideration. He
That kills himſelf to avoid Miſery, fears it.
And, at the beſt, ſhews but a baſtard Valour.
This Life's a Fort committed to my Truſt,
Which I muſt not yield up, 'till it be forc'd.
—Nor will I. He's not valiant that dares die,
But he that boldly bears Calamity. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Siena. *A Flouriſh.*

Pierio, Roderigo, Jacomo, Gonzaga, Aurelia, Ferdinand, Aſtutio. *Attendants.*

Aurelia. A Seat here for the Duke. It is our Glory
To overcome with Courteſies, not Rigour;
The lordly *Roman*, who held it the Height
Of human Happineſs, to have Kings and Queens
To wait by his triumphant Chariot-wheels
In his inſulting Pride, depriv'd himſelf
Of drawing near the Nature of the Gods,
Beſt known for ſuch, in being merciful.
Yet, give me Leave, but ſtill with gentle Language,
And with the Freedom of a Friend, to tell you,
To ſeek by Force, what Courtſhip could not win,
Was harſh, and never taught in Love's mild School.
Wiſe Poets feign, that *Venus'* Coach is drawn
By Doves and Sparrows, not by Bears and Tygers.

Ferd. I ſpare the Application,—In my Fortune
Heav'n's Juſtice hath confirm'd it; yet, great Lady,
Since my Offence grew from Exceſs of Love,
And not to be reſiſted, having paid too,
With Loſs of Liberty, the Forfeiture
Of my Preſumption, in your Clemency
It may find pardon.

Aurelia. You ſhall have juſt Cauſe
To ſay it hath. The Charge of the long Siege
Defray'd, and the Loſs my Subjects have ſuſtain'd
Made good, (ſince ſo far I muſt deal with Caution)
You have your Liberty.

Ferd. I could not hope for
Gentler Conditions.

Aurelia. My Lord *Gonzaga*,
Since my coming to *Siena*, I've heard much of
Your Priſ'ner, brave *Bertoldo*.

Gonz.

Gonz. Such an one,
Madam, I had,
Aſtutio. And have ſtill, Sir, I hope.
Gonz. Your Hopes deceive you. — He is ranſom'd, Madam.
Aſtutio. By whom, I pray you, Sir?
Gonz. You had beſt enquire
Of your Intelligencer: I am no Informer.
Aſtutio. I like not this. [*Aſide.*
Aurelia. He is, as 'tis reported,
A goodly Gentleman, and of noble Parts,
A Brother of your Order.
Gonz. He was, Madam,
'Till he, againſt his Oath, wrong'd you, a Princeſs,
Which his Religion bound him from.
Aurelia. Great Minds,
For Trial of their Valours, oft maintain
Quarrels that are unjuſt; yet without Malice;
And ſuch a fair Conſtruction I make of him.
I would ſee that brave Enemy.
Gonz. My Duty
Commands me to ſeek for him.
Aurelia. Pray you do:
And bring him to our Preſence. [*Exit* Gonzaga.
Aſtutio. I muſt blaſt
His Entertainment. [*Aſide.*] May it pleaſe your Excellency,
He is a Man debauch'd, and for his Riots
Caſt off by th' King my Maſter; and that, I hope, is
A Crime ſufficient.
Ferd. To you, his Subjects,
That like as your King likes ——
Aurelia. But not to Us;
We muſt weigh with our own Scale.

Enter Gonzaga, Bertoldo *richly habited*, Adorni.

This is he, ſure!
How ſoon mine Eye had found him!—What a Port
He

He bears! how well his Bravery becomes him!
A Pris'ner! nay, a Princely Suitor, rather!
But I'm too ſudden.
Gonz. Madam, 'twas his Suit,
Unſent for, to preſent his Service to you;
Ere his Departure.
Aurelia. With what Majeſty
He bears himſelf!
Aſtutio. The Devil, I think, ſupplies him.
Ranſom'd? and thus rich, too!
Aurelia. You ill deſerve
[Bertoldo, *kneeling*, *kiſſes her Hand.*
The Favour of our Hand.—We are not well:
Give Us more Air. [*She deſcends ſuddenly.*
Gonz. What ſudden Qualm is this?
Aurelia. —That lifted yours againſt me.
Bert. Thus, once more,
I ſue for Pardon.
Aurelia. Sure his Lips are poiſon'd,
And, through theſe Veins, force Paſſage to my Heart,
Which is already ſeiz'd upon. [*Aſide.*
Bert. I wait, Madam,
To know what your Commands are; my Deſigns
Exact me in another Place.
Aurelia. Before
You have our Licence to depart? If Manners,
Civility of Manners cannot teach you
T'attend our Leiſure, I muſt tell you, Sir,
That you are ſtill our Priſoner; nor had you
Commiſſion to free him.
Gonz. How's this, Madam?
Aurelia. You were my Subſtitute, and wanted Power,
Without my Warrant, to diſpoſe of him.
I will pay back his Ranſom ten times over,
Rather than quit my Intereſt.
Bert. This is
Againſt the Law of Arms.
Aurelia. But not of Love: [*Aſide.*
Why, hath your Entertainment, Sir, been ſuch
In

In your Reſtraint, that, with the Wings of Fear,
You would fly from it?

Bert. I know no Man, Madam,
Enamour'd of his Fetters, or delighting
In Cold or Hunger, or that would in Reaſon
Prefer Straw in a Dungeon, before
A Down Bed in a Palace.

Aurelia. How!—Come nearer;
Was his Uſage ſuch?

Gonz. Yes; and it had been worſe,
Had I foreſeen this.

Aurelia. O thou miſ-ſhap'd Monſter!
In thee it is confirm'd, that ſuch as have
No Share in Nature's Bounties, know no Pity
To ſuch as have 'em. Look on him with my Eyes,
And anſwer then, whether this were a Man
Whoſe Cheeks of lovely Fulneſs ſhould be made
A Prey to meagre Famine? or theſe Eyes,
Whoſe every Glance ſtore *Cupid*'s empty'd Quiver,
To be dim'd with tedious Watching; or theſe Lips,
Theſe ruddy Lips, of whoſe freſh Colour, Cherries
And Roſes were but Copies, ſhould grow pale
For want of Nectar? or theſe Legs that bear
A Burthen of more Worth, than is ſupported
By *Atlas*' weary'd Shoulders, ſhould be cramp'd
With the Weight of Iron? Oh, I could dwell ever
On this Deſcription!

Bert. Is this in Deriſion,
Or Pity, of me?

Aurelia. In your Charity
Believe me innocent. Now you are my Priſoner,
You ſhall have fairer Quarter; you will ſhame
The Place where you have been, ſhould you now leave it
Before you are recover'd. I'll conduct you
To more convenient Lodgings, and it ſhall be
My Care to cheriſh you. Repine who dare;
It is our Will. You'll follow me?

Bert. To the Centre,
Such a *Sibylla* guiding me. [*Exeunt* Aurelia, Bertoldo.

Gonz.

Gonz. Who ſpeaks firſt?
Ferd. We ſtand, as we had ſeen *Meduſa*'s Head!
Pierio. I know not what to think, I'm ſo amaz'd!
Roder. Amaz'd! I'm thunderſtruck!
Jacomo. We are enchanted.
And this is ſome Illuſion.
Adorni. Heav'n forbid!
In dark Deſpair, it ſhews a Beam of Hope.
Contain thy Joy, *Adorni*.
Aſtutio. Such a Princeſs,
And of ſo long experienc'd Reſervedneſs
Break forth, and on the ſudden, into Flaſhes
Of more than doubted Looſeneſs!
Gonz. They come again,
—Smiling, as I live: His Arm circling her Waiſt —
—I ſhall run mad:—Some Fury hath poſſeſs'd her.
If I ſpeak, I may be blaſted. Ha!—I'll mumble
A Prayer or two, and croſs myſelf, and then,
Though the Devil fart Fire, have at him.

Enter Bertoldo *and* Aurelia.

Aurelia. Let not, Sir,
The Violence of my Paſſions nouriſh in you
An ill Opinion; or, grant my Carriage
Out of the Road, and Garb of private Women,
'Tis ſtill done with Decorum. As I am
A Princeſs, what I do, is above Cenſure,
And to be imitated.
Bert. Gracious Madam,
Vouchſafe a little Pauſe; for I am ſo rap'd
Beyond myſelf, that, 'till I have collected
My ſcatter'd Faculties, I cannot tender
My Reſolution.
Aurelia. Conſider of it,
I will not be long from you.
[Bertoldo *walking by, muſing.*

Gonz.

Gonz. Pray I cannot,
This curſed Object ſtrangles my Devotion:
I muſt ſpeak, or I burſt. Pray you, fair Lady,
If you can in Courteſy, direct me to
The chaſte *Aurelia.*
Aurelia. Are you blind? Who are We?
Gonz. Another kind of Thing. Her Blood was go vern'd
By her Diſcretion, and not rul'd her Reaſon:
The Reverence and Majeſty of *Juno*
Shin'd in her Looks, and, coming to the Camp,
Appear'd a ſecond *Pallas.* I can ſee
No ſuch Divinities in you: If I
Without Offence may ſpeak my Thoughts, you are,
As't were, a wanton *Helen.*
Aurelia. Good; e'er long,
You ſhall know me better.
Gonz. Why, if you are *Aurelia,*
How ſhall I diſpoſe of the Soldier?
Aſtutio. May it pleaſe you
To haſten my Diſpatch?
Aurelia. Prefer your Suits
Unto *Bertoldo*; we will give him Hearing,
And you'll find him your beſt Advocate. [*Exit* Aurelia.
Aſtutio. This is rare!
Gonz. What are we come to?
Roder. Grown up in a Moment
A Favourite!
Ferd. He does take State already.
Bert. No, no, it cannot be!—yet, but *Camiola,*
There is no Stop between me and a Crown:
—Then my Ingratitude! a Sin in which
All Sins are comprehended! aid me, Virtue,
Or I am loſt. [*Aſide.*
Gonz. May it pleaſe your Excellence——
—Second me, Sir.
Bert. Then my ſo horrid Oaths,
And hell-deep Imprecations made againſt it. [*Aſide.*

Aſtutio. The King, your Brother, will thank you for
th' Advancement
Of his Affairs——
Bert. And yet who can hold out
Againſt ſuch Batteries, as her Power and Greatneſs
Raiſe up againſt my weak Defences! [*Aſide.*
Gonz. Sir,

Enter Aurelia.

Do you dream waking?—Slight, ſhe's here again.
Bert. Walks ſhe on woollen Feet!
Aurelia. You dwell too long
In your Deliberation, and come
With a Cripple's Pace to that which you ſhould fly to.
Bert. It is confeſs'd: Yet, why ſhould I, to win
From you, that hazard all to my poor nothing,
By falſe Play ſend you off a Loſer from me?
I'm already too too much engag'd
To th' King my Brother's Anger; and who knows
But that his Doubts, and politick Fears, ſhould you
Make me his Equal, may draw War upon
Your Territories; were that Breach made up,
I ſhould with Joy embrace, what now I fear
To touch but with due Rev'rence.
Aurelia. That Hind'rance
Is eaſily remov'd. I owe the King
For a Royal Viſit, which I ſtraight will pay him,
And having firſt reconcil'd you to his Favour,
A Diſpenſation ſhall meet with us,
Bert. I am wholly yours.
Aurelia. On this Book ſeal it.
Gonz. What Hand and Lip too? Then the Bargain's
ſure,
You've no Employment for me?
Aurelia. Yes, *Gonzaga*;
Provide a Royal Ship.
Gonz. A Ship? Saint *John!*
Whither are we bound, now?

Aurelia.

Aurelia. You ſhall know hereafter,
My Lord, your Pardon, for my too much trenching
Upon your Patience.

Adorni. Camiola— [*Whiſpers to* Bertoldo,

Aurelia. How do you?

Bert. Indiſpoſed; but I attend you. [*Exeunt.*

Adorni. The heavy Curſe that waits on Perjury,
And foul Ingratitude, purſue thee, ever!
Yet why from me this? In this Breach of Faith
My Loyalty finds Reward! what poiſons him,
Proves Mithridate to me [18] I have perform'd
All ſhe commanded punctually, and now,
In the clear Mirrour of my Truth, ſhe may
Behold his Falſhood. O that I had Wings
To bear me to *Palermo!* this, once known,
Muſt change her Love into a juſt Diſdain,
And work her to Compaſſion of my Pain. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Camiola's *Houſe.*

Sylli, Camiola, Clarinda, *at ſeveral Doors.*

Sylli. Undone! undone!—poor I, that whilome was
The Top and Ridge of my Houſe, am, on the ſudden,
Turn'd to the pitifulleſt Animal
O' th' Lineage of the *Syllies!*

Camiola. What's the Matter?

Sylli. The King—break Girdle, break!

Camiola. Why, what of him?

Sylli. Hearing how far you doted on my Perſon,
Growng envious of my Happineſs, and knowing
His Brother, nor his Favourite *Fulgentio*,
Could get a Sheep's Eye from you, I being preſent,

[18] ——— *What poiſons him*
Proves Mithridate to me, &c.

Mithridate (called after its Inventor, *Mithridate*, King of *Pontus*) a Confection, that is a ſpecial Preſervative againſt Poiſon.

Is come himſelf a Suitor, with the Awl
Of his Authority to bore my Noſe,
And take you from me—Oh, oh, oh!
Camiola. Do not roar ſo:
The King?
Sylli. The King: Yet loving *Sylli* is not
So ſorry for his own, as your Misfortune;
If the King ſhould carry you, or you bear him,
What a Loſer ſhould you be? He can but make you
A Queen, and what a ſimple Thing is that
To th' being my lawful Spouſe. The World can never
Afford you ſuch a Huſband.
Camiola. I believe you.
But how are you ſure the King is ſo inclin'd?
Did not you dream this?
Sylli. With theſe Eyes I ſaw him
Diſmiſs his Train, and 'lighting from his Coach,
Whiſper *Fulgentio* in the Ear.
Camiola. If ſo,
I gueſs the Buſineſs.
Sylli. It can be no other
But to give me the Bob, that being a Matter
Of main Importance.—Yonder they are, I dare not

Enter Roberto, Fulgentio.

Be ſeen, I am ſo deſperate! if you forſake me,
Send me Word, that I may provide a Willow-Garland,
To wear, when I drown myſelf. O *Sylli*, O *Sylli*.
[*Exit crying.*
Ful. It will be worth your Pains, Sir, to obſerve
The Conſtancy and Bravery of her Spirit.
Though great Men tremble at your Frowns, I dare
Hazard my Head, your Majeſty, ſet off
With Terror, cannot fright her.
Rober. May ſhe anſwer
My Expectation.
Fulgen. There ſhe is
Cam. My Knees thus

Bent

Bent to the Earth (while my Vows are ſent upward
For th' Safety of my Sov'reign) pay the Duty
Due for ſo great an Honour, in this Favour
Done to your humbleſt Hand-maid.
Rober. You miſtake me,
I come not (Lady) that you may report
The King, to do you Honour, made your Houſe*
(He being there) his Court; but to correct
Your ſtubborn Diſobedience. A Pardon,
For that, could you obtain it, were well purchas'd
With this Humility.
Camiola. A Pardon, Sir?
'Till I am conſcious of an Offence,
I will not wrong my Innocence to beg one,
What is my Crime, Sir?
Rober. Look on him I favour,
By your ſcorn'd and neglected.
Camiola. Is that all, Sir?
Rober. No, Minion; though that were too much.
How can you
Anſwer the ſetting on your deſp'rate Bravo
To murther him?
Camiola. With your Leave, I muſt not kneel, Sir,
While I reply to this: But thus riſe up
In my Defence, and tell you as a Man
(Since when you are unjuſt, the Deity
Which you may challenge as a King, parts from you)
'Twas never read in Holy Writ, or moral,
That Subjects on their Loyalty were oblig'd
To love their Sov'reign's Vices; your Grace, Sir,
To ſuch an Undeſerver is no Virtue.
Fulgen. What think you now, Sir?
Camiola. Say you ſhould love Wine,
You being the King, and 'cauſe I am your Subject,
Muſt I be ever drunk? Tyrants, not Kings,
By Violence, from humble Vaſſals force
The Liberty of their Souls. I could not love him.

* Courts make not Kings, but Kings Courts.
DENHAM.

And to compel Affection, as I take it,
Is not found in your Prerogative.
Rober. Excellent Virgin!
How I admire her Confidence! [*Aside.*
Camiola. He complains
Of Wrong done him: But, be no more a King,
Unleſs you do me right. Burn your Decrees,
And of your Laws and Statutes make a Fire
To thaw the frozen Numbneſs of Delinquents,
If he eſcape unpuniſh'd. Do your Edicts
Call it Death in any Man that breaks into
Another's Houſe to rob him, though of Trifles,
And ſhall *Fulgentio*, your *Fulgentio* live?
Who hath committed more than Sacrilege
In the Pollution of my clear Fame
By his malicious Slanders.
Rober. Have you done this?
Anſwer truly on your Life.
Fulgen. In the Heat of Blood
Some ſuch Thing I reported.
Rober. Out of my Sight!
For I vow, if by true Penitence thou win not
This injur'd Lady to ſue out thy Pardon,
Thy Grave is digg'd already.
Fulgen. By my own Folly
I've made a fair Hand of't, [*Exit* Fulgentio.
Rober. You ſhall know, Lady,
While I wear a Crown, Juſtice ſhall uſe her Sword
To cut Offenders off, though neareſt to us.
Camiola. I, now you ſhew whoſe Deputy you are,
If now I bathe your Feet with Tears, it cannot
Be cenſur'd Superſtition.
Rober. You muſt riſe.
Riſe in our Favour, and Protection ever: [*Kiſſes her.*
Camiola. Happy are Subjects! when the Prince is ſtill
Guided by Juſtice, not his paſſionate Will. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Camiola's *Houſe.*

Camiola, Sylli.

Camiola. YOU ſee how tender I am of the Quiet
And Peace of your Affection, and what great ones
I put off in your Favour.
Sylli. You do wiſely,
Exceeding wiſely! and, when I have ſaid,
I thank you for't, be happy.
Camiola. And good Reaſon,
In having ſuch a Bleſſing.
Sylli. When you have it,
But the Bait is not yet ready. Stay the Time,
While I triumph by myſelf.—King, by your Leave,
I have wip'd your royal Noſe, without a Napkin,
You may cry Willow, Willow! for your Brother,
I'll only ſay go by. For my fine Favourite,
He may graze where he pleaſe; his Lips may Water
Like a Puppies o'er a frumenty Pot, while *Sylli*
Out of his two-leav'd Cherry-ſtone Diſh drinks *Nectar!*
I cannot hold out any longer; Heav'n forgive me,
'Tis not the firſt Oath, I have broke, I muſt take
A little for a Preparative. [*Offers to kiſs and embrace her.*
Camiola. By no Means.
If you forſwear yourſelf we ſhall not proſper.
I'll rather loſe my Longing.
Sylli. Pretty Soul!
How careful it is of me! let me buſs yet,
Thy little dainty Foot for't: That, I'm ſure, is
Out of my Oath.
Camiola. Why, if thou canſt diſpenſe with't
So far, I'll not be ſcrupulous; ſuch a Favour

My amorous Shoemaker ſteals.
Sylli. O moſt rare Leather! [*Kiſſes her Shoe often.*
I do begin at the loweſt, but in time
I may grow higher.
Camiola. Fie! you dwell too long there;
Riſe, pry'thee, riſe.
Sylli. O, I am up already.

Enter Clarinda *haſtily.*

Camiola. How I abuſe my Hours!—What news with thee, now?
Clar. Off with that Gown, 'tis mine; mine by your Promiſe:
Signior *Adorni* is return'd! now upon Entrance;
Off with it, off with it, Madam.
Camiola. Be not ſo haſty:
When I go to Bed, 'tis thine.
Sylli. You have my grant too;
But, do you hear, Lacy, though I give Way to this,
You muſt hereafter aſk my Leave before
You part with Things of Moment.
Camiola. Very good;
When I'm yours, I'll be govern'd.
Sylli. Sweet Obedience!

Enter Adorni.

Camiola. You're well retufn'd
Adorni. I wiſh that the Succeſs
Of my Service had deſerv'd it.
Camiola. Lives *Bertoldo?*
Adorni. Yes, and return'd with Safety.
Camiola. 'Tis not, then,
In the Power of Fate to add to, or take from
My perfect Happineſs: And yet he ſhould
Have made me his firſt Viſit.
Adorni. So I think too;
But he——

Sylli.

Sylli. Durſt not appear, I being preſent;
That's his Excuſe, I warrant you.
Camiola. Speak, where is he?
With whom? Who hath deſerv'd more from him? Or
Can be of equal Merit? In this
Do not except the King.
Adorni. He's at the Palace
With the Dutcheſs of *Siena.* One Coach brought 'em hither,
Without a third. He's very gracious with her,
You may conceive the reſt.
Camiola. My jealous Fears
Make me to apprehend.
Adorni. Pray you, diſmiſs
Signior Wiſdom, and I'll make relation to you
Of the Particulars.
Camiola. Servant, I would have you
To haſte unto the Court.
Sylli. I will out-run
A Footman for your Pleaſure.
Camiola. There obſerve
The Dutcheſs' Train and Entertainment.
Sylli. Fear not,
I will diſcover all that is of Weight
To the Liveries of her Pages, and her Footmen.
This is fit Employment for me. [*Exit* Sylli.
Camiola. Gracious with
The Ducheſs! ſure, you ſaid ſo?
Adorni. I will uſe
All poſſible Brevity to inform you, Madam,
Of what was truſted to me, and diſcharg'd
With Faith and loyal Duty.
Camiola. I believe it;
You ranſom'd him, and ſupply'd his Wants—imagine
That is already ſpoken; and what Vows
Of Service he made to me, is apparent;
His Joy of me, and Wonder too perſpicuous;
Does not your Story end ſo?
Adorni. Would the End

Had

Had anſwered the Beginning—In a Word,
Ingratitude and Perjury at the Height,
Cannot expreſs him.
Camiola. Take heed.
Adorni. Truth is arm'd
And can defend itſelf. It muſt out, Madam.
I ſaw (the preſence full) the amorous Dutcheſs
Kiſs and embrace him, on his Part accepted
With equal Ardor, and their willing Hands
No ſooner join'd, but a Remove was publiſh'd,
And put in Execution.
Camiola. The Proofs are
Too pregnant.—*O Bertoldo!*
Adorni. He's not worth
Your ſorrow, Madam.
Camiola. Tell me, when you ſaw this,
Did not you grieve, as I do now, to hear it?
Adorni. His Precipice from Goodneſs raiſing mine,
And ſerving as a Foil to ſet my Faith off,
I had little Reaſon.
Camiola. In this you confeſs
The Devilliſh Malice of your Diſpoſition.
As you were a Man, you ſtood bound to lament it,
And not in Flattery of your falſe Hopes
To glory in it. When good Men purſue
The Path mark'd out by Virtue, the bleſſed Saints
With Joy look on it, and Seraphic Angels
Clap their celeſtial Wings in heav'nly Plaudits,
To ſee a Scene of Grace ſo well preſented,
The Fiends, and Men made up of envy, mourning;
Whereas now, on the contrary, as far
As their Divinity can partake of Paſſion,
With me they weep, beholding a fair Temple;
Built in *Bertoldo*'s Loyalty, turn'd to Aſhes
By the Flames of his Inconſtancy, the damn'd
Rejoicing in the Object.—'Tis not well
In you, *Adorni*.
Adorni. What a temper dwells
In this rare Virgin,—Can you pity him [*Aſide*
That

That hath ſhewn none to you?

Camiola. I muſt not be
Cruel by his Example, You, perhaps,
Expect now I ſhould ſeek Recovery
Of what I have loſt by Tears, and with bent Knees
Beg his Compaſſion. No; my tow'ring Vertue,
From the Aſſurance of my Merit, ſcorns
To ſtoop ſo low. I'll take a nobler Courſe,
And, confident in the Juſtice of my Cauſe,
(The King his Brother, and new Miſtreſs Judges)
Raviſh him from her Arms—You have the Contract
In which he ſwore to marry her?

Adorni. 'Tis here, Madam. [Huſband,

Camiola. He ſhall be, then, againſt his will my
And when I have him, I'll ſo uſe him—Doubt not,
But that, your Honeſty being unqueſtion'd;
This Writing with your Teſtimony clears all.

Adorni. And buries me in the dark Miſts of Error.

Camiola. I'll preſently to Court, pray you, give Order
For my Coach.

Adorni. A Cart for me were fitter,
To hurry me to th' Gallows [*Exit* Adorni.

Camiola. O falſe Men!
Inconſtant! perjur'd! My good Angel, help me
In theſe my Extremities!

Enter Sylli.

Sylli. If you ever will ſee a brave Sight,
Loſe it not now. *Bertoldo* and the Dutcheſs
Are preſently to be married. There's ſuch Pomp
And Preparation.

Camiola. If I marry, 'tis
This Day, or never.

Sylli. Why, with all my Heart;
Though I break this, I'll keep the next Oath I make,
And then it is quit.

Camiola. Follow me to my Cabinet;
You know my Confeſſor, Father *Paulo?*

Sylli.

Sylli. Yes: Shall he
Do the Feat for us?

Camiola. I will give in Writing
Directions to him, and attire myſelf
Like a Virgin-bride, and ſomething I will do
That ſhall deſerve Men's Praiſe and Wonder too.

Sylli. And I, to make all know I am not ſhallow,
Will have my Points of Cochineal and Yellow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Palace at Palermo.

Loud Muſick.

Roberto, Bertoldo, Aurelia, Aſtutio, Gonzaga, Roderigo, Iacomo, Pierio, Biſhop, *with Attendants.*

Rober. Had your Diviſion been greater, Madam,
Your Clemency, (the Wrong being done to you)
In Pardon of it, like the Rod of Concord,
Muſt make a perfect Union, once more
With a brotherly Affection we receive you
Into our Favour. Let it be your Study
Hereafter to deſerve this Bleſſing, far
Beyond your Merit,

Bert. As the Princeſs, Grace
To me is without Limit, my Endeavours
With all Obſequiouſneſs to ſerve her Pleaſures
Shall know no Bounds; nor will I, being made
Her Huſband, forget the Duty that
I owe her as a Servant,

Aurelia. I expect not
But fair Equality, ſince I well know,
If that Superiority be due,
'Tis not to me. When you are made my Conſort,
All the Prerogatives of my high Birth cancell'd,
I'll practice the Obedience of a Wife,
And freely pay it. Queens themſelves, if they
Make Choice of their Inferiors, only aiming

To

To feed their ſenſual Appetites, and to reign
Over their Huſbands, in ſome Kind commit
Authoriz'd Whoredom, nor will I be guilty,
In my Intent of ſuch a Crime.

Gonz. This done,
As it is promis'd, Madam, may well ſtand for
A Precedent to great Women: But, when once
The griping Hunger of Deſire is cloy'd,
(And the poor Fool, advanc'd, brought on his Knees)
Moſt of your Eagle-Breed, I'll not ſay all,
(Ever excepting you) challenge again,
What in hot Blood they parted from.

Aurelia. You are ever
An Enemy of our Sex, but you, I hope, Sir,
Have better Thoughts.

Bert. I dare not entertain
An ill one of your Goodneſs.

Rober. To my Power
I will enable him, to prevent all Danger
Envy can raiſe againſt your Choice. One Word more
Touching the Articles.

Enter Fulgentio, Camiola, Sylli, Adorni.

Fulgen. In you alone
Lie all my Hopes; you can or kill or ſave me;
But pity in you will become you better,
(Though, I confeſs, in juſtice 'tis deny'd me)
Then too much Rigour.

Camiola. I will make your Peace
As far as it lies in me; but muſt firſt
Labour to right myſelf.

Aurelia. Or add or alter
What you think fit. In him I have my all,
Heav'n make me thankful for him.

Rober. On to the Temple.

Camiola. Stay, Royal Sir, and, as you are a King,
Erect one here, in doing Juſtice to
An injur'd Maid.

Aurelia.

Aurelia. How's this?

Bert. O I am Blaſted! [Promptneſs

Reber. I have giv'n ſome Proof, ſweet Lady, of my
To do you Right, you need not, therefore, doubt me;
And reſt aſſur'd, that, this great Work diſpatch'd,
You ſhall have Audience and Satisfaction
To all you can demand.

Camiola. To do me Juſtice
Exacts your preſent Care, and can admit
Of no Delay. If ere my Cauſe be heard,
In Favour of your Brother, you go on, Sir,
Your Scepter cannot right me. He's the Man,
The guilty Man, whom I accuſe, and you
Stand bound in Duty, as you are Supreme,
To be impartial. Since you are a Judge,
As a Delinquent look on him, and not
As on a Brother, Juſtice painted blind,
Infers, her Miniſters are oblig'd to hear
The Cauſe and Truth, the Judge determine of it;
And not ſway'd, or by Favour or Affection,
By a falſe Gloſs, or wreſted Comment, alter
The true Intent, and Letter of the Law.

Roder. Nor will I, Madam,

Aurelia. You ſeem troubled, Sir,

Gonz. His Colour changes too.

Camiola. The Alteration.
Grows from his Guilt: The Goodneſs of my Cauſe
Begets ſuch Confidence in me, that I bring
No hir'd Tongue to plead for me, that with gay
Rhetorical Flouriſhes may palliate
That which, ſtripp'd naked, will appear deform'd.
I ſtand here mine own Advocate; and my Truth,
Deliver'd in the plaineſt Language; will
Make good itſelf; nor will I, if the King
Give Suffrage to it, but admit of you,
My greateſt Enemy, and this Stranger Prince,
To ſit Aſſiſtants with him.

Aurelia. I ne'er wrong'd you.

Cam. In your Knowledge of the Injury; I believe it;
Nor

Nor will you in your Juſtice, when you are
Acquainted with my Intereſt in this Man
Which I lay claim to.
Rober. Let us take our Seats,
What is your Title to him?
Camiola. By this Contract,
Seal'd ſolemnly before a reverend Man,
I challenge him for my Huſband.
Sylli. Ha! was I
Sent for the Frier, for this? O *Sylli! Sylli!*
Some Cordial, or I faint!
Rober. This Writing is
Authentical.
Aurelia. But done in Heat of Blood,
(Charm'd by her Flatt'ries, as, no doubt, he was)
To be diſpens'd with.
Ferd. Add this, if you pleaſe,
The Diſtance and Diſparity between
Their Births and Fortunes.
Camiola. What can Innocence hope for,
When ſuch as ſit her Judges, are corrupted!
Diſparity of Birth, or fortune, urge you?
Or *Syren* Charms? or, at his beſt, in me,
Wants to deſerve him? Call ſome few Days back,
And, as he was, conſider him, and you
Muſt grant him my Inferior. Imagine
You ſaw him now in fetters, with his Honour,
His Liberty loſt; with her black Wings Deſpair
Circling his Miſeries, and this *Gonzago*
Trampling on his Afflictions; the great Sum
Propoſed for his Redemption; the King
Forbidding Payment of it; his near Kinſmen,
With his proteſting Followers and Friends,
Falling off from him; by the whole World forſaken;
Dead to all Hope, and buried in the Grave
Of his Calamities; and then weigh duly
What ſhe deſerv'd (whoſe Merits now are doubted)
That as his better Angel in her Bounties
Appear'd unto him, his great Ranſom pay'd;

His

His Wants; and with a prodigal Hand, ſupply'd;
Whether, then, being my manumiſed Slave,
He ow'd not himſelf to me?
Aurelia. Is this true?
Rober. In his Silence 'tis acknowledg'd.
Gonz. If you want
A Witneſs to this Purpoſe, I'll depoſe it.
Camiola. If I have dwelt too long on my Deſervi
To this unthankful Man, pray you pardon me;
The Cauſe requir'd it. And, though now I add
A little, in my Painting to the Life
His barbarous Ingratitude, to deter
Others from Imitation, let it meet with
A fair Interpretation. This Serpent,
Frozen to Numbneſs, was no ſooner warm'd
In the Boſom of my Pity and Compaſſion,
But, in Return, he ruin'd his Preſerver,
The Prints, the Irons had made in his Fleſh,
Still ulcerous; but all that I had done
(My Benefits in Sand, or Water written) [19]
As they had never been, no more remember'd:
And on what Ground, but his ambitious Hopes
To gain this Ducheſs' Favour.
Aurelia. Yes; the Object
(Look on it better, Lady) may excuſe
The Charge of his Affection.
Camiola. The Object?
In what? forgive me, Modeſty, if I ſay
You look upon your Form in the falſe Glaſs
Of Flatt'ry and Self-love, and that deceives you.
That you were a Dutcheſs, as I take it, was not
Character'd on your Face, and, that not ſeen,
For other Feature, make all theſe, that are
Experienc'd in Women, judges of 'em;
And, if they are not Paraſites, they muſt grant

[19] *My Benefits in Sand, or Water Written.*
Thus in *Shakeſpear's Henry VIII.*
Men's Evil Manners live in Braſs; their Virtues
We write in Water.

For Beauty without Art, though you ſtorm at it,
I may take the Right-Hand File.
Gonz. Well ſaid, I' faith!
I ſee fair Women on no Terms will yield
Priority in Beauty.
Camiola. Down, proud Heart!
Why do I riſe up in Defence of that,
Which, in my cheriſhing of it, hath Undone me!
No, Madam, I recant;—You are all Beauty,
Goodneſs and Virtue; and poor I not worthy
As a Foil to ſet you off; Enjoy your Conqueſt;
But do not tyrannize. Yet, as I am
In my Lowneſs from your Height, you may look on me,
And in your Suffrage to me, make him know
That, though to all Men elſe I did appear
The Shame and Scorn of Women,[10] He ſtands bound
To hold me as her Maſter-piece.
Rober. By my Life,
You've ſhew'n yourſelf of ſuch an abject Temper,
So poor, and low-condition'd, as I grieve for
Your Nearneſs to me.
Ferd. I am chang'd in my
Opinion of you, Lady, and profeſs
The Virtues of your Mind, an ample Fortune
For an abſolute Monarch.
Gonz. Since you are reſolv'd
To damn yourſelf, in your forſaking of
Your noble Order for a Woman, do it [meet not
For this. You may ſearch through the World, and
With ſuch another *Phœnix*.
Aurelia. On the Sudden
I feel all Fires of Love quench'd in the Water

[10] ——— *I did appear,*
The Shame and Scorn of Woman.
This is the Reading of all the Old Copies, but I imagine it is falſe, and that we ought to read.
——— *I did appear,*
The Shame and Scorn of Nature.
What ſtrengthens this Suppoſition, is the Lines following, which makes the Senſe entire.

Of Compaſſion.—Make your Peace; you have
My free Conſent; for here I do diſclaim
All Int'reſt in you: And, to further your
Deſires, fair Maid, compos'd of Worth and Honour,
The Diſpenſation procur'd by me,
Freeing *Bertoldo* from his Vow, makes Way
To your Embraces.
Bert. Oh, how have I ſtray'd,
And wilfully, out of the noble Track
Mark'd me by Virtue! 'Till now, I was never
Truly a Priſoner. To excuſe my late
Captivity, I might allege the Malice
Of Fortune; you, that conquer'd me, confeſſing
Courage in my Defence was no Way wanting.
But now I have ſurrender'd up my Strengths
Into the Power of Vice, and on my Forehead
Branded with mine own Hand, in Capital Letters,
Diſloyal and ingrateful. Though barr'd from
Human Society, and hiſs'd into
Some Deſert ne'er yet haunted with the Curſes
Of Men and Women, ſitting as a Judge
Upon my guilty ſelf, I muſt confeſs
It juſtly falls upon me; and one Tear,
Shed in Compaſſion of my Suff'rings, more
Than I can hope for.
Camiola. This Compunction
For th' Wrong that you have done me, tho' you ſhould
Fix here, and your true Sorrow move no farther,
Will, in reſpect I lov'd once, make theſe Eyes
Two Springs of Sorrow for you.
Bert. In your Pity
My Cruelty ſhews more monſtrous: Yet I am not,
Though moſt ingrateful, grown to ſuch a Height
Of Impudence, as in my Wiſhes only
To aſk your Pardon. If, as now I fall
Proſtrate before your Feet, you will vouchſafe
To act your own Revenge, treading upon me
As a Viper eating through the Bowels of
Your Benefits, to whom, with Liberty,

I owe

I owe my Being, 'twill take from the Burthen
That now is inſupportable.
Camiola. Pray you, riſe;
As I wiſh Peace and Quiet to my Soul,
I do forgive you heartily. Yet, excuſe me,
Though I deny myſelf a Bleſſing that,
By the Favour of the Dutcheſs ſeconded,
With your Submiſſion is offer'd to me,
Let not the Reaſon I allege for't grieve you,
You have been falſe once.—I have done: and if,
When I am married (as this Day I will be)
As a perfect Sign of your Atonement with me,
You wiſh me Joy, I will receive it for
Full Satisfaction of all Obligations
In which you ſtand bound to me.
Bert. I will do it,
And, what's more, in Deſpite of Sorrow, live
To ſee myſelf undone, beyond all Hope
To be made up again.
Sylli. My Blood begins
To come to my Heart again.
Camiola. Pray you, Signior *Sylli*,
Call in the holy Frier. He's prepar'd
For finiſhing the Work.
Sylli. I knew I was
The Man. Heaven make me thankful!
Rober. Who is this?
Aſtutio. His Father was the Banker of *Palermo:*
And this the Heir of his great Wealth.—His Wiſdom
Was not hereditary.
Sylli. Though you know me not,
Your Majeſty owes me a round Sum; I have
A Seal or two, to witneſs; yet, if you pleaſe
To wear my Colours, and dance at my Wedding,
I'll never ſue you.
Rober. And I'll grant your Suit.
Sylli. Gracious *Madona*, noble General,
Brave Captains and my quondam Rivals wear 'em,

Since I am confident you dare not harbour
A Thought, but that Way current. [*Exit.*

Aurelia. For my Part
I cannot gueſs the Iſſue.

Enter Sylli *with the Friar.*

Sylli. Do your Duty,
And with all Speed you can, you may diſpatch us.

Paulo. Thus, as a principal Ornament to the Church,
I ſeize her.

All. How!

Robert. So young, and ſo religious!

Paulo. She has forſook the World.

Sylli. And *Sylli* too?
I ſhall run mad.

Rober. Hence with the Fool! Proceed, Sir.

[Sylli *thruſt off.*

Paulo. Look on this Maid of Honour, now
Truly honour'd in her Vow
She pays to Heaven: Vain Delight
By Day, or Pleaſure of the Night,
She no more thinks of: This fair Hair
(Favours for great Kings to wear)
Muſt now be ſhorn. Her rich Array
Chang'd into a homely gray.
The Dainties, with which ſhe was fed
And her proud Fleſh pampered,
Muſt not be taſted; from the Spring,
For Wine, cold Water we will bring,
And with faſting mortify
The Feaſts of Senſuality.
Her Jewels, Beads; and ſhe muſt look
Not in a Glaſs, but holy Book;
To teach her the ne'er erring Way
To Immortality. O may
She, as ſhe purpoſes to be
A child new born to Piety,
Perſevere in it, and good Men,

With

With Saints and Angels, ſay, Amen!

Camiola. This is the Marriage! this the Port to which
My Vows muſt ſteer me! Fill my ſpreading Sails
With the pure Wind of your Devotions for me,
That I may touch the ſecure Haven, where
Eternal Happineſs keeps her Reſidence,
Temptations to Frailty never ent'ring.
I am dead to the World, and thus diſpoſe
Of what I leave behind me, and, dividing
My 'State into three Parts. I thus bequeath it.
The firſt to the fair Nunnery, to which
I dedicate the laſt, and better Part
Of my frail Life; a ſecond Portion
To pious Uſes; and the third to thee,
Adorni, for thy true and faithful Service.
And, e'er I take my laſt Farewel, with Hope
To find a Grant, my Suit to you is, that
You would, for my Sake, pardon this young Man,
And to his Merits love him, and no further.

Rober. I thus confirm it.

[*Gives his Hand to* Fulgentio.

Camiola. And, as e'er you hope, [*To* Bertoldo.
Like me, to be made happy, I conjure you
To re-aſſume your Order; and in fighting
Bravely againſt the Enemies of our Faith
Redeem your mortgag'd Honour.

Rober. I reſtore this:—— [*The white Croſs.*
Once more Brothers in Arms.

Bert. I'll live and die ſo.

Camiola. To you my pious Wiſhes! And, to end
All Differences, Great Sir, I beſeech you
To be an Arbitrator, and compound
The Quarrel, long continuing, between
The Duke and Dutcheſs.

Rober. I'll take it into
My ſpecial Care.

Camiola. I'm then at reſt.—Now, Father,
Conduct me where you pleaſe.

[*Exeunt* Paulo *and* Camiola.

Rober.

Rober. She well deſerves
Her Name, *The Maid of Honour!* May ſhe ſtand
To all Poſterity, a fair Example
For noble Maids to imitate! Since, to live
In Wealth and Pleaſure, is common; but to part with
Such poiſon'd Baits is rare, there being nothing
Upon this Stage of Life to be commended,
Though well begun, till it be fully ended. [*Exeunt.*

We are now come to the Concluſion of *the Maid of Honour:* A Piece which in my Judgment does *Honour* to its Author, and well deſerves to be preſented upon the *Engliſh* Stage.

The END of the SECOND VOLUME.

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